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P 300.2

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FROM THE BEQUEST OF

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THE

OLIO;

OR,

MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

——"A just image of human nature, representing its humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind."—DRYDEN.

VOL. X.

AUGUST TO FEBRUARY.

"I have song of war for knight,
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir,
Goblin grim the maids to scare."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON

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PREFACE.

Gentle Reader—If thou desire to be fed with milk and honey—if thou be a worm creeping and winding into the recesses of miscellaneous lore, turn over the fructifying leaves of the Olio, attained to the stature of the *Tenth* Volume, and thou wilt be abundantly comforted.

As a lover of depeinture, wrought by the skilful pencil of an inimitable Artist, in natural designs and filaments of wood, thine ardent eye will glow with admiration of the many Illustrated Original and Selected Tales; partaking at one time, of historic; at another, of domestic; and, at another, of romantic interest,—described for the solace of thy sorrow and the antidote of thy care.

> "Legends blithe,
> Designed for love or knighthood, or the wiles
> Of homely life, through each estate and age,
> The fashions and the follies of the world,
> With cunning hand portraying."

As an admirer of the instructive Essay, the satiric Sketch, or the vine-leaved lattice work of Poetry, extended into luxuriant branches, or pruned into the compass of epigrammatic spiciness, thou wilt find enough to satisfy thine appetite, so as to give zest to other anecdotal and varied dainty medicaments, which will serve as confections in the columns of thy course—

> "Without lesing—
> *That all things have, without having.*"

There are flavoured liquids and plaintive mutes consonant with the nature of stated periods; and, whether thou be a babe in the smiles of the Belles Lettres, or a Sir John

Suckling in riper knowledge, thy mental and physical covetings will be appeased,

> "With verdure that will ever last."

The amative and the sedative; the choleric and the sanguine; the phlegmatic and acetic, by dipping *here* a little, and *there* a little, will meet with the honeycomb, or Museum of Entertainment, culled by an industrious Hive of Bees, our genius-gifted and enlightened Correspondents, who are *not* wearied in well doing. For our mutual encouragement, notwithstanding the *Polypii* for cheap literature and unparalleled bargains, we need only state the fact in proof of the popularity of the OLIO, and great sale of the volumes to the present time, that we are reprinting manifold portions, the issues of which will render complete sets, at sight; or, on demand.

And, *finally*, Gentle Reader, in deference to well-judged hints, personal convictions, and acquiesced yieldings, *thou* and the Public are hereby informed, for the keeping the Engraving untarnished by intrusory type, as in the earlier volumes, the blank space will be preserved in the New Volume; each page will be *longer* and *wider;* and the letter-press more proportionally increased,—so that *matter* and *manner* will devise considerable improvement.

As we go on, rejoicing in our way, none daring to make us afraid, other advantages are contemplated. The *future* will be diligently explored and sedulously cultivated, that the choicest fruits of Intellectual Amusement be properly ripened to the taste; and, still relying on generous patronage continuing to shine on our Numbers, our Parts, and our anatomical whole, we bid respected and sincere farewell till next half yearly meeting.

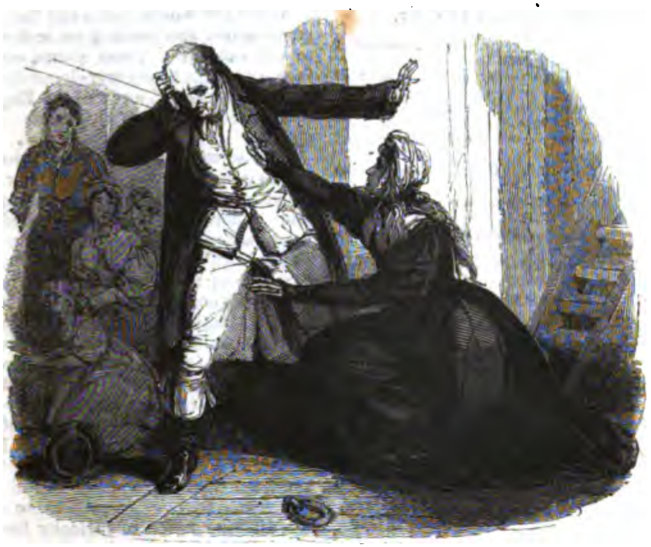
THE EDITOR.

Olio Office, Jan 28, 1833.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. 1.—Vol. X. *Saturday, August 4, 1839.*



See page 4.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

Reminiscences of a Missionary.

CYRIL ASHBURNE;
OR,
THE EXILE OF THE CANADAS.

A TALE OF EMIGRATION.

For the Olio.

> We seek the fields and fountains, where the
> quiver'd Indian roves,
> And leave our native mountains for lone Canadian groves.
> OLD SONG.

OUR good ship, the Hope, had advanced midway on her passage to the Canadas, and though so many degrees and classes of society were to be met with amongst its passengers (chiefly emigrants), yet the prevailing tone of quiet demeanour and unobtrusive good-nature of the majority seemed a tacit law in our little world, and all spirits appeared harmonized or quelled by its influence; we had shared so many vicissitudes of weather, and other inconveniences incidental to a long and not very prosperous voyage, that the bond of brotherhood seemed to unite beings, whose destinies not even the wildest flight of imagination would have dreamt of mingling; some there were who had left England willingly, and with the brightest hopes of a new Eldorado in the wilderness, which was reserved for their discovery; but in the faces of many who appeared the calmest, you saw a sudden pang quiver the lip and furrow the brow, or read far down in the depths of a tranquil eye, the settled sorrow of an exile's heart. Amongst the many females on board, there was one whose husband had a sanguine heart and hope of all the wonders he should perform, when once arrived in the Land of Promise; and this girl (for she had not yet seen twenty summers, and had all the fresh and luxuriant bloom of a village beauty), was ever seen with a smile dimpling her ripe lips, and dancing in her large black eyes. One night I was enjoying the splendour of the moon and the freshness of the rising breeze, almost alone upon the deck, when I heard a woman's voice singing in the stillness a low and mournful song; the words were evidently the production of some peasant bard who lived and died unknown; but the air to which they were adapted was so simple and touching, that the song lives in my memory yet.

THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

Oh! green and gladsome vallies, where I never more shall be,
I sit and think upon ye far on the moonlight sea;
The home I have forsaken for a wild and foreign shore,
Now seems to rise before me with all I loved of yore;
The fresh green fields, with all their lambs reposing in the sun—
The cool and sparkling fountains that in music ever run;
The low but happy cottage, with the swallows in the eaves—
The old trees waving round it in their summer pride of leaves;
The sweet glad voice of children—a faint and fairy sound,
Half heard amid the distant hills or the hazel copses round;
The song of bees and wild birds—all sights and sounds arise,
'Till my heart swells with its sorrow, and the tears are in mine eyes.
Alas! alas! for England! that its children thus must roam
From the fair land of their fathers, to seek a foreign home!
My long departed kindred! how calm the yew tree waves,
In the sighing wind of twilight above your quiet graves;
Oh! happy is your slumber, and the haven ye have won,
But *I* must not sleep beside ye, when my weary race is run;
Ye lived, ye ancient patriarchs, within your native glen,
From the laughing hours of childhood, to threescore years and ten;
And saw your children's children for your dying blessing kneel,
But your hearts were never sadden'd by the sorrow they must feel;
The ploughshare will be driven o'er your cottage hearth, my sires,
The green corn freshly waving where arose your household fires;
And we go forth as branded by the restless curse of Cain,
And our banished eyes shall never behold your graves again!
There's one—my first born darling! already shares your rest,
With the green turf laid above him, like a bird within its nest;
Oh, I reared thee on my heart, love, with a mother's blissful pride,
'Till thy sunny beauty darken'd—thy voice of gladness died;
Thy young blue eyes were heavy with the shadows of the grave,
And thy sinless life was yielded to the Mighty One that gave;
This heart was not quite broken, my lost and lovely one,
While I had thy grave to gaze on—thy name to weep upon—
But now thy very ashes—oh, sorrow deep and wild,
Even death will not unite us, my first and fairest child!
In some wild and pathless desert, or beneath the ocean brine,
Thy mother's dust may perish, but can never mix with thine!
Oh, for that home beyond the grave, where the pilgrim's toil is o'er,
And my boy, a smiling angel, may be mine for evermore!

As the last words died away the songstress arose, and passing me to descend to the cabin, the moon shone on her face, and large heavy tear-drops dimmed the black eyes of our village Euphrosyne, the fair Lucy Springfield.

. . . .

We had weathered a tempestuous day, and evening was falling darkly around us with fitful gusts that kept the captain and sailors fully employed, and we were gathered together in the principal cabin, beguiling the time and the apprehensions of the females, by the recital of legends and anecdotes, and whatever the imagination or the memory of those present could supply, when one of the passengers (who was remarked for his steady and grave demeanour, and unshaken placidity of manner), was called upon to contribute his share of the evening's amusement; he was a landholder in the Canadas, and was returning from England, whither he had been summoned by business, at least so much the undying spirit of curiosity had elicited respecting him; his attire bespoke his substantial but unpretending station in life; and his sun-burnt hands and weather-darkened features shewed him inured to toil. At the first glance he seemed a man far beyond the middle period of life, for his dark hair was more than partially grey, and his high forehead deeply furrowed; but if any sudden exultation lighted up his deep grey eye, and animated his finely formed countenance, he looked as if thirty years was the utmost limit of his age, and you felt that sorrow or sickness had prematurely silvered the locks and clouded the brow. He at first denied our solicitation on the plea that his memory was exhausted, and his imagination not brilliant enough to aid him, until at last finding the storm increase, and a gloomy silence and anxious fear settling on every heart, the Canadian related, with frequent pauses, and at times a hurried rapidity, the following story:—

"The infancy and youth of Cyril Ashburne, were passed in a substantial farm-house in one of the western counties of England, where his forefathers had dwelt for many succeeding generations; the property had been leasehold, but that was expired, and it was now held at a very high rent, which however, the luxuriant crops and good management of the tenants, enabled them to pay with the utmost punctuality. Cyril became possessed of the farm by the death of his parents, just as he reached the dawn of manhood, and his nerves seemed strung with hardier vigour as he reaped the first crop on the lands which had been tilled by his fathers for a hundred years; all went well with him. Frances Herbert, the orphan daughter of the late curate, (who dwelt a fair and gentle creature in the village, and had the greatest number of scholars of any schoolmistress within ten miles round, for the children loved her pleasant looks and low musical voice), had been his earliest choice, and it was with a proud heart that Cyril Ashburne led her home to the Orchard Farm, its fair and smiling mistress. Two children early blest their union, and some happy years passed away without a shadow to dim their felicity, though an increase of rent (for the young heir of the manor was wild and dissipated), called for increasing care and activity; a wet and unsuccessful season threw the first blight on their hopes, but Cyril was not be cast down by the first change of fortune, and his brow was still unclouded; but succeeding and rapid misfortunes followed —a blight was on his corn—his cattle died — summer floods mildewed the crops—and the last of the Ashburnes looked upon the home of his childhood, and felt that it must pass from him and his for ever. The rent-day arrived, and bitter was the pang, and burning the blush, with which the first of the tenants of the Orchard asked for a respite; it was granted, but when again applied for, a stern denial struck the iron deeper into the sufferer's soul. The lord of the manor, then on his estate, sanctioned the decree of his steward, and a threat, which withered up the heart of the suppliant, drove him in haste from the presence of the relentless utterer. He had still one hope; his maternal uncle, a stern old miser in the county town, was after many struggles applied to, but in vain; and the broken-hearted Ashburnes were thrust forth wanderers, and without a home. A small cottage received them, far away from the scenes of their former happiness, but still among friends who remembered the past, and sought to alleviate the present; but Cyril Ashburne was an altered man, the pride of his independent heart was broken; if he looked on his children, what was before them but the beggar's destiny? upon his wife, a life of incessant toil without hope, must wither her still delicate beauty prematurely before his eyes, and he almost spurned the bounty which supported them and prolonged his life. Frances had changed also, for she shrunk from her destiny, and her murmured laments added to the anguish of the ruined man. All he tried proved fruitless to restore their fortunes, until at last a gleam of hope darted through the darkness of their fate. His stern old uncle, moved more by the contempt and scorn which was manifested against him by his neighbours for his hard-hearted conduct, than by the tears of the innocent children and the destitute father who implored his help, offered to advance, to be repaid with heavy interest, if they would expatriate themselves, and seek in the Canadian colonies the good fortune which had forsaken them in their native land. Cyril, who had long vainly tried to win even this cruel boon, felt the first throb of transport which had warmed his heart for many months, and set forth from the town through storm and darkness to his desolate home, hoping to bring back the smile to the sad face of Frances. As he lifted the latch, he felt how dear she was, and that life could have no charm unless it was shared with her; he threw back the door, and beheld—was it indeed reality! A young and handsome man clasped the waist and held the hand of Frances, her head lay on his shoulder, and his lips pressed the lily of her delicate cheek; the husband looked, and felt the fire of hell within his heart; he had no weapon, but he rushed forward, there was a fierce struggle—a wild shriek!—and Frances lay senseless at his feet. The stranger rushed forth, but not unhurt; blood marked his flight, for the blow he received was fierce and heavy, and if repeated, would have left murder on the soul of Cyril; but as he paused to wrench from his neck the white arms of Frances, and looked upon her as she fell before him, the wounded man escaped, and left the fallen one at the feet of the broken-hearted husband. She arose with wild shrieks, and words which were but fuel to the madness of the moment; he snatched his children from their sleep, and bidding them curse the mother who had disgraced them, he thrust her forth into the darkness of the midnight storm, and fastened his door against her, even when he saw her fall at the threshhold! How Cyril Ashburne passed that night, and yet lived to see the light of morning without becoming a frenzied ideot, he himself knows not; but morning came, he went forth with his children, and was never again seen in the village where he was born, and where his whole race lay buried; he exiled himself to the Canadas, and the fortune for which he cared not was showered upon him; his children bloomed and grew up bold and beautiful; but he scarcely dared to look upon them, for the blue eyes of the little Alice, and the sunny brow of the joyous Frank were too like her's who had lain so long in his bosom, and broken the heart on which she had reposed. His uncle died, and left his hoarded wealth to the man who, a few years before, had knelt in vain for the smallest portion of it to save him from disgrace and ruin; *then* it could have saved him, now it was worthless; it would have purchased the Orchards, now on sale, but could I bear to return with the blight of dishonour on my name?—could I bear to look upon the home she made a paradise, and feel that ——. No, no; I vested the wealth in the names of my children, gave my last sigh to England, and return again a willing exile to the Canadas. 'But Frances,' said a young girl of the party, 'did you not hear of her?' Cyril turned to the the speaker, his brow was wet with the dew of anguish, and his cheek pale as marble. 'Yes, yes, she lived in splendour; her seducer, the very man whose dissipation and cruelty had driven forth his unhappy tenants from their homes, bore her away in triumph. What was the despair of her husband to her?—what the forsaken cries of her desolate children? she revelled in a princely mansion, they had but poverty and sorrow. Oh, Frances! Frances! may the curse long smothered and unspoken in this broken heart, now reach thee in the splendid halls of infamy.'

"It has, it has,—oh, Cyril, curse me not again!" and from the darkness of the cabin, a woman rushed forward and fell kneeling and weeping at the feet of the exile; we all rose to assist, and lifting her up, for she had fainted, the long dishevelled curls of fair hair fell back, and we recognised one of the passengers, whose mourning dress had led us to believe her a widow, and whom sickness and a wish for seclusion had confined to her cabin almost all the voyage. After a moment's struggle, Cyril arose to leave the cabin, but his wife (for it was indeed Frances) seemed to feel his intention even through the trance of her anguish, and breaking from our hold, she cast herself before the door.—"But one word, Cyril, one word," she implored, "oh, it was thus you cast me from you when I was still innocent—still faithful—hear me now, guilty and penitent as I am: long had Lord Helington sought my smiles, for he had accidentally seen me when want drove me forth to tasks to which I had never before been exposed; he tempted me amidst my poverty, he offered me the Orchards as a gift—but I shrunk from him with abhorrence. I turned to you; but oh, your heart was changed; I dared not breathe the story in your ears, for there was darkness in your looks ever; I felt the words to which I had listened, like fire in my heart; I thought they had even blighted me by their sound; I thought of them in your arms, and turned away, for I deemed myself unworthy of your confiding faith. My persecutor tracked my steps, and dared even to seek me in the only shelter I had left—in your frequent absences from home, and amid the desolation of my heart, his offers appeared so plausible, to restore us to wealth—*to home*—and await the yielding of my own heart in his favour. Cyril, you last stayed away four days when you left us—we had but one meal for all; you promised to return with comfort—you came not; my children cried for bread—it was bountifully supplied; I could not tear it from their lips to cast it to the giver; he came again and again, and on the night of your return, for the first time his arms encircled me, and your eyes beheld the first kiss imprinted on my lips! Cyril, when I felt his arms around me, I shuddered as in the folds of a serpent; and oh, never—never did my heart feel its devotedness to you so deeply; one word would have saved me, but you cast me forth with curses, and amid the darkness and the storm his emissaries bore me away to splendour and despair.—You fled—none knew whither, and I, the victim, remained in the power of the destroyer. Luxury and wealth were showered upon me—diamonds sparkled on brow and bosom; but oh, *the broken heart beneath!* In the swell of voluptuous music, I heard the shriek of my children as I was cast forth for ever; in the soft pressure of hands in the dance, I felt the maddened grasp which tore away my clasping arms, and the curse—the curse, was ever in my ears;—tired of his drooping rose, as the heartless despoiler called me, he would have transferred me to one of his profligate companions, but I cast his gifts at his feet, and left the mansion where I had lost my peace; I toiled hard for my subsistence, till chance revealed to me your abode, and I came forth to America, hoping to find you and win your pardon, though I died as you pronounced it; judge of my feelings when I heard our story, and felt as every accent sunk into my heart, that I had heard that voice before in other days. Oh, Cyril, Cyril Ashburne, pardon as you hope for it at that hour of judgment which must soon await us all."

And as she spoke, the storm, which the strange events passing before us had led us to notice but little, now howled around us with a demon's triumph, and the waves breaking over the bulwarks of the vessel dashed in the cabin windows. Cyril Ashburne caught her in his arms, and bore her upon the deck; and kneeling there amid the lightning and the flooding rain, called for heaven's pardon on himself and the suffering penitent, who bowed her head upon his bosom, and lay there like a child sobbing itself to rest. The storm increased, and all were too deeply engaged to remember others unconnected with themselves; I cast one look towards the exile, and saw that he still held his wife in his arms, and seemed earnestly engaged in fervent prayer, ere I became so deeply occupied with rendering the duties of my sacred mission to those whose hearts smote them on the mighty waters, that I had forgotten all earthly objects, until a tremendous wave swept over us, bearing away all in its course; a wild and thrilling shriek was heard, and the exile and his wife were swept out far into the raging ocean; quick and successive flashes of lightning showed that he struggled long to support her above the waves; but they rose white and foaming and mighty in their fury, and casting a look upon the horror-struck gazers who could not attempt assistance, he clasped her closely to his heart, and pressing his lips to her forehead, he bowed his head to the sweep of a mighty wave; and when the next flash of lightning showed us the foaming surges, there was no trace of Cyril Ashburne, or his frail (but we trust) forgiven Frances!

E. S. CRAVEN.

HABITS OF SHELLEY.

In the nine centuries that elapsed from the time of our great founder, Alfred, to our days, there never was a student who more richly merited the favour and assistance of a learned body, or whose fruitful mind would have repaid with a larger harvest the labour of careful and judicious cultivation. And such cultivation he was well entitled to receive. Nor did his scholar-like virtues merit neglect; still less to be betrayed, like the young nobles of Falasci, by a traitorous schoolmaster, to an enemy less generous than Camillus. No student ever read more assiduously. He was to be found book in hand at all hours; reading in season and out of season; at table, in bed, and especially during a walk; not only in the quiet country, and in retired paths; not only at Oxford, in the public walks, and High-street, but in the most crowded thoroughfares of London. Nor was he less absorbed by the volume that was open before him, in Cheapside, in Cranbourn-alley, or in Bond-street, than in a lonely lane, or secluded library. Sometimes a vulgar fellow would attempt to insult the eccentric student in passing. Shelley always avoided the malignant interruption by stepping aside with his vast and quiet agility. Sometimes I have observed, as an agreeable contrast to these wretched men, that persons of the humblest station have paused and gazed with respectful wonder as he advanced, almost unconscious of the throng, stooping low, with bent knees and outstretched neck, poring earnestly over the volume, which he extended before him; for they knew this, although the simple people knew but little, that an ardent scholar is worthy of deference, and that the man of learning is necessarily the friend of humanity, and especially of the many. I never beheld eyes that devoured the pages more voraciously than his; I am convinced that two-thirds of the period of day and night were often employed in reading. It is no exaggeration to affirm, that out of the twenty-four hours, he frequently read sixteen. At Oxford, his diligence in this respect was exemplary, but it greatly increased afterwards, and I sometimes thought that he carried it to a pernicious excess: I am sure, at least, that I was unable to keep pace with him. On the evening of a wet day, when we had read with scarcely any intermission from an early hour in the morning, I have urged him to lay aside his book. It required some extravagance to rouse him to join heartily in conversation: to tempt him to avoid the chimney-piece, on which commonly he had laid the open volume. "If I were to read as long as you do, Shelley, my hair and my teeth would be strewed about on the floor, and my eyes would slip down my cheeks into my waistcoat pockets; or at least I should become so weary and nervous, that I should not know whether it were so or not." He began to scrape the carpet with his feet, as if teeth were actually lying upon it, and he looked fixedly at my face, and his lively fancy represented the empty sockets; his imagination was excited, and the spell that bound him to his books was broken, and creeping close to the fire, and, as it were, under the fire-place, he commenced a most animated discourse. Few were aware of the extent, and still fewer, I apprehend, of the profundity of his reading; in his short life, and without ostentation, he had, in truth, read more Greek than many an aged pedant, who, with pompous parade, prides himself upon this study alone. Although he had not entered critically into the minute niceties of the noblest of languages, he was thoroughly conversant with the valuable matter it contains. A pocket edition of Plato, of Plutarch, of Euripides, without interpretation or notes, or of the Septuagint, was his ordinary companion; and he read the text straight forward for hours, if not as readily as an English author, at least with as much facility as French, Italian, or Spanish. "Upon my soul, Shelley, your style of going through a Greek book is something quite beautiful!" was the wondering exclamation of one who was himself no mean student.

As his love of intellectual pursuits was vehement, and the vigour of his genius almost celestial, so were the purity and sanctity of his life most conspicuous. His food was plain and simple as that of a hermit, with a certain anticipation, even at this time, of a vegetable diet, respecting which he afterwards became an enthusiast in theory, and in practice an irregular votary. With his usual fondness for removing the abstruse and difficult questions of the highest theology, he loved to inquire, whether man can justify, on the ground of reason alone, the practice of taking the life of the inferior animals, except in the necessary defence of his life and of his means of life, the fruits of that field which he has tilled, from violence and spoliation. "Not only have considerable sects," he would say, "denied the right altogether, but those among the tender-hearted and imaginative people of antiquity, who accounted it lawful to kill and eat, appear to have doubted whether they might take away life merely for the use of man alone. They slew their cattle not simply for human guests, like the less scrupulous butchers of modern times, but only as a sacrifice for the honour and in the name of the deity; or rather of those subordinate divinities, to whom, as they believed, the Supreme Being had assigned the creation and conservation of the visible material world; as an incident to these pious offerings, they partook of the residue of the victims, of which, without such sanction and sanctification they would not have presumed to taste. So reverent was the caution of a humane and generous antiquity!" Bread became his chief sustenance, when his regimen attained to that austerity, which afterwards distinguished it. He could have lived on bread alone without repining. When he was walking in London with an acquaintance he would suddenly run into a baker's shop, purchase a supply, and breaking a loaf, he would offer half of it to his companion. "Do you know," he said to me one day with much surprise, "that such an one does not like bread; did you ever know a person who disliked bread?" and he told me that a friend had refused such an offer. I explained to him, that the individual in question probably had no objection to bread in a moderate quantity, at a proper time and with the usual adjuncts, and was only unwilling to devour two or three pounds of dry bread in the streets, and at an early hour. Shelley had no such scruple; his pockets were generally well stored with bread. A circle upon the carpet, clearly defined by an ample verge of crumbs, often marked the place where he had long sat at his studies, his face nearly in contact with his book, greedily devouring bread at intervals amidst his profound abstractions. For the most part he took no condiment; sometimes, however, he ate with his bread the common raisins, which are used in making puddings, and these he would buy at little mean shops. He was walking one day in London with a respectable solicitor, who occasionally transacted business for him; with his accustomed precipitation he suddenly vanished, and as suddenly reappeared: he had entered the shop of a little grocer in an obscure quarter, and had returned with some plums, which he held close under the attorney's nose, and the man of fact was as much astonished at the offer, as his client, the man of fancy, at the refusal. The common fruit of the stalls, and oranges and apples, were always welcome to Shelley; he would crunch the latter as heartily as a schoolboy. Vegetables and especially sallads, and pies and puddings, were acceptable: his beverage consisted of copious and frequent draughts of cold water, but tea was ever grateful, cup after cup, and coffee. Wine was taken with singular moderation, commonly diluted largely with water, and for a long period he would abstain from it altogether; he avoided the use of spirits almost invariably and even in the most minute portions. Like all persons of simple tastes, he retained his sweet tooth; he would greedily eat cakes, gingerbread, and sugar; honey, preserved or stewed fruit, with bread, were his favourite delicacies, these he thankfully and joyfully received from others, but he rarely sought for them or provided them for himself. The restraint and protracted duration of a convivial meal were intolerable; he was seldom able to keep his seat during the brief period assigned to an ordinary family dinner.

New Mon.

THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON.[*]

Oh never talk again to me
  Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
  Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
  Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
  The languid azure eye surpasses!

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
  The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
  From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:
And as along her bosom steal
  In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel
  And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

Our English maids are long to woo,
  And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view.
  Their lips are slow at Love's confession:
But born beneath a brighter sun,
  For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
  Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
  Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
And if she love, or if she hate,
  Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
  Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
  'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
  Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
For every thought is bent to prove
  Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain,
  She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
  She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

And when, beneath the evening star,
  She mingles in the gay Bolero,
Or sings to her attuned guitar
  Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
  Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
Or joins devotion's choral band,
  To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper.

In each her charms the heart must move
  Of all who venture to behold her;
Then let not maids less fair reprove
  Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
  Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
  May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

BARON GERAMB.

Some not unamusing gossipping anecdotes are just now floating through society in Paris respecting an individual nearly forgotten by the world—namely, the once celebrated Baron Geramb. Few of our English readers are unacquainted by reputation, if not personally, with the Baron, whose superb moustaches and immense spurs, some twenty years ago, created a world of admiration in London, where he did a thousand strange things; among others, it is said, made proposals of marriage to one of the English princesses! *Sic transit gloria.* The Baron is now, and has been for years, an inmate of the monastery of La Trappe, where he shines as much among his brother anchorites by his superior sanctity and the severe austerities of his life, as when he shone the "admired of all admirers" among the fashionables at Almack's. The life of "Frere Joseph," as the Baron is now called, is a veritable romance. A Hungarian nobleman by birth, almost on his first appearance at Vienna, he had an affair of honour with an English colonel, the curious conditions of which were, that the duel was to take place on the edge of the crater of Mount Etna, and that the combatant who might be killed or wounded, should be thrown into the volcano by his antagonist. There the duel took place, and fortune favoured the Englishman; but he generously omitted to fulfil the condition which would have effectually prevented his wounded opponent from ever becoming a Trappist. At the peace of Amiens, the Baron had another duel; this time it was with a young French officer of Hussars, in consequence of some expressions derogatory to the French army. His antagonist was M. Valabregue, who afterwards became the husband of the celebrated Catalini; the Baron received a severe wound on this occasion, and narrowly escaped a long imprisonment, the laws against duelling being at that time excessively severe at Vienna. He was, however, pardoned, in consequence of the severity of the wound, and M. Valabregue was set at liberty, at the instance of the French Ambassador, M. Champigny, now Duke de Cadore. Geramb afterwards raised a regiment of cavalry, and fought in the Spanish campaign. He then went to England, where, after "astonishing the natives" for some time, and being engaged in a variety of warlike and other adventures, he was sent out of the country under the Alien Act, and landed at Hamburgh. Hamburgh not being a fighting city, the Baron betook himself to writing against the Imperial French Government, for which offence he speedily found himself transferred to a dungeon in the chateau of Vincennes, where he remained until the Allies entered Paris, and set him at liberty.—During his captivity, when in expectation of being shot, he made a vow, that should he live to be released, he would become a Trappist, which vow he has faithfully kept. Frere Joseph is, it is said, about to be chosen by his order to be sent on a mission to Palestine, and it is expected he will be created a cardinal on his return. What *denouement* to the romance it would be, were it to terminate in the Papal chair!—The circumstance that has recalled Geramb to public recollection, is a letter from him to his former adversary, M. Valabregue, which has appeared in some of the journals, thanking him for a generous inquiry after his fate, and offers of assistance. After describing the state of privation and poverty in which he dwells, which is in truth frightful enough, and speaking of his family, he adds—"You alone, my dear Count, known as I am to all Europe, if I may be allowed so to say, have expressed an interest in the fate of poor Geramb. On the day of our duel, who would have said that I should one day address you from La Trappe! Mutability, my friend, is the universal law of this world of human nature, from the vicissitudes of which I must, however, except your own generous heart, and my gratitude for your kindness."

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[*] From the eighth volume of the New Edition of Byron's Works, published by Murray.

PICTURES IN THE PEAK.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

FOR THE OLIO.

After a pleasant walk from the Peacock, by style and pathway, down green pasture hills and holmes, laced with a blue stream, and broidered with ash and sycamore, we enter from the east-south Wingfield Manor House by a portal, leading into an outer court, then under another square embattled gateway into the inner court: the old part of the architecture is exquisitely chaste. In this inner court is one of the most elegant porches I ever beheld; it is a low square tower of perpendicular architecture; the parapet embattled, with an armorial shield in every battlement, and a larger one in the spandrils—a broad band of quatrefoils from the architrave; and a Tudor arch, with wreathy mouldings of flower work, and a beautiful transome window, add the last grace to the whole: this is the porch leading to the Hall, a superb apartment seventy-eight by thirty-six, lighted by nine cross lights, the windows long, of the Tudor arch, like Kenilworth; besides a broad arched window at the east end, now blocked up, and an enormous oriel exceedingly rich, with fretted tracery at the top, and very splendid mouldings,—this is quite a study. Thence through a suite of offices to the Buttery, whose gigantic battlemented chimnies rise like turrets among the thick bare trees, which raise their columnar trunks in every court and chamber of the beautiful wreck; their rude and majestic forms, as they spread over the pallid remains of architectural ornament, seeming to assert the permanent triumphs of nature over the ephemeral splendours of art.—Thence into the Kitchen, which has a large window to the west, and two prodigious fire places joining each other at right angles. Most impressively do the ancient elm, ash, and elder trees, declare the lapse of time since savoury meats steamed through these apartments. I am interrupted by a large liver-coloured setter, who has discovered a hen's nest, and is amusing himself with tossing up the eggs, and catching them in his mouth.

I now return to the Hall, which I perceive has been split up into two carolan and jacobin apartments, by a bisecting wall from east to west, while its noble proportions have suffered a similar curtailment in altitude, by a second floor which has been introduced at about the middle of its original height, so that the magnificent range of old windows, whose coloured lattices once illuminated in legendary or heraldic pomp the stupendous area of this august chamber, are now maimed and divided, so as to give light to both stories.

I now descend a staircase under the oriel into a large crypt forty-eight by thirty-six, bisected by four low and wide arches of the Tudor bend; the roof deeply ribbed, and the keystones large, round, and of superb rosework; from thence into another vault, whose centre is a similar pillar and keystone, and doubtless, this made a part of the other chamber, but has been parted off in the same way as the hall above it, whose whole length it traverses from east to west. At the north-east angle of the hall stands the Eastern, or Garden Tower;—but the hall porch is decidedly the finest feature of this most ornate pile. Its detail is of the richest—its proportions faultless—and its effect magnificent.

The Chapel stretches at right angles with the hall, and has a handsome window looking north; close by which is the Chapel Tower; about thirty years back, there were apartments in use along the western front, and Colonel Halton was born in the chamber over the hall porch. I am now on the top of the great tower, and the pure and beautiful conclave of turret, porch, and battlement, lie stretched before me. I count from here no less than sixteen colossal chimnies, each with moulding and parapet, a turret in itself. The trees must be exquisite in summer; at present, all are in foliage except the ash and witch elm; the one black with rook-nests, the other yellow with its starry blossoms. There is a sweet view from hence over hill and dale, but the very rampart on which I lean is a picture in itself,—so broad in its callibre, its hue so clear and grey, and so brilliant in its living embroidery, where the delicate green leaves and pink petals of the wild geranium blend with the silvery storks and golden blossoms of the gilliflower, whose odours embalm this soft May morning. There is also an extensive orchard of walnut, apple, and pear, in the interior court; and the snowy bells and rose-tinctured buds of the two last form a fine relief to the ivy muffled building. I have been so absorbed in the interesting details of this lovely and extensive ruin, that I have deferred, till rather out of place, the picture of its general plan and appearance, which, however, is so magnificent, that I must not altogether omit it.

This fine manor-castle is distributed into two irregular courts to north and south. The grand entrance is in the eastern front, whose long facade, though disfigured by modern barbarisms, cannot be otherwise than striking, adorned, as it is, by the great east window and graceful gable front of the hall, and the princely eastern gateway. This last is a building of the boldest dimensions; a curtain wall containing a huge arch of great depth thickly ribbed, with smaller arches at the side, connects two square turrets, and forms a massive portal, whose original height is left to imagination, beautiful shrubs and herbage having rooted on its dismantled brow. This opens into the outer or southern court, which was doubtless once of majestic amplitude, though now deformed with all the unmentionables of a brick-yard. Here rises to view the great western tower, a singular structure,—in figure a parallelogram; it soars to a vast height, and consists of various stages adorned with beautiful windows; and at the highest stage, the tower splits its mural crown into three tall turrets, each of a different size; one elegantly pierced with quatrefoils; another embattled, and a third slender and long like a large chimney. A second square gateway with embrasured parapet leads into the interior or Northern Court, which was formerly dignified by the lordly range of state apartments, and whose remains of sculpture and architecture, particularly on the north side, exhibit a wealth of fancy and delicacy of taste only to be equalled by the almost oriental profusion with which they are spread over the grey walls. The stately towers——the pompous porches—the tall foliated arches—the shafted windows——the deep rose-wrought oriel, and that shapely gable with the circular wheel-work of its lattice, all disclose their architectural beauties, with just such a canopy of ancient trees, as might veil their dishonouring charms; just such a garment of glossy ivy and gold gilliflower as might add a grace to their ornaments without concealing their proportions; and just such an assemblage of gleaning orchards as might cheer, without insulting their gloom.

From beneath the tinging foliage of the May oak, I beheld this manor-house on the south-west. From this spot its appearance is peculiarly magnificent and imposing; broad meadows of the most luxuriant verdure, studded here and there with an enormous oak or elm, whose tender foliage hung like a green mist upon their huge and snaky boughs, formed the foreground. From this pleasant champagne, a verderous mound swept upwards somewhat abruptly, till its ridge was crested and canopied by an umbrageous file of old and sweeping trees. This fine broidery of foliage spread from north to south, to the extent of several hundred yards, appears co-extensive with the western front of the castle. In the centre is the great tower, rising with its tall chimnies and ogee windows over the trees; to its right and left, the huge and lofty elms spread over the walls, scarce permitting a glance of rampart or window; while at the northern and southern extremities of this grand arcade of building, the jealous trees discontinue their shelter, and the time-worn mansion is more fully disclosed; the corner or chapel tower being open to view from base to battlement, gleaming over the huge boughs. This manor-house has received the two melancholy but grand distinctions of feudal history—imprisonment and siege. The hapless Mary Stuart was its royal thrall for some time, and was removed in consequence of the attempt at her rescue by the gallant Leonard D'Acre;—it was garrisoned by the cavaliers; beleaguered, gallantly defended, and finally dismantled, by the Lord Protector.

To be continued in our next.

PLAGIARISM OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

FOR THE OLIO.

It has perhaps been justly said by Bruyere, that "we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new—that nature and life are pre-occupied, and that description and sentiment have been long exhausted." We shall however be drawing the line of originality still narrower, when we show that the very masters of literature have been content to borrow plumes from each other. He who is but a novice in the art of composition must be expected occasionally to imitate those whom he has studied, and there is even a sort of modesty in receiving aid from those whom we acknowledge as our superiors; but where an author of established reputation usurps that honour which is due to others, it is fairly a deceit upon the public, and it then becomes a mere act of justice to assign "each bird of the muses his proper feather." As being one of our superior prose-writers, and as one who is looked upon as very original withal, let us take the author of "Tristram Shandy" as an example:—This very interesting production, which was his best as well as most voluminous work, is indebted for its main features to other heads than that of its professed author, and any one who has read the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus," in Swift's Miscellanies, must admit that Sterne is indebted to that satire for his general plan; his principal character of Mr. Shandy is the very counterpart of "Cornelius Scriblerus." Then, as for Uncle Toby, who does not recognize in him the character of Commodore Trunnion in "Peregrine Pickle?" The Sentimental Journey has also some borrowed ornaments both of incident and expression; the story of Maria bears a wonderful resemblance to the history of Dorothea in Don Quixote; and some of those beautiful images in "The Captive," and elsewhere, such as, "and I saw the iron enter into his soul," are from "The Anatomy of Melancholy."

As one of our most elegant poets let us look a little at Pope; the smoothness of his verse who can deny, but his claim to originality of sentiment has been more than once called in question. It has been observed by Dr. Watts, "that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which he has not inserted into his great work of the Iliad." How he obtained a knowledge of so many beauties of speech can only be solved by the supposition, that he gleaned from authors of every description, and kept a regular note-book of what he considered brilliant, or suspected might be useful. It is certainly recorded in his life that when "Bishop Hall's Satires" were shewn him in his later years, he regretted he had not met with them earlier. In the Dunciad, the hint is confessedly from Dryden's "Mac Flecnoe;" though it should also be added, he has considerably improved and enlarged upon it. Again, "Windsor Forest" borrows its design from "Cooper's Hill," and even the composition bears frequent evidence of its author having paid some attention to "The Park" by Waller. It will be but fair, however, to give a specimen of this great writer's habit of borrowing. He seems, on whatever subject he was writing, to have directed his attention to whatever others had said previously on the same topic; this was no doubt convenient, but it was so dangerous that it is wonderful so acute a man should have laid himself so open to exposure. Thus, in his Epitaphs he has many neat compliments and elegant encomiums which had been published before, though principally by obscure poets. The following is from Crashaw:—

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man.'
Pope.

———— This plain floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man.
Crashaw.

Even Milton has some borrowed passages; there can be little doubt that, in the first of these which follow, he copied Cowley, and in the second he remembered Shakspeare:—

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand.
Milton. P. L.

His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which nature meant some tall ship's mast
should be.—*Cowley.*

Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers in the stalk with languish'd head.
Milton.—Comus.

Beauty within itself should not be wasted;
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their
prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
Shak.—Venus and Adonis.

The elegant author of "The Seasons" must have supposed the public to be very superficially acquainted with the Bible, for he has obviously taken the story of Lavinia from the Book of Ruth. Ruth has an aged female relative with whom she resides, and they are so reduced in circumstances, that Ruth is compelled to go and glean in the fields of a rich man hard by; this man sees her accidentally in the field, falls in love with, and eventually marries her. The reader is well aware that the story is exactly similar in Thomson's Seasons.

Prior is another standard author, whose praise must be rather that of correctness than of any great invention; his larger efforts at composition are made up of common-places, and he has been accused of poaching for prey among very inferior authors, both of the French and English School. We give an instance where he has borrowed an illustration from a not very well known poetical history:—

Your music's power your music must disclose,
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.
Prior.

For nought but light itself, itself can show,
And only kings can write what kings can do.
Alleyne.

From Prior, Canning seems to have modelled one of his own lines. In the "Henry and Emma," Prior says of Emma's waist, that it is

Fine by degrees and beautifully less.

False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong.
Canning.

Canning might have remembered at least, that the public were acquainted with Gray's Elegy as well as himself, when he wrote this couplet:—

Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
And pour them in the brook that babbles by.

And so, too, might Byron have remembered that Mr. Canning's productions were but fresh in the memory of the public, when he introduced these lines into his Hours of Idleness; he says, speaking of Granta's sons:—

Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for, die.
Byron.

Thy sons, sad change, in abject bondage sigh,
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die.
Canning.

In Childe Harold he has this expression in one of the stanzas, which looks a little like Shakspeare:—

It is enough, in sooth, that once we bore
These fardels.

For who would fardels bear?—*Hamlet.*

To bring this trick of plagiarism still nearer our own times, who, that has seen or read Mr. Sheridan Knowles' new Play, does not recognize in "The Hunchback" the "Black Dwarf," by the author of the Waverley Novels?

Even some of our oldest sayings and proverbial expressions, which from their very antiquity as well as simplicity, might be supposed to be completely original, are to be traced up to times more ancient than their own. The following doggerel rhymes have been for centuries repeated in this country:—

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that doth in battle fall,
Can never live to fight at all,

For the publication of this same valorous sentiment, its original author was banished from Sparta, in the infancy of that state. The Greek lines may be thus rendered:—

Let who will boast their courage in the field,
I find but little safety in my shield;
For he that fights and runs in time, may save
A life that valour will not from the grave;
Another buckler he can soon regain,
But who can get another life again?

Plutarch.

But it must not be supposed that this propensity is common to English authors only. If we turn to our Gallic or even our German neighbours, it is the same; even Voltaire, that idol of Frenchmen, had more cunning than genius, and he exercised his ingenuity in all the regions of knowledge rather to cull old ideas than to build new ones upon them. "His real claims to invention," observes D'Israeli, "are as moderate as his size and variety are astonishing." In short the art of this celebrated man lay principally in cooking up the thoughts of others, so agreeably as he has done; he could finish up into perfect shape the embryo ideas he met with, he varnished them over with the magic of his style, and finally managed to breathe over them that warm glow of colouring which none knew better how to impart. F.

CHURCH-YARDS AND EPITAPHS.

FOR THE OLIO.

We remember seeing some three years ago, a prospectus of a burial company, which undertook to furnish in due time a proper place for interment in the vicinity of London; something that should eclipse the far-famed burial ground of the Parisians, but the project seems to have vanished into air. John Bull did not appear to disrelish the idea of sleeping in the neighbourhood of yew trees and weeping willows and cypresses, and all those poetical adjuncts which make a country church-yard coveted by the sentimental; but then John evidently thought on the body-snatchers, and the sacks, and the go-carts, which were to transport his corpus at dead of night, to the lecturer's table and the dissecting knife; so it would seem that he made up his mind to sleep in a close vault under the vestry, or at least in a church-yard surrounded by houses, which the unhallowed disturbers of the dead cannot invade.

They are miserable places the church-yards of London. Trees there are none, there is nothing green but the weeds, and on an average there is not more than one tombstone to a hundred graves; all is waste and desolation. For ourselves we hope, of course, to die in some quiet cottage far away from the eternal din of this overgrown city, with a woodbine peeping in at the casement, a pot of roses in the window-ledge, and —— the reader will guess the rest. However, sooner than be consigned to one of these horrible receptacles, we should prefer being handed over to the lecturer aforesaid, or, packed in a hammock, with a round shot for our ballast, consigned to the great deep—the vast tomb of many of England's best and bravest.

We have said that there are no trees in the London church-yards; but five or six must be excepted, and these are in the heart of the city. They have, however, no churches — they are the burial grounds belonging to churches destroyed in the 'great fire;' from these some beautiful elms send up their branches to gladden the eye of the cockney, whose vision, wearied with the interminable rows of dingy fronted houses, rests with rapture on a bit of green leaf. The citizen will recognize the places to which we allude.*

We cannot trust ourselves to say much of the epitaphs to be found in the church-yards of London. There are, of course, plenty of dutiful sons, tender mothers, affectionate daughters, &c. &c. Then there is that beautiful and oft-quoted stanza, which may be found all over England no doubt, but in a cockney church-yard at least fifty times over:—

'Affliction sore long time she bore,
Physicians were in vain;
Till God did please, and death did seize,
And eased her of her pain.'

Or this:—

'Weep not for me, my parents dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Till Christ shall raise me up again.'

This wretched trash would excite but little surprise in the burial grounds of some of our religious sects, but it is really astonishing that it is permitted by clergymen of the established church; for, be it remembered, all epitaphs are first submitted to the curate or vicar—It is time these fooleries (to call them by no harsher name) were abolished, or, as the intercourse between this country and France has so much increased, we may expect to see, before long, our tombstones covered with representations of tears like a swarm of tadpoles. We would recommend to some pious young gentleman (and we have such an one in our eye), to set up as a writer of epitaphs; the thing would take, and if he perform his work in a proper manner, we promise him that he will soon make a fortune. C. A.

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* The churchyards alluded to are those of St. John the Baptist, in Walbrook; St. Bennet in Pancras lane to which it gives a name St. Mary Bothaw, Dowgate Hill, and one or two others in that neighbourhood.

WARSAW.

There are said to be ten thousand Jews in Warsaw; but their number may really be esteemed much higher; for though some of them, by way of speculation, pretend to be converted to Christianity, they secretly adhere to the Hebrew faith.

The Franciscan street in Warsaw is like those busy districts occupied by the Jews in Frankfort, Prague, Rome, Amsterdam, and Leghorn. In short, wherever the Jews congregated together they are characterized by the same peculiarities, viz, uncleanliness, and the love of finery, avarice, and dishonesty: while the persecutions and insults to which they are exposed render them real objects of pity.

What the Miodova and Senator streets are to the fashionable classes in Warsaw, the Franciscan street is to the lower classes.—However, there is nothing from the finest Ternaux or Thibet shawl which the Jews of the Franciscan street cannot produce to their customers when asked for.

The Russian soldiers may frequently be seen when occasionally they obtain a few hours' leave, moving to and fro in the busy fair of the Franciscan street, where they spend a portion of their pay in the purchase of little articles of which they stand in need. They wander about looking earnestly at every thing, and when they see any object they would wish to purchase, they anxiously reflect whether it is conformable to "regulation."

If they wish to purchase thread, for example, the lancers of the Constantine regiment, want only blue and red; the cuirassiers only white and yellow, and the Grodno hussars only yellow and dark red;—and as soon as a Jew spies a soldier, he seems to read in his countenance what he was looking for:—whether thread, pipe-clay, blacking, or soap. In the Franciscan street, many an unlucky wight purchases a good flogging for himself, as for instance in the case of the gloves, the seams of which were sewed on the wrong side. And yet the poor soldiers are obliged to purchase many things out of their own pay, as the "crown allowance" is insufficient for them.

On leaving the Franciscan street, and passing the cloister of the Minimes facing the lunatic hospital, we arrive at the barracks of the fourth regiment of the line, commanded by Colonel Boguslavski. This is the Grand-Duke's favourite regiment, on account of the admirable style in which it performs its exercise: of which certainly none but those who have seen it can form any idea.

Near these barracks, which are divided into two parts, is the jail, whose inmates, except the fact of their wearing chains, are not under greater restraint than the Polish officers. As to common soldiers, their situation is infinitely more miserable than that of felons.

A little further on are the crown barracks, which contain the regiment of Lithuanian grenadiers, the Polish infantry Guards and other troops.

The immediate vicinity of the city is not unlike the Campagna di Roma.—The beautiful ruins, to be sure, are wanting; for in Warsaw the only ruins are the broken spirits of the people.

A very high windmill forms a conspicuous object in the scene, and near it there is a second pontoon bridge across the Vistula, which was constructed in 1829 for the entrance of the Emperor Nicolas as King of Poland. There is also a spring which supplies the inhabitants of Warsaw with excellent water.

From the new town, which we have just been exploring, we will proceed to the old town which formerly included the whole of Warsaw, as is obvious from the name of one of the principal streets, Podval, (under the wall) which runs parallel with the Ulica Modova. The old town contains a fine market-place. The streets in this part of Warsaw are, for the most part, narrow, and the houses, which are exceedingly old, have many of them a very bad reputation.

Continuing our course through the old town, we arrive in the Palace square, in which stands a marble column with the statue of King Sigismund. From this square a street runs into the Cracow suburb, beyond which it extends about half a mile under the name of the New World, and leads to St. Alexander's church, already mentioned. Forming an angle with Cracow suburb, the Senator street communicates with the square of the new theatre. On the other side of the square, the Electoral street which is about half a mile long, terminates with the Volaer Rogatka, on the boundary line of the semicircle of Warsaw.

The old theatre is situate in the Kraczinski square, at the end of the Franciscan street.

Poland under the Dominion of Russia.

The Naturalist.

Curious Fish.—A friend and myself were bathing one morning on the sands at Portobello, and had determined to swim out to a certain rock. He generally took the lead; and while following, I was suddenly struck as by an electric shock. I then discovered that I had swam on a gelatinous substance about three feet in diameter, which proved to be a fish surrounded by stings. In a moment it covered or enwrapped me, so that every part of my body was stung; and I could only disengage myself by tearing the animal from me piecemeal, at the peril of my hands, which were just as if I had poured vitroil upon them. With great difficulty I swam back towards the shore; but I had not strength enough to dress; and was afterwards led home. The intense agony, which I can only compare to the being stung by thousands of wasps, continued for about eight hours. Several of these creatures are seen on the sands left by the tide, for about a month in the year; and I observed that no horse would tread on one, nor would children touch it except with a stick.

Witherspin's Journal.

Table Talk.

Severity of King Joam.—This monarch reigned in Portugal, about the commencement of the 15th century. The jealousy of the Portuguese monarch was such, that the man who ventured into the private apartments of even the ladies of honour subjected himself to the capital penalty. Joam had a chamberlain, by name Fernando Alfonsea, to whom he bore great attachment. This man fell violently in love with Dona Beatrix de Castro, a young attendant on the Queen, and was successful in his suit. But the lady. who had more passion than virtue, allowed him to pay her stolen visits within the forbidden precincts; and though they escaped for some days the notice of the king, accident or jealousy at length betrayed them. The king sent for the culprit, reminded him of the penalty he had incurred, and ordered him to see his mistress no more. His elemency —the effect of his attachment for the chamberlain, and perhaps of a natural reluctance to shed blood for such an offence, was lost on the other; the crime was repeated, the offender arrested, and consigned to the charge of the corregidor. He found means, however, to escape, and took sanctuary in a church; but he was dragged from thence by the incensed monarch, was condemned, and publicly burned. The partner of his guilt was permitted to live; a punishment which, if she had any sense of shame left, Joam rightly considered as superior to that of his chamberlain. But this barbarous execution filled the court with horror; and for this reason, perhaps, never was repeated.

Cremona Violins.—By those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments, the following observations will be fully understood. The violins made at Cremona, about the year 1660, are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of these instruments, it will appear much the louder of the two, but on receding 100 paces, when compared with the other, it will scarcely be heard.

Boring for Water in Egypt.—Two labouring men who had been employed near London in boring for water, were taken to Egypt, by Mr. Briggs, who was once consul at Cairo. They were employed to bore for water in the Desert. At about 30 feet below the surface they found a stratum of sandstone; when they got through that, an abundance of water rose. In the Desart of Suez, a tank, capable of holding 2000 cubic feet of water, has been made, and by this time probably many others have been formed. Thus Egypt and Arabia may soon become civilised and partially fertile.

Powers of the Human Ear.—The

quickness which some persons possess in distinguishing the smaller sounds, is very remarkable. Miners, in boring for coal, can tell by the sound what substance they are penetrating; and a recent discovery is that of applying a listening tube to the breast to detect the motions of the heart. In Kirby and Spence's work on Entomology, the writer says, "I know of no other insect, the tread of which is accompanied by sound, except the flea, whose steps a lady assured me she always hears when it passes over her night-cap, and that it clacks as if it was walking in pattens!"

TRAGICAL FATE OF BERNARDO, COUNT OF BARCELONA.—By the death of Louis, in 840, Catalonia and Gothic Gaul fell to Charles, the youngest son of that Emperor. Indignant that in the division of the empire no portion was left for him, Pepin, son of the rebellious prince of that name, no sooner heard of his grandfather's death than he seized on Aquitaine. Bernardo formed the party of the son as he had formed that of the father, and when summoned by Charles, his new sovereign, to do homage in person for his fief, he at first refused to appear, but not without assigning the most plausible pretexts he could for neglecting to obey. Soon hearing, however, that these reasons were unsatisfactory to Charles, he hastened to disarm by his presence that Prince's anger. His arrest was resolved; he fled; his domestics were laden with fetters, and his moveable property seized. Feeling that he was unable to contend with so powerful a prince, he forsook, or pretended to forsake Pepin, gained the advisers of Charles, and again waited on the king. He threw himself at the royal feet, protested that he always had been, and would always remain, faithful; that the enemies of his sovereign should also be his, and offered to do battle with any one who should gainsay him. Charles believed him, pardoned him. In the wars which followed he remained neuter; but when, in 848, on a new division between the two brothers, Catalonia again fell to Charles, he began to aim at independence. However cautious his proceedings, they reached the ears of his superior, who concealed his resentment, but meditated a detestable revenge. Being summoned to attend a convocation of the States at Thorlouse, he reluctantly obeyed. On entering the assembly, as he knelt to do homage, Charles seized him with the left hand, and with the right plunged a poniard into his heart. What makes this tragedy the more striking is the common belief of the times that the victim was the father of the murderer, who is said to have kicked the body, exclaiming, "Such is the punishment for defiling the bed of my father, thy liege lord."—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.—History of Spain and Portugal.*

MURDER OF A PRELATE.—To remove the Archbishop of Saragossa was the resolve of Antonio de Luna, head of the Aragonese faction which existed in 1411. As a truce had just been concluded between the hostile parties, Don Antonio solicited an interview with the Archbishop, each to be accompanied by a certain number of horsemen; it was to take place in the highway from Almunia, to Almonazid. As the churchman proceeded, he was met by the Count de Luna, with twenty lancers—two hundred had been hid behind a hill—and the conference began. The object of Antonio was to quarrel with the Prelate, and thereby have something like a pretext for his deed. Finding that the latter would strenuously support the infante of Castile, he demanded in a furious tone, "Shall the Count de Urgel be king or not?"—"Not while I live!" replied the other.—"He shall, whether you live or die," rejoined the Count, who at the same time struck him with his mailed hand on the face. Seeing the mischief intended, the Archbishop pushed his mule to escape; but the sword of the Count descending on the head of the ill-fated victim, caused him to stagger in his seat, and almost instantly to fall to the ground, where he was speedily beheaded.

BIRTH OF EDWARD VI.—It has been said that it was found necessary to bring the infant into the world by that terrible method called the Cæsarian operation; and Sir John Hayward positively states the fact. Sanders, a bitter writer against King Henry, tells us that the physicians were of opinion that either the mother or the child must perish; that they put the question to the King, which should be spared, the Queen or his son? and that he answered, his son, because he could easily find other wives.—The official record in the College of Arms thus speaks of the Queen's death: "To the most Chrysten Pryncess, Jane, Quene of England and of Fraunce, Lady of Ireland, and mother to the most noble and puyssant Prince Edward; which deceasyd at Hampton Courte, the xxxixth yere of our most dread Sovereigne Lord Kyng

Henry the eight, her most dearest husband, the xxiiii of October, at nyght, xii of the clocke; which departyng was the twelf day after the byrthe of the said Prynce, her Grace beyng in childbed."

Ancient Vessel. — The old ship discovered some years since in the bed of the river Rother, has now been completely dug out and put in motion for London, there to be exhibited. It is supposed to be a Dutch or Danish vessel, wrecked in the great tempest of 1286, which diverted the river from its ancient to its present channel. The utensils found in it, and its own *build*, certainly do not sanction us in attributing to it a more remote antiquity.

The Iron of Borneo.—The iron found all along the coast of Borneo is of a very superior quality, which every person must know who has visited Pontiana. There are forty-nine forges at work merely in the campong of Marpow; but the mandows and spears which Seljie uses himself and gives to his favourite warriors, are obtained farther north. Instruments made of this metal will cut through overwrought and common steel with ease; a wager of a few rupees having been made with Seljie, that he would not cut through an old musket-barrel, he, without hesitation, put the end of it upon a block of wood and chopped it to pieces, without in the least turning the edge of the mandow.

Varieties

Highest Tavern in Europe.—A tavern has been built on the summit of Mount Faulhorn in Switzerland; it stands at an elevation of 8,140 feet above the level of the sea, and is, therefore between 5 and 600 feet higher than the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

George the Third and the late Jeremy Bentham.—The first writings Mr. Bentham committed to the press were letters in a newspaper, on the affairs of Europe, somewhere about the close of the American war, which had the singular distinction of being answered by George the Third. The king published his letter in a Hague journal, it was replied to by Mr. Bentham, and most unmercifully dissected; probably in that manner in which we know he afterwards so much excelled—the application of the rack of analysis. The king learned who the writer was, and never forgot him. Mr. Bentham's bill for the establishment of a panopticon prison for the reform of criminals had passed the two Houses of Parliament, and the king had the pen in his hand to sign it, when he asked Lord Shelburne who it was that was undertaking this scheme. The answer was 'Mr. Bentham, of Lincoln's Inn.'—'Bentham!' said the king, and put down the pen. The bill never received the royal assent; the scheme was obliged to be given up, and Mr. Bentham was saddled with a large pecuniary loss—a thing he cared little for in comparison to the defeat of his benevolent project. This story Mr. Bentham had from the lips of Lord Shelburne himself.

Courtship of the late Dr. R.—"Dear sir, I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer, as I am already engaged; but I am sure my sister Ann would jump at it. Your obliged, Eliza L."—"Dear Miss Eliza, I beg your pardon, but wrote your name in mistake; it was Miss Ann I meant to ask; have written to her per bearer. Hoping soon to be your affectionate brother, J. R."—The Dr. and Miss Ann were married, and, as they say in the fairy tales, "lived very happy all the rest of their lives."

Duke Constantine and the Monkey.—One day, the Duke was busy writing in his own apartment, while his favourite monkey was as usual capering about, playing all sorts of tricks, and meddling with everything. At length he fixed his eyes on a loaded gun, and snatching it up unperceived, he deliberately took aim at his master, and was on the point of pulling the trigger. At this moment the Grand-Duke happened to raise his eyes from his desk, and though almost petrified with alarm uttered a loud cry, upon which the monkey averted the weapon, and discharged its contents in another direction. The report caused a dreadful consternation in the palace. The individuals in attendance hurried to the apartment of His Highness, and found him, though still agitated by the effects of the fright, caressing the monkey who had thrown the musket on the ground, and was apologizing for his misdemeanour by his very best grimaces. The only punishment the monkey received was to be banished for a time from the apartment of his master. He was removed to new quarters, and transferred to the friendly care of Mahmud Hassan. He was, however, frequently visited by his master, whom he continued to divert by his tricks and grimaces.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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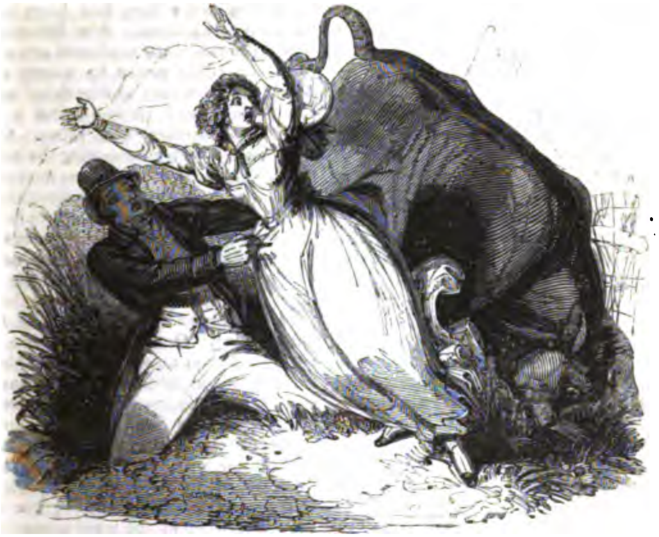

See page 18.

Illustrated Article.

MARY HUGHES:

A TALE OF THE WELCH HIGHLANDS.

On earth one heart, one hope, one joy, one gloom,
One closing hour, one undivided tomb.—CROLY.

MANY years have passed since the heroine of these memoirs found a refuge from her sorrows in the bosom of the grave. The inscription on her gravestone is now defaced and almost illegible, and the green hillock that marked the spot in which she rests has sunk down to a level with the surrounding earth. Yet she still lives in the hearts of those who had been familiar with her beauty, and had known her when her cheek was radiant with the hues of health, and her limbs were buoyant with the elasticity of youth. To the memory of the old, to the recollections of those whose heads are now whitened with the snows of age, and whose forms are bowed down by the iron hand of Time, I have been indebted for much of my materials. Sitting in their humble cottages, hid in the most wild and picturesque scenery of North Wales, after the *telyn* (the wild harp of the mountains) had sounded the high deeds of their fathers and the glory of their land, I heard the particulars forming the simple story of Mary Hughes, and the affecting incidents of her fate. It is a tale that will hardly awaken the sensibilities of those whose delight is fixed on novels of fashionable life; they, perhaps, will turn with affected disgust from a legend that has its foundation on the vulgar basis of nature and truth. But their approbation I do not seek. Those whose hearts are open to the sympathies of humanity, whose feelings are most deeply influenced by the simplest, which are the most natural causes, and whose passions do not require to be called into action by strong and artificial excitements, are far more likely to feel and understand this unpretending narrative, than those whose intellectual appetites seek for food of a higher though less innocent character.

Captain Hughes had retired from the service upon half-pay, after having served during most part of the Peninsular war with acknowledged bravery. He had received a musket ball in the leg, while leading a detachment against the enemy, which obliged him to quit the army. Taking his daughter with him from a school in England, where she had been placed since the death of her mother, he had retired to the home of his fathers, which was situated among the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Denbighshire hills. There was little about him to provoke inquiry. He had a well-cultivated mind, improved by observation of the manners and customs of other nations. He possessed the frankness of a soldier, mingled with the high bearing of a gentleman, proud of being descended from an ancient and illustrious house. He took pride in keeping up the hospitality for which the name of his ancestors had ever been famous; and the offices which had been filled in his household in a bygone age were not allowed to be vacant in his own. He was generous and brave, kind to his dependants, and loved his daughter, who was his only child, far above all earthly things.

Mary had attained her fifteenth year, and was just budding into womanhood. She was tall, well formed, and exquisitely beautiful. Her limbs were moulded in a form of surpassing grace; her features were modelled into an expression of unequalled loveliness; her light hair hung in luxuriant ringlets over her snowy forehead, dancing in the breeze that stirred them, and seemed to be clothed with smiles when the golden sunbeams played upon their tresses. Yet she was as unconscious of her own loveliness as the statue of the divine Aphrodite is of that beauty which has taken captive the hearts of so many generations. She was a child of nature, knowing no evil, and fearing none. Her mind was warmed with a high and eloquent enthusiasm, which made her look upon the goodness and excellence of the things by which she was surrounded with a feeling of exalted joy and unutterable love. She was kind and gentle to all around her, participating in their pleasure, and enjoying their happiness. The peasantry, by whom she was almost worshipped, called her, in their wild dialect, "*The Flower of the Hills;*" and it is a name by which she is most remembered by those who knew her, when her beauty fully deserved so flattering a title. A venerable bard, infirm and blind, who had long been attached to her family, taught her to play upon the harp, in which she quickly excelled. He sang to her the national records of his country—the glory of Llewellyn, and the fame of Glyndwr. He taught her to appreciate the rich poetry of the mountain bards, and to execrate the memory of the tyrant by whose order they had been so inhumanly massacred. She listened to him with the most profound attention, as if she could never be weary of so delightful a theme; and by these means she accumulated in her mind a rich store of mountain minstrelsy. Often would she wander far among the mountains, to some spot made precious to her remembrance by a glorious struggle, in which the resistless valour of her fathers had triumphed over their invaders; or made holy to her memory by a deluge of blood shed by their unavailing bravery, when put in opposition to the superior numbers and discipline of their conquerors. One day when she was returning from an excursion of this nature, and was quickening her pace as she saw the shadows descending on the mountains, she heard a low bellow at some distance: she turned her head, and to her unspeakable terror saw a bull, of a short, thick breed, peculiar to that part of Wales, pursuing her with an appearance of the most savage ferocity. She knew there was no house nearer than a mile off, and she saw no help at hand. Her only chance of escape was over a rustic bridge at no great distance, which the animal could not cross. Summoning up all her courage, and with what little strength she possessed, she speeded on with a velocity as if fear had lent her wings; but she had not proceeded far, before she heard the enraged beast approaching nearer and nearer, snorting, bellowing, and tearing up the ground, as he bounded along the earth. She already seemed to feel his hot breath upon her shoulder, and, after uttering a short prayer, was sinking from excess of terror, when, just as the wild animal was on the point of wreaking his raving vengeance on her unoffending body, a strong arm caught her round the waist and drew her on one side. The beast, missing his aim, slipt and fell; and before he had time to recover his footing, his intended victim was hurried out of his reach.

Edward Morris, the son of a neighbouring clergyman, was quietly engaged fishing for trout in a stream sheltered from observation by a few willows that grew on its bank, when his attention was forcibly awakened by the noise the bull made in his progress. He was just in time to save the beautiful girl from a horrid death; and with breathless haste carried her over the bridge that kept her safe from the fury of her pursuer. She had fainted. Edward Morris used the only remedy that suggested itself to him—that of sprinkling her face with water from the neighbouring stream. He gazed upon her, and owned that even his poetic fancy, fond of imaginary creatures of ideal excellence, had never presented him with the resemblance of a being of such exceeding loveliness as the beautiful and helpless female that lay extended at his feet. He knelt as he raised her from the ground, and watched the appearance of returning animation with feelings of the most intense interest. At length she opened the silken lashes of her eyes, as if awaking from a strange and fearful dream, and met the impassioned gaze of her preserver, who, like Adam, enraptured with the beauty of his new-created bride,

"Hung over her enamoured."

The sun at that moment was setting behind the distant hills, leaving the horizon in that blaze of splendour more frequently visible in the wild romantic scenery of a mountainous country.—Flakes of crimson and gold, of dark purple and light orange, intermixed here and there with fleecy clouds of the purest white, appeared at some little distance from the departing luminary, whose immediate vicinity seemed one blaze of fire, clothing the far-off hills with a robe rivalling in the joyous richness and variety of its colour the most costly apparel in which the rulers of the earth have sought to bestow dignity upon their persons. Far in the heavens was one vast expanse of blue, darkening in the distance to the more sober hue of the coming night. The sea, stretching far and wide, was visible at the distance of a few miles, where its waters were occasionally relieved by the white sails of the distant ships; and the tall masts of the colliers and trading vessels, as they lay at anchor in the bay, were seen peeping over the rugged cliffs of the coast. The river was meandering in its serpentine course through the valley that lay at their feet, till it was lost in the waters of the ocean. The little stream by which they stood, one of the many torrents that were tributary to the river, was taking its way in a series of the most wild and picturesque falls, leaping, like a chamois-hunter, from crag to crag, over the rocky prominences that interrupted its course. Around rose hills rising over hills, and mountains towering over their giant brethren into the clouds above them, till the eye ached at their immensity, and the head grew dizzy at the bare imagination of their height. Below them the gentle valley spread out its alluring beauties, dotted here and there with a cluster of simple cottages, from among which the unpretending church arose like a modest matron in the midst of her offspring. Occasionally, where some eminence presented a commanding situation, the baronial castle rose in its pride of power; or the well-built mansion of more modern architecture, the hospitable residence of some country gentleman, threw its protecting smile over the adjacent villages. Yet more frequently was seen the moss-covered ruin of a mighty fabric, that was once perhaps the refuge of the Saxon, or the stronghold of the Norman, from whence they had issued to spoil and lay waste with fire and sword the possessions of the native lords; till the people, roused to vengeance by a sense of their wrongs, rose *en masse*, washed away their just hatred in the blood of their oppressors, leaving the homes of their tyrants a heap of stones, as a monument for after-ages, on which the antiquary might waste his useless erudition in conjectures upon its structure, or speculations upon its use. In the most savage spots of this landscape appeared *cairns*, a heap of stones, marking probably a place of burial, and *cromlechs*, which are arrangements of masses of stone, and are almost the only existing records of the Druids, a people whose existence is clothed with so much fable and mystery. These were the most conspicuous features of the landscape that met the eye; yet were they little heeded by the two beings who seemed the only spectators of a scene of so much loveliness and grandeur.

Mary gazed on the handsome features and athletic form of him to whom she owed her life: their eyes met; and in that mute look he felt that she had thanked him more than if her tongue had expressed all the eloquence of the Grecian orators. He raised her from the ground with as much care as if she was a fragile flower beaten to the earth by the weight of the passing storm.

Edward was enraptured at the idea of being the protector of a creature of such fascinating beauty as she who tremblingly hung upon his arm. In passing over a dark and fathomless ravine, only to he crossed on the dangerous footing of a felled tree, in a sudden feeling of terror she clung to him for support. He felt a thrill of unspeakable delight darting through his frame; and had he not shaken off its influence, and hurried from the spot, it is probable the indulgence of such happy feelings, in such a situation, would have led to the destruction of both. The rest of their journey was of a less hazardous character, and therefore more favourable for conversation. It was a time when the feelings of the heart overpower all other sensations—when thought is most eloquent of meaning, but when the tongue is voiceless. The pleasing influence of a first impression takes possession of soul and sense, and there revels on unchecked; those sympathies which nature has planted in the human heart, for the best and wisest purpose, gather power, increase in force, and become more pleasing, until the impression becomes less and less effaceable, and the germ of a fond and passionate attachment rises into being. Silence at such a time renders the most powerful assistance; fancy is allowed to dwell upon the theme, and the imagination to colour it in its brightest hues; affection gathers in the bud, puts forth its leaves, and soon becomes too strong to be blighted in its early growth.

Edward Morris was the only son of a clergyman, the rector of a neighbouring village a few miles distant from the residence of Captain Hughes. His father had been considered one of the best classical scholars of the university to which he belonged: his mother had died in his infancy; and his remaining parent found a sweet and precious solace in directing the education and watching the progress of his child's mind. He devoted nearly the whole of his attention to so pleasing a study, and he never had occasion to regret it. Edward proceeded rapidly in his studies, at an early age giving promise of future excellence. Now, in his eighteenth year, he was thoroughly conversant with the greatest of the poets, philosophers, and historians of the ancient world, and with the most valuable portion of the language and literature of modern Europe. He had visited almost every corner of the mountain land that gave him birth; and his footsteps were as familiar with the summits of Snowdon and Cader Idris, as they were with the green pathways in the valleys of Clwyd and Glyndwrdwy. His mind was stored with the local traditions of the hospitable peasantry, among whom he was always a welcome guest. From the romantic annals and the legendary minstrelsy they had furnished him with, together with the influence of the sublime scenery, in which he had ever moved and breathed, he possessed an imagination of a highly poetical character. Had he enjoyed those advantages which are necessary to its favourable development, such an imagination would have ranked him high among the possessors of "the faculty divine." With such attainments his father proposed sending him to college, that he might pursue his studies into the higher branches of education, be ordained, and become his successor in the church.

Mary was approaching home, when they met her father mounted on his old black pony, and accompanied by several of the labourers on his estate. He had been alarmed by her prolonged stay, and had set out, with some of his men, for the purpose of seeking her. When they discovered the object of their search, the wild Highlanders, to many of whom Morris was personally known, sent up a shout of recognition, which he returned with as much gratification. The old man alighted, embraced his daughter and expressed his joy at her return. He appeared as if overjoyed at once more beholding his child, for whose safety he had lately entertained such fearful forebodings; and the warm-hearted Celts that accompanied him seemed to feel as strongly the general joy,—for they danced about like wild deer, and sang snatches of songs, in an idiom almost as ancient as their mountains. When the captain was made acquainted with the particulars of his child's preservation, heightened as the relation was by the enthusiasm of her gratitude, it appeared as if he thought he could never express his thanks sufficiently. He shook Edward by the hand again and again, and invited him to his house, with many expressions of esteem and good will.

"Gryffydd!" called out the veteran, to a wild-looking son of the hills, who seemed as happy as the rest; "why stand ye capering like a young goat in the sunshine? Have ye been touched by the spear-grass wands of the *ty wyth teg?*[†] Haste to the house of my fathers, and bid my people welcome, with feasting and with songs, the preserver of the Flower of the Hills—the bright-eyed daughter of Morgan, ap Gwylym, ap Hughes."

[†] Fair family—the fairies.

"*Nev a roddo da i ti!*"[†] exclaimed the Celt to Edward, looking on him with a countenance expressive of the sincerest pleasure; and then darting off to do the bidding of his lord with the speed of an antelope.

They proceeded homewards in all joyfulness of heart, when they were met by the whole population of the district, men, women, and children, who seemed to participate in the gladness of their lord, to whom they were much attached. Captain Hughes, as he alighted at the gate of his house, which had been in possession of his family for centuries, welcomed Edward to the home of his fathers, and led the way to the hall, where sat the old harper, twining his bony fingers in the strings of his ancient harp.

"Prichard!" said the lord of the mansion, in the language with which he always addressed his people; "let the tuneful chords of thy harp sound a welcome to the stranger; for we owe him thanks for having saved from death the last of our house. Sound the bardic welcome to the brave, and thou shalt have the blue hirlas full of yellow mead to drink his health."

It was a generally-received superstition, that the bards of old were gifted with a knowledge of futurity, and could, in their wild and irregular numbers, give notice to the living of danger and death. From this cause they had been held holy by the many; and even by those who have been thought most free of such influence, they were treated with the most profound veneration and respect. What, then, could equal the astonishment all felt, when the old man, after striking a few chords, broke out into a symphony of melancholy sweetness and sorrowful lamentation?

Wo! wo! to the halls of thy fathers, for they shall become desolate!
The bats shall congregate in thy chambers,
And the owls be busy on thy hearths.

Wo! wo! to the stranger, for his days shall be but few;
Old age shall never whiten his dark hair,
And his bright eye shall see the grave.

Wo! wo! to the last of thy race, for she shall perish.
Even the bright Flower of the Hills
Shall wither in the bud.

Wo! wo! to Morgan, ap Gwylym, ap Merydydd, ap Hughes;
For he shall be left like a blighted tree,
On the rocks of Craig yr Wyddva.

The bard closed his minstrelsy with a sigh that seemed almost to break the heart whence it issued.

"What, Prichard!" exclaimed his lord, is this the way thou welcomest my guest? But when I ask thee to honour us with thy minstrelsy again, it is to be hoped thy *awen*[‡] may produce something more appropriate."

He proceeded to the usual sitting-room, followed by Edward and Mary, both of whom were musing on the melancholy import of the harper's melody. On them it had succeeded in making a deeper impression than it could be supposed to make on the strong mind of the rough soldier, who seldom allowed his senses to be worked upon by the superstitions of the peasantry. From the mind of Edward it was soon erased by the cordiality of his host: but Mary never forgot it; she treasured it up in her remembrance, till death blotted from her memory all that was sad and all that was pleasing.

In the course of conversation, the captain discovered that the father of his young friend had been the college chum and confidential companion of his early days. This was a fresh call upon his friendship, and he allowed the kindlier feelings of his heart to exercise their full sway and to possess their strongest influence. He would hear no excuse, but forced him to accept an invitation to pass the night in his house, making the hours run on with the most agreeable rapidity, by the relation of his campaigns in the Peninsula, or his freaks at college.

When Edward awoke the next morning, he looked from his window over the surrounding country, and saw the sun rising, and the mists retreating from the valleys to the higher grounds. He prepared himself for a walk, and stepped out upon the lawn opposite the house: the grass was wet with the last night's dews, which the air had not yet gained sufficiently warm a temperature to imbibe. He bent his footsteps towards a garden, whose gravel walks presented the prospect of a more agreeable footing. He saw there flowers in their glowing hues, filling the air with their fragrance, and delighting the eye with their beauty. He stayed a short time to admire them, and passed on to an antique summer-house that appeared at the bottom of one of the walks. He was proceeding to enter it, when he was stopped by hearing the sounds of a harp, which appeared to issue from the building. He paused, and heard one of his own wild mountain melodies sung in a tone of such surpassing sweetness and such characteristic simplicity, that he felt as spell-bound with the witchery of the sounds. When the voice had ceased, he entered the building, and discovered Mary Hughes, in a neat and graceful morning dress, bending over the harp, and still employed in producing chords from its melodious strings. She turned her head as he entered, and when she saw who it was, she welcomed him with one of her most winning smiles, placed her hand in his, and as she had never felt the necessity of concealing her natural feelings, she did not attempt to disguise her joy at seeing him. Edward was enraptured at the kind reception he had met with, and gazed on the lovely being before him with eyes that seemed to drink in the image of her beauty with an intensity of pleasure too powerful for the most talented writer to describe.

[†] Heaven bestow good on thee!

[‡] Poetical inspiration.

Edward loved her,—fondly, dearly, and ardently loved her; in his soul he worshipped, in his heart he adored her; the ground she trod on was made only by her footsteps, the things she handled were sanctificed by her touch. Even the very atmosphere in which she moved seemed to him to borrow light and purity from the rich splendour of her loveliness; and the bright lustre of her dove-like eyes appeared to confer unimaginable beauty upon every thing on which they dwelt.

One evening they left their fathers engaged in discussing the merits of an object of disputed antiquity, and proceeded on one of their usual walks. The night was uncommonly fine, the air pure as it generally is in a mountainous country, the sky without a cloud, and the stars possessing more than their accustomed brilliancy. The moon on such scenery as this produces an effect upon which no imagination can confer due justice: the trees, the waters, and the far-off hills, were touched with a featherly mantle of the most brilliant white, and the tops of the distant mountains were as clearly visible as they are in the brightest day. In the dark waters of the lake the stars shone as vividly as in their own element; and the trees upon its bank seemed sleeping on the still bosom of the waters, like things without life, and without motion. Never was a scene more fitted to immortalise the hand of a painter, never a landscape that more clearly displayed the immortality of its Creator. Their walk led them towards the ruins of an old monastery, which had lately become a favourite resort. It looked glorious in the moonlight: its fragments covered a vast extent of ground. One magnificent window was entire, and several smaller ones imperfect, but what was visible of them was marked by sculpture by no mean hand. There were arches, several of which were covered with beautiful traceries; and pillars, most of them in fragments, but many possessing sufficient solidity to give the beholder an idea of the vast structure to which they once belonged. One or two chambers were still perfect; the rest an undistinguished heap of ruins. Here and there was an empty niche, that plainly told to what service it had formerly been devoted; but the figure of the saint or virgin, which once filled up its vacant corner, and long since crumbled into dust. Most of the stone-work was concealed by a profusion of lichens and wild flowers, that grew there in all the luxury of undisciplined vegetation.

Wales is rich in picturesque ruins, more so than any country of similar extent; for the troubles that have so often desolated the hearths of her people have passed over other lands less frequently and less severely: but the relics of the old monastery is characterised with a beauty of a peculiar character, touching the heart more deeply than the more glorious wrecks of a more glorious time. There was something holy in the solitary loneliness of its walls—something sublime in the desolate grandeur of its masses. Many legends were connected with it. The peasantry allowed it to be haunted with the ghosts of the departed monks, and seldom dared to venture within its immediate neighbourhood. But such idle tales had little influence on those who were now journeying thither. They walked under its ruined archways, and seated themselves upon the pedestal of a fallen column. Here they sat watching the beautiful effect of the moonbeams stealing through the interstices in the ivy, and breaking into a thousand fragments of light, that fell upon the green and discoloured pavement at their feet. They had been engaged some time talking of the delightful effect of light and shade, when Mary heard, or fancied that she heard, sounds like those of a man's voice; but Edward assured her it was most probably a bat shrieking in some distant part of the building; and she expressed herself satisfied. It was not long, however, before they again heard the same sounds, and heard them more plainly. He was certain there were others in the ruins besides themselves, and, with the natural impetuosity of youth, jumped up to know who they were. He received Mary's assurance that she would not be alarmed if he left her for a few moments, and sallied out in the direction whence he thought the sounds proceeded. He had gone on some little distance, treading with cautious footsteps the perilous ground over which he passed, and had entered what had probably been once a cell, when he heard a long and piercing scream, followed by cries for help in a voice he could not mistake. A bar of iron had been displaced by rust or violence from its position across the window, and was connected with the wall by one part only; he easily wrenched it from its hold, and leaped over the shaking stones like a wild deer along the heather. He returned in time to see his beautiful Mary struggling in the arms of two ruffian-looking sailors, and shrieking out his name for help. They were carrying her off. Edward, as he approached, called out to the villians to let her go. One of them, leaving his destined prey, discharged a pistol at his head, which fortunately missed its aim. Before he had time to draw the other he was levelled to the ground wiih the iron bar. The other ruffian, seeing his companion fall, thought best to seek safety in flight. He escaped not scathless; for Edward fired at him the pistol he had taken possession of from his fallen comrade; and it was evident that he was severely wounded; for a shepherd, the next morning, traced blood upon the grass to a considerable distance.

When Mary found herself free from her assailants, she rushed into the arms of her deliverer, who could not refrain from pressing her to his heart. She looked up into his face with her bright eyes overflowing with love and gratitude,—their lips met,—and one prolonged delicious kiss was the seal of their mutual affection. How long they remained in this state of delight and happiness it matters not; it was time sufficient for him to tell the love that had so long lain brooding in his breast, and sufficient for him to hear her, in return, own how dearly she loved him. The outpourings of his heart, when once allowed vent, were discharged in a flood of eloquence and truth. He told her of the growth of his passion from its commencement to its confession, — how his soul had yearned for her beauty, — how his heart had thirsted for her presence,—how the world had become dark to him when the light of her fair eyes had ceased to dwell upon the air he breathed,—and how nature had become neglected by him when her loveliness no longer appeared, to shine forth the brightest feature in the landscape. There was a fire in his words and an energy in his manner which there was no withstanding. Again and again,—her eyes beaming with the ecstasy of her feelings—her bosom panting with the intensity of her affection—her cheeks suffused with the glow of passionate excitement,—did the lovely girl press him closer and closer to her heart, in gushes of an uncontrollable transport, of which before she had never experienced a tithe of the joy.

In the mean time the ruffian, whom Edward had left for dead upon the ground, but who was merely stunned, began to recover from the effects of the blow; and seeing his late antagonist so much engaged as not likely to pay much attention to his movements, he took himself off in the most quiet way he possibly could, not wishing to risk another blow from so formidable a weapon.

As they walked home, they agreed that their fathers were not to know any thing of what had occurred until the following day? when she consented, after much persuasion, that he should ask their permission to their union.

To be continued.

ENGLAND.

Oh, tell me, are the roses there,
On our own bright hillock's side;
And are our hedges purple yet,
With the soft sweet violets dyed?
And doth the sparkling cowslip peep
Forth from its emerald bed?
And hath the modest primrose dared
To raise her dewy head?

The joyous throng of summer birds,
Oh, tell me, are they come,
To pour their deep songs from the woods
Of our happy English home?
And do our springs bright morning's glow,
With that deep clear hue of red,
With that all-pervading loveliness
O'er home's soft landscape spread?

Still do the setting sunbeams smile,
Where the merry children play,
With their shouts of joyous laughter,
On the gay half holiday?
Say, is each gorgeous flower culled
To grace that evening hearth?
And on the Seventh Day do they meet
The happiest on the earth?

Doth our grey church turret still
From its own bright valley rise,
In all its sacred loneliness,
To meet our silent skies?
And is that calm clear voice yet heard,
In the earnestness of prayer;
Doth that sacred blessing slowly rise
Upon the solemn air?

Oh, when your evening hearth is bright
With the dearest smiles of home—
Say, do ye send one passing thought
Across the blue waves foam?
When the deep'ning twilight ushers in
The evening hour of prayer—
Oh, tell me that the absent one
Is sometimes thought of there!

PERSONNE.

***Jamaica, 5th March*, 1839.**

AMERICA—CHARLESTON.

Nearly every variety of religious belief finds its supporters in Charleston, and the clergy of all denominations are highly and deservedly respected. During the period of my residence there, Dr. England, the Roman Catholic Bishop, was the most distinguished for talent and energy of character. He is one of the best argumentative orators I have ever heard from the pulpit, and his afternoon discourses were always delivered to crowded audiences, composed in part of the wealthiest and best educated Protestants in the city. His regular congregration was extremely poor, and he was under the necessity of keeping a school, to augment his slender income. Assuredly, I never considered him a less worthy representative of the Apostles on that account; and when the propriety of granting large incomes to the dignitaries of our own church is insisted upon, in order to procure for them the respect and deference of the laity, I always think of the highly gifted Bishop of Charleston, who has secured the affection and reverence of his flock, and the universal esteem of his fellow citizens, by the simple exercise of the Christian virtues, and the absence of episcopal pomp.

In Charleston, as in every other city in the Union, it is usual for people of all ranks to herd together in large boarding-houses. The great variety which a stranger is thereby enabled to see, compensates, in some degree, for the discomfort to which the practice necessarily subjects him. It is proverbial, that an Englishman, out of his own country, may in vain expect to take his ease at his inn; but the young, the active, and the enquiring, have little reason to complain of any peculiarity in the mode of living, which opens to their inspection the real character of the people with whom they may be temporary sojourners. There is scarcely any difficulty in procuring admission to the palaces of the great. The lives and conversation of German, Spanish, and Italian nobles, have been correctly delineated and reported in the journals of numberless tourists; but where shall we meet with the traveller, more especially the English traveller, who is qualified to describe the domestic manners, and instruct us in the habits of thought, which distinguish the middle classes of Continental Europe from their self-exhibiting superiors in rank—the lawyers, the merchants, the agriculturalists, and the working clergy, from the "puff and patty portion of mankind?" Now, in their boarding-houses, you see the Americans in their natural and unassumed characters; and notwithstanding the repeated assertions of the contrary, I am ready to maintain, that courtesy and good humour almost invariably mark the conduct of the guests. I allude, of course, to the well educated classes. If *soi-disans* ladies and gentlemen *will* visit coarse, and low-bred people, and *will* frequent third-rate hotels, they ought at least, in common decency, to refrain from attempting to pass off the manners and conversation of *their* associates as those of the nation at large.

This mention of American inns, reminds me of having once dined at the Planter's Hotel, in Charleston, in rather singular company. Immediately opposite to me sat Mr. Conway, the actor; next to him, on the right, the *then* Prince, now reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was supported on his left by a "yankee" judge from Connecticut. This latter personage, to the duties of a judge united the business of a hat manufacturer, and kept a shop for the sale of his goods in Charleston.

The table at these hotels is generally spread with great abundance. Turtle and terrapin soup, fish, venison, wild turkeys, and meat of all kinds, are the common dishes. Very little wine is drank, and rather too much brandy. The wine is almost always Madeira, to the perfection of which the climate is very favourable. The charge per week is about two guineas.

The whole white male population, capable of bearing arms, is compelled to perform military duty although the French are expressly exempted from it by treaty, and the English, and all other aliens, by the universally acknowledged law of nations. Treaties and laws, however, are disregarded in the southern States, whenever the more effectual coercion of the slaves is the point to be considered. Self-preservation is declared to be the paramount duty.

When called out upon fire duty, or to quell an incipient insurrection, the militia force of South Carolina is cautious, steady, and resolute. The service on which they are engaged is amply sufficient to make them so. But upon other occasions, such as training days and reviews, the disregard of all discipline is quite laughable. The different companies choose their officers by ballot, and the captain, under whose orders I had the honour to serve for a short time, was a comical old Dutchman, especially elected because it was impossible to understand one word he uttered. Shouts of laughter broke from the ranks whenever he attempted to give the word of command. As we marched through the streets, to and from the place of exercise, one file of our warlike company would amuse themselves and the spectators, by closing their right eyes; the next, their left: another would shoulder their muskets with the butt ends uppermost, or would carry their cartridge boxes dangling from the tops of their bayonets.

The whole militia system of the United States is faulty in the extreme. The appointment of the officers by the privates is sufficient of itself to destroy all effective discipline. In' the country towns tavern-keepers are generally preferred, on account of the superior facility for meeting afforded by their business. The uniforms of the independent companies are ridiculously expensive and showy; and the frequent trainings serve rather to demoralize than to discipline the men. I have repeatedly on review days seen the greater number too much intoxicated to keep the ranks. It is usual on great occasions, before dismissing the troops, for the commanding officer to deliver a suitable, that is to say a complimentary harangue; and I once heard a Connecticut colonel hold forth in a very exalted strain. He concluded, I recollect, by thanking the privates for their *officer-like* conduct on that great day—meaning, I suppose, that the men were as drunk as their officers.

I have twice attended reviews when whole divisions have mutinied and marched off the field, because the "right" or post of honour was not assigned to them. Court Martials, &c., were talked of—but the mutineers of course treated the threat with deserved contempt. This disgraceful work is the fault of the system, not of the people; for the Americans, as we know to our cost, under regular discipline, are orderly, effective, and most gallant soldiers.

After having thus borne my willing testimony to the gallantry of the American soldiers, I trust, I shall not be suspected of any wish to detract from it, when I mention a single instance of poltroonery in an officer of the United States' Navy, which fell under my own observation.—I once sailed from Philadelphia to Charleston, in company with the individual alluded to, and as we neared the shore, our vessel, through the mismanagement of the pilot, struck upon the bar, which guards the entrance of the harbour. The captain of the ship was much alarmed, and gave orders to cut the halliards, but the first mate, who was an active, determined fellow, insisted upon our carrying all sail, and "thumping over," as he termed it. The wind was high, and we certainly came into rather rough contact with the bar. At this time, I saw the United States' officer trembling, pale as death, and clinging to a hen-coop. His young and very handsome wife, to whom he had only been married the previous week, had secured the arm of an Irish gentleman. He was endeavouring to comfort her. "Oh my God," she exclaimed, "we shall all go to the bottom." "We are there already, Madam," said the Irishman, and the idea seemed to reassure her a little. At length, we "thumped" accross the bar into deep water, and presently afterwards landed. The lady of course was profuse in her acknowledgments to her protector; who had behaved, she declared, with true American firmness. "*Irish* firmness, if you please," he replied, and the unfortunate husband seemed to feel the sting of the remark. Yet, I know, that this man had "sought reputation at the cannon's mouth," and he had fought his way up in his profession with distinguished bravery.

There is a street in Charleston called Vendue Range, where commodities of every description, including negroes, are bought and sold by auction. If it were possible for an Englishman to overcome his feelings of sorrow and disgust at seeing his fellow creatures knocked down to the highest bidder, like so many sheep and oxen, the scenes exhibited in the Vendue Range would not be unproductive of amusement.

The value of a negro in the market does not depend so much upon his personal strength, or skill in any mechanical employment, as upon the good will with which he would probably serve his owner. At a slave auction, therefore, it is highly necessary, previously to making a purchase, to ascertain from the poor fellow himself, whether or not he is willing to become your property. If he has any objection to the proposed transfer, as separating him from his wife and family, or from any other cause, he will probably tell some lie about his health, pretend that he is a bad workman, always getting drunk, &c. Should he perceive, that notwithstanding you advance on your bidding, he will say at once—"Massa, if you buy me, Massa, my gum, me be dam bad nigger, me no work a bit, nutting but eat; me be drunk ebbery day; an no wort ten dollars." Money is absolutely thrown away in the purchase of a slave in such a temper as this. He will consume twice as much as he earns.

If, on the contrary, the bidder is considered a kind-hearted man, and the slave is desirous of being purchased by him, there is scarcely a quality which a valuable servant ought to possess, which poor Pompey will not claim as his own. His joy at having escaped the clutches of a hard master will know no bounds, and he may be considered a "cheap lot," at a large sum.

It is not unusual for a master to commission a slave to sell himself. To bring a high price in the market is the great ambition of a negro. He will call upon "de good Buckra men," begging them to purchase him, showing off his best points with the zeal and tact of an experienced auctioneer.

The price of a good negro varies from 400 to 1000 dollars. A mulatoo fellow, who was employed as a porter at an auction-room, and was considered trustworthy and sober, brought 1500 dollars (about 350*l.*) when I was in Charleston. This is the largest sum I have ever known to be paid for a slave.

The circumstances which attended my final departure from Charleston were rather singular. And I am tempted to relate them here, as, independently of any interest they may possess in themselves, they afford a mournful proof of the tendency of slavery to debase the human mind, and produce a dogged indifference to the preservation of life itself.

I had taken my passage for England, in a vessel that lay about four miles from the city, waiting for a favourable wind. Being much hurried, I was unable to proceed to her place of anchorage till late in the evening, and then sailed in the boat which conveyed to her the last supply of fresh water. This boat was manned by two negroes and a mulatto. I soon perceived that it leaked rather alarmingly, and while the mulatto fellow steered, the two blacks were obliged to busy themselves in lading out the water. It was a warm, dull, dark evening, and the atmosphere was very thick and oppressive. Lights gleamed from the casements of the lofty mansions which stretch along the walk called the Battery, and afford an extensive view of the shipping and the bay; on the opposite side of which, the glancing fire-flies illumined the beach of Sullivan's Island. On shore, the silence was only broken by the deep-toned chimes of St. Michael's Church, and in bidding my final adieu to Charleston, I could truly say—*Vale in pace.*

There was just wind enough to waft us gently along; but a less experienced sailor than my wanderings had made of me, could have surely foretold a coming gale. The negroes, however, worked very lazily, and at length fell asleep. The man at the helm, who alone knew in what direction our vessel lay, was somewhat intoxicated, and mistook the lights on the shore for those of the ship lanthorns. While we were roaming about in this manner, the wind began to rise, and the boat to fill rapidly with water. The heat of a close Carolinian night had unnerved me. My thoughts had wandered to far distant shores; and long buried recollections, coming thick upon me, had hitherto prevented my perceiving our perilous condition. Now, however, I endeavoured to awaken the sleepers, and make the helmsman do his duty; but this was beyond my power. They seemed to consider drowning a matter of no moment, and the preservation of life not worth an effort. I tried the effects of kicks, and blows with my fist, in vain. They merely laughed, with their usual, "He, he, he, Massa veby funny." At length I found at the bottom of the boat a piece of board, about two feet long, and rough at the corners; with this I belaboured the "niggers" on their heads and shins; till I awakened them thoroughly, and compelled them to work for my preservation and their own. So at last, after a hazardous sail of four hours, we reached the ship. But never shall I forget the deadly sickness which came over me when, for a time, I despaired of rousing the poor slaves. After an absence of many years, during which labour, anxiety, and some ill-health had rather worn me, I was within half a mile, probably, of a first-rate vessel, ready to sail for home and England,—yet was I doomed, as I feared, to perish disgracefully by the sinking of a dirty water-tank, in company with two "niggers" and a mulatto! Strange as it may seem, this last consideration was, I believe, the one which stimulated me to exertion. Those of my readers who have resided much among this degraded race, will, I think, understand this feeling; though they may not, any more than myself, be able to justify or admire it. *Mon. Mag.*

TO MISS — G.

"The Crescent's Light."

WE'VE heard of Sarah's Eyes, and Anna's,
Eliza's, Ellen's, Jane's, and Sophy's,
Maria's, Emily's, Susannah's,
And of the broken hearts—their trophies.

Of Sapphire Eyes, and dove-like Eyes,
Love darting Eyes, Eyes sly, and sunny;
Eyes that from Swains draw heavy sighs,
And from a Miser coax his money:

Of Eyes like di'monds, jet, or stars;
Eyes to be envied by the fawn!
Eyes such as Shakspeare gives to Mars,
And Eyes that emulate the dawn:

Eyes cruel, murd'rous Eyes, that pierce
Men's bosoms through—like Polish lances!
And Eyes that scorch with flames so fierce,
And Eyes that slay with side-long glances;

Of sleepy Eyes, too, Poets chaunt;
And Eyes that can't help running riot;
And roguish Eyes—that only want
To rob each gazer of his quiet.

But—all the Eyes recounted here,
Could all these Eyes their charms combine,
Would, lovely maid, in *mine* appear
Dreary and dim—compar'd with thine. C.

CUBA FISHERMEN.*

IT was now five in the afternoon, and the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head of us rose the high land of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maise, clear and well-defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St. Jago, it was evident, beyond all doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts on the Cuba coast.

The crew now set to work, and removed the remains of their late messmate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay upon the ballast in the Run, to their own berth forward in the bows of the little vessel; they then replaced the planks which they had started, and arranged the dead body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to where I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The captain was still at the helm; he had never spoken a word either to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now resumed his American accent, and began to drawl out the necessary orders for repairing damages.

When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness, and skill, with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and shifted sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot-holes, and all within half an hour. I don't like Americans; I never did, and never shall like them; I have seldom or never met with an American gentleman; I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with, or consort with them in any way; but let me tell the whole truth, *nor fight* with them, were it not for the laurels to be acquired, by overcoming an enemy so brave, determined, and alert, and every way so worthy of one's steel, as they have always proved. One used to fight with a Frenchman, as a matter of course, and for the fun of the thing as it were, never dreaming of the possibility of Johnny Crapeau beating us, where there was any thing approaching to an equality of force; but, say as much as we please about larger ships, and more men, and a variety of excuses which proud John Bull, with some truth very often I will admit, has pertinaciously thrust forward to palliate his losses during the short war, a regard for truth and fair dealing, which I hope are no scarce qualities amongst British seamen, compels me to admit, that although I would of course peril my life and credit more readily with an English crew, yet I believe a feather would turn the scale between the two countries, so far as courage and seamanship goes;

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* The reader will recognise this as a continuation of the tale, the "Chase of the Smuggler," in No. 250.

and let it not be forgotten, although we have now regained our superiority in this respect, yet, in gunnery, and small-arm practice, we were as thoroughly weathered on by the Americans during the war, as we overtopped them in the bull-dog courage, with which our boarders handled those genuine English weapons, the cutlass and the pike.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still ghastly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, no more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knee, he sat down on a small locker, against which the feet of the dead mate rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open skylight, through which, by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot wheels of the burning sun. My eye naturally followed his, but I speedily withdrew it. I had often bent over comrades who had been killed by gun-shot wounds, and always remarked what is well known, that the features wore a benign expression, bland, and gentle, and contented as the face of a sleeping infant, while their limbs were composed decently, often gracefully, like one resting after great fatigue, as if nature, like an affectionate nurse, had arranged the deathbed of her departing child with more than usual care, preparatory to his last long sleep. Whereas those who had died from the thrust of a pike or the blow of a cutlasss, however mild the living expression of their countenance might have been, were always fearfully contorted both in body and face.

In the present instance, the eyes were wide open, white, prominent, and glazed like those of a dead fish; the hair, which was remarkably fine, and had been worn in long ringlets, amongst which a large gold ear-ring glittered, the poor fellow having been a nautical dandy of the first water, was drenched and clotted into heavy masses with the deathsweat, and had fallen back on the deck from his forehead, which was well formed, high, broad and massive. His nose was transparent, thin, and sharp, the tense skin on the bridge of it glancing in the silver light, as if it had been glass. His mouth was puckered on one side into angular wrinkles, like a curtain drawn up awry, while a clotted stream of black gore crept from it sluggishly down his right cheek, and coagulated on a heap on the deck. His lower jaw had fallen, and there he lay agape with his mouth full of blood.

His legs, indeed his whole body below his loins, where the fracture of the spine had taken place, rested precisely as they had been arranged after he died; but the excessive swelling and puffing out of his broad chest, contrasted shockingly with the shrinking of the body at the pit of the stomach, by which the arch of the ribs was left as well defined as if the skin had been drawn over a skeleton, and the distortion of the muscles of the cheeks and throat evinced the fearful strength of the convulsions which had preceded his dissolution. It was evident, indeed, that throughout his whole person above the waist, the nervous system had been utterly shattered: the arms, especially, appeared to have been awfully distorted, for when crossed on his breast, they had to be forcibly fastened down at the wrists by a band of spun-yarn to the buttons of his jacket. His right hand was shut, with the exception of the fore-finger, which was extended, pointing upwards; but the whole arm, from the shoulder down, had the horrible appearance of struggling to get free from the cord which confined it.

Obed, by the time I had noticed all this, had knelt beside the shoulder of the corpse, and I could see by the moonlight that flickered across his face as the vessel rolled in the declining breeze, that he had pushed off his eye the uncouth spyglass which he had fastened over it during the chase, so that it now stood out from the middle of his forehead like a stunted horn; but, in truth, "it was not exalted," for he appeared crushed down to the very earth by the sadness of the scene before him, and I noticed the frequent sparkle of a heavy tear as it fell from his iron visage on the face of the dead man. At length he untied the string that fastened the eyeglass round his head, and taking a coarse towel from a locker, he spunged poor Paul's face and neck with rum, and then fastened up his lower jaw with the lanyard. Having performed this melancholy office, the poor fellow's feelings could no longer be restrained by my presence.

"God help me, I have not now one friend in the wide world. When I had neither home, nor food, nor clothing, he sheltered me, and fed me, and clothed me, when a single word would have gained him five hundred dollars, and run me up to the fore yard-arm in a wreath of white smoke; but he was true as steel; and oh that he was now doing for me what I have done for him! who would have moaned over me, me, who am now without wife or child, and have disgraced all my kin! alack-a-day, alack-a-day!"—And he sobbed and wept aloud, as if his very heart would have burst in twain.

"But I will soon follow you, Paul, I have had my warning already; I know it, and I believe it." At this instant the dead hand of the mate burst the ligature that kept it down across his body, and slowly rose up and remained in a beckoning attitude.

I was seized with a cold shivering from head to foot, and would have shrieked aloud, had it not been for very shame, but Obed was unmoved. I know it, Paul. I know it. I am ready, and I shall not be long behind you." He fastened the arm down once more, and having called a couple of hands to assist him, they lashed up the remains of their shipmate in his hammock, with a piece of iron ballast at his feet, and then, without more ado, handed the body up through the skylight; and I heard the heavy splash as they cast it into the sea. When this was done, the captain returned to the cabin, bringing a light with him, filled and drank off a glass of strong grog. Yet he did not even now deign to notice me, which was by no means soothing; and I found, that, since he would'nt speak, I must, at all hazards.

"I say, Obed, do you ever read your Bible?" He looked steadily at me with his lacklustre eyes. "Because, if you do, you may perhaps have fallen in with some such passage as the following:—'Behold I am in your hand; but know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves.'"

"It is true, Mr. Cringle, I feel the truth of it here," and he laid his large bony hand on his heart. "Yet I do not ask you to forgive me; I don't expect that you can or will; but unless the devil gets possession of me again—which, so sure as ever there was a demoniac in this world, he had this afternoon when you so tempted me—I hope soon to place you in safety, either in a friendly port, or on board of a British vessel; and then what becomes of me is of little consequence now, since the only living soul who cared a dollar for me is at rest among the coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea."

"Why, man," rejoined I, "leave off this stuff; something has turned your brain, surely; people must die in their beds, you know, if they be not shot, or put out of the way somehow or other; and as for my small affair why I forgive you, man—from my heart I forgive you; were it only for the oddity of your scantling, mental and corporeal, I would do so; and you see I am not much hurt,—so lend me a hand like a good fellow, to wash the wound with a little spirits—it will stop the bleeding, and the stiffness will soon go off—so"——

"Lieutenant Cringle, I need not tell what I know you have found out, that I am *not* the vulgar Yankee smuggler, fit only to be made a butt of by you and your friends, that you no doubt at first took me for; but who or what I am, or what I may have been, you shall never know—but I will tell you this much"—

"Devil confound the fellow!—why this is too much upon the brogue, Obed. Will you help me to dress my wound, man, and leave off your cursed sentimental speeches, which you must have gleaned from some old novel or another? I'll hear it all by and by."

At this period I was a reckless young chap, with strong nerves, and my own share of that animal courage, which generally oozes out at one's finger ends when one gets married and turned of thirty; nevertheless I did watch with some anxiety the effect which my unceremonious interruption was to have upon him. I was agreeably surprised to find that he took it all in good part, and set himself, with great alacrity and kindness even, to put me to rights, and so succesfully, that when I was washed and cleansed, and fairly coopered up, I found myself quite able to take my place at the table; and having no fear of the College of Surgeons before my eyes, I helped myself to a little of the needful, and in the plentitude of my heart, I asked Obed's pardon for my ill-bred interruption.

"It was not quite the thing to cut you short in the middle of your Newgate Calendar, Obed—beg pardon, your story, I mean; no offence now, none in the world—eh? But where the deuce, man, got you this fine linen of Egypt?" looking at the sleeves of the shirt Obed had obliged me with, as I sat without my coat. "I had not dreamt you had any thing so luxurious in your kit."

I saw his brow begin to lower again, so the devil prompted me to advert, by way of changing the subject, to a file of newspapers, which, as it turned out, might have proved to be by far the most dangerous topic I could have hit upon. He had laid them aside, having taken them out of the locker when he was rummaging for the linen. "What have we here—Kingston Chronicle, Montego Bay Gazette, Falmouth Advertiser. A great newsmonger you must be. What arrivals?—let me see;—you know I am a week from head quarters. Let me see."

At first he made a motion as if he would have snatched them out of my hands, but speedily appeared to give up the idea, merely murmuring—"What can it signify *now?*"

I continued to read—"'Chanticleer from a cruise—Tonant from Barbadoes—Pique from Port-au Prince. Oh, the next interests me—the Firebrand is daily expected from Havanna; she is to come through the gulf, round Cape Antonio, and beat up the haunts of the pirates all along the Cuba shore.'" I was certain *now* that at the mention of this corvette mine host winced in earnest. This made me anxious to probe him farther. "Why, what means this pencil mark—'Firebrand's number off the Chesapeake was 1022?' How the deuce, my fine fellow, do *you* know that?"

He shook his head, but said nothing, and I went on reading the pencil memoranda—"'But this is most probably changed; she now carries a red cross in the head of her foresail, and has very short lower masts, like the Hornet.'" Still he made me no answer. I proceeded—"Stop, let me see what merchant ships are about sailing. 'Loading for Liverpool, the John Gladstone, Peter Ponderous, master;'" and after it, again in pencil—"'Only sugar; goes through the gulf.'—*Only* sugar," said I, still fishing; "too bulky, I suppose.—'Ariel, Jenkins, Whitehaven;'" remark — 'sugar, coffee, and logwood. Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, to sail for Chagres on 7th proximo;'" remark —"'rich cargo of bale goods, but no chance of overtaking her.'—El Rayo to sail for St. Jago de Cuba on the 10th proximo;'" remark — "'sails fast; armed with a long gun, and musketry; thirty hands; about ten Spanish passengers; valuable cargo of dry goods; main-mast rakes well aft; new cloth in the foresail about half way up; will be off the Moro about the 13th.' — And what is this written in ink under the above?—'The San Pedro from Chagres, and Marianita from Santa Martha, although rich, have both got convoy.' Ah, too strong for your friends, Obed—I see, I see. — 'Francis Baring, Loan French, master'—an odd name, rather, for a skipper;" remark — "'forty seroons of cochineal and some specie; is to sail from Morant Bay on 5th proximo, to go through the windward passage; may be expected off Cape St. Nicolas on the 12th or thereby.'" I laid down the paper, and looked him full in the face. "Nicolas is an ominous name. I fear the good ship Francis Baring will find it so. Some of the worthy saint's clerks to be fallen in with off the Mole, eh? Don't you think as I do, Obed?" Still silent. "Why, you seem to take great delight in noting the intended departures and expected arrivals, my friend—merely to satisfy your curiosity, of course; but, to come to close quarters with you, captain, I now know pretty well the object of your visiting Jamaica now and then, — you are indeed no vulgar *smuggler*."

"It is well for you, and good for myself, Mr. Cringle, that something weighs heavy at my heart at this moment, and that there is that about you which, notwithstanding your ill-timed jesting, commands my respect, and engages my good-will — had it not been so, you would have been alongside of poor Paul at this moment." He leant his arms upon the table, and gazed intensely on my face as he continued in a solemn tremulous tone—"Do you believe in auguries, Mr. Cringle? Do you believe that coming events cast their shadows before?"—Oh, that little Wiggy Campbell had been beside me to have seen the figure and face of the man who now quoted him!—"Yes, I do, it is part of the creed of every sailor to do so; I do believe that people have had forewarnings of peril to themselves or their friends."

"Then what do you think of the mate beckoning me with his dead hand to follow him?"

"Why, you are raving, Obed; you saw that he had been much convulsed, and that the limb, from the contraction of the sinews, was forcibly kept down in the position it broke loose from—the spunyarn gave way, and of course it started up—nothing wonderful in all this, although it did at the same time somewhat startle me, I confess."

"It may be so, it may be so. I don't know," rejoined he, "but taken along with what I saw before"—

Here his voice sank into so hollow and sepulchral a tone as to be almost unintelligible. "But there is no use in arguing on the subject. Answer me this, Lieutenant Cringle, and truly, so help you God, at your utmost need, *did the mate leave the cabin at any moment after I was wounded by the splinter?*" And he seized one of my hands convulsively with his iron paw while he pointed up through the open scuttle towards heaven with the other, which trembled like a reed. The moon shone strong on the upper part of his countenance, while the yellow smoky glare of the candle over which he bent, blending harshly and unharmoniously with the pale silver light, fell full on his uncouth figure, and on his long scraggy bare neck and chin and cheeks, giving altogether a most unearthly expression to his savage features, from the conflicting tints and changing shadows cast by the flickering moonbeams streaming fitfully through the skylight, as the vessel rolled to and fro, and by the large torchlike candle as it wavered in the night wind. The Prince of the Powers of the Air might have sat for his picture by proxy. It was just such a face as one has dreamed of after a hot supper and cold ale, when the whisky had been forgotten—horrible, changing vague, glimmering, and undefined; and as if something was still wanting to complete the utter frightfulness of his aspect, the splinter wound in his head burst out afresh from his violent agitation, and streamed down in heavy drops from his forehead, falling warm on my hand. I was much shaken at being adjured in this tremendous way, *with the hot blood glewing our hands together*, but I returned his grasp as steadily as I could, while I replied with all the composure he had left me, and that would not have quite filled a Winchester bushel,—

"*He never left my side from the time he offered to take your place after you had been wounded.*" He fell back against the locker as if he had been shot through the heart. His grasp relaxed, he drew his breath very hard, and I thought he had fainted.

"Then it was *not* him that stood by me; I thought it *might* have been him, but I was a fool, it was impossible."

He made a desperate effort to recover his composure, and succeeded.—"And, pray, Master Obediah," quoth I, "*what did* you see?" He answered me sharply—"Never mind, never mind—here, Potomac, lend us a hand to sling a cot for this gentleman; there now, see the lanyard is sound, and the lacing all tight and snug—now put that mattrass into it, and there is linen in the chest." In a trice my couch was rigged, all comfortable, snow-white linen, nice pillow, soft mattrass, &c., and Obed, filling me another tumbler, helped himself also; he then drank to my health, wished me a sound sleep, promised to call me at day-light, and as he left the cabin he said, "Mr. Cringle, had it been my object to have injured you, I would not have waited until now. You are quite safe so far as depends on me, so take your rest—good night, once more." I tumbled into bed, and never once opened my eyes until Obed called me at day-light, that is, at five in the morning, according to his promise.

To be continued.

Table Talk.

Biography of Goethe.—This great man had his Boswell. Falk, a writer well known in the literary world of Germany, has left an account of his conversations with Goethe. The work has been for more than four years in the hands of a bookseller, who, with with becoming delicacy, refrained from publishing it during the life of Goethe.

Autobiography of Jeremy Bentham.—Doctor Bowring, it is said, is making great progress in the preparation of the autobiography of the late Jeremy Bentham. It is now nearly ready for the press, and the volumes will contain copious extracts from his correspondence with the most eminent men of the age, with the opinions of the great utilitarian philosopher, both as to the persons, event, and publications, which have most excited the public attention in the last century.

Legend of Wamba, King of Spain.—As this was the age of miracles (672), we need not be surprised that one is recorded relating to this prince. His elevation is said by some chroniclers to be the work of Heaven. The legend is that when St. Leo, in compliance with the earnest wishes of the Goths, prayed that they might be divinely directed in the choice they were about to make; he was admonished that they must seek a labourer who resided in the west, named Wamba, and whom they must crown. Soldiers were accordingly despatched in search of the man. They found him at plough on the confines of Portugal, and acquainted him with his elevation. Considering their solemnity as a studied joke, he replied, that they would doubtess make him a king, when the pole which he held in his hand should again flourish. To the astonishment of all present, the reply was scarcely returned when the dry wood was clothed with verdure! Of course they took him away to Toledo, and there crowned him.

IRISH FAITH.—In one of my rambles, says Wilderspin, a fine young woman, about twenty-two years of age, in a very dirty and ragged plight, came out of a wretched hovel, and with intense emotion said, "O, for the love of God and of the holy virgin, y'er honour, give me a penny!" On bestowing what I thought proper, I observed her enter a neighbouring cabin, where various articles were sold, and bring from thence two candles. Anxious to watch her still farther, I followed her to her dwelling, built of earth, in which were four posts driven in the ground; on them an oblong block was placed, measuring about four yards by two, which, I supposed, served for a bed; and on this, some straw or rushes appeared beneath a rug. Observing her gazing with great intentness on it, and not noticing me, though standing at the door, I was led to intrude, by asking what was there? "Och! sure," was the reply, "and is'nt it my own dear, dear darlint?" and, lifting up the rug, she exposed to my view the corpse of her babe. Affected by the sight and the emotion of the mother, I entered into conversation with her, and at length ventured to speak of a future state, on which, though she had paid marked attention to all I said as to her own circumstances, she stared, and exclaimed, with mingled anxiety and apprehension, "And is it you that talk about these things? Hav'nt we, now, our own priest to do this? Does'nt he come very often here?—and does'nt he, sure, know more than you a great dale? What is it, now, that he has not told me? Och! ye need not be saying any thing at all, at all!" Nor would she allow me to resume the subject. I then naturally inquired,—if she had such great faith in Father O'Reilly, why she did not ask him to relieve her? "Och," said she, "now I know that ye know nothing at all! Has he not often relaved me? and sure did he not say, the last time he was here, that if I put my trust in God, somebody would come and help me, and, faith! has'nt *he sent you?* and so no thanks to you."

ORIGIN OF CELEBRATED MEN.—Euripides was the son of a fruitwoman; Demosthenes, of a blacksmith; Virgil, of a baker; Horace, of a freed-man; Terence, of a slave; Amyot, of a currier; Voiture, of a publican; Lamothe, of a hatter; Flechier, of a chandler; Sixtus Quintus, of a swine-herd; Tamerlane, of a shepherd; Romilly, of a goldsmith; Quinault, of a journeyman baker; Rollin, of a cutler; Moliere, of an upholsterer; Massillon, of a turner; J. B. Rousseau, of a shoemaker; J. J. Rousseau, of a watchmaker; Galland, of a cobler; Beaumarchais, of a watchmaker; Ben Jonson, of a mason; Shakspeare, of a butcher; Rembrandt, of a miller; Sir T. Lawrence, of a publican; Collins, of a hatter; Gray, of a scrivener; Beattie, of a farmer; Tom Moore, of a grocer.

Varieties.

ITALIAN SLOTH.—It is common in Italy as in France, for men to have their shoes shined in the street, and the shoe-blacks go about the streets carrying a little box, which serves both to carry the blacking and brushes, and as a stool to put the foot on. An Englishman happening one day to see a boy who was in the habit of cleaning his boots, lying asleep in the street against the wall of a house, his box serving him for a pillow, he gave the fellow a shove with his foot, and told him he wanted his boots blacked. "No, Signore," said the Neapolitan, turning round and recognising his employer with half open eyes, "No, Signore: ho gia mangiato."—("No, Sir; I have *had* my dinner!") P. C.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT. — Place a wine glass upon the edge of a table, and another wine-glass upon the edge of another table, at the distance of three or four feet; a pine stick, of one-half or three-fourths of an inch square, being then laid across the two glasses, so that its two ends may rest upon the two contigious edges of the glasses, strike the stick at right angles, in the middle, with a heavy cane, and it will break in two without breaking the glasses. The two pieces of the broken stick fly up to the ceiling, while the glasses remain, not only uninjured, but are not even moved from their places. I have often, succesfully, repeated this curious experiment; when, however, the glasses are thin, and the stick is too strong, they will break; and they will break in any event, if the stick does not.—*Silliman's Journal.*

The Olio;

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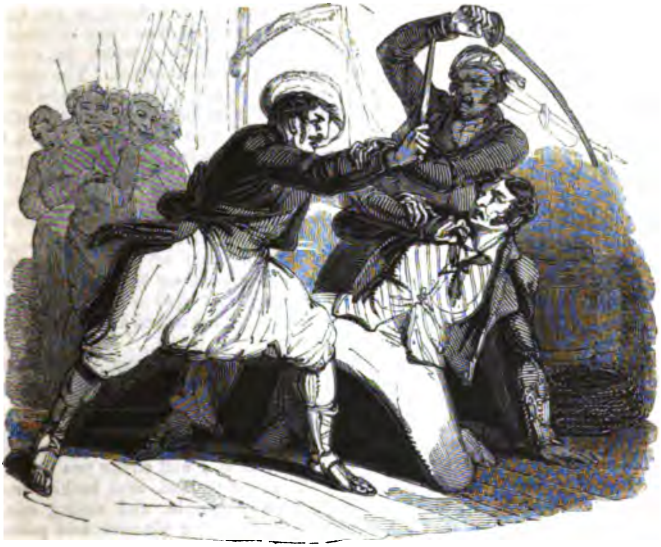

See page 34.

Illustrated Article.

CUBA FISHERMEN.

Continued from p. 31.

By this time we were well in with the Cuba shore; the land might be two miles from us, as we could see the white surf. Out at sea, although all around was clear as crystal, there was nothing to be seen of the Gleam or Firebrand, but there were ten or twelve fishing canoes, each manned with from four to six hands, close aboard of us; — we seemed to have got becalmed in the middle of a small fleet of them. The nearest to us hailed in Spanish, in a very friendly way, — "Como estamos Capitan, que hay de nuevo; hay algo de bueno. para los pobres Pescadores?" and the fellow who had spoken laughed loudly. The Capitan desired him to come on board, and then drew him aside, conversing earnestly with him. The Spanish fisherman was a very powerful man; he was equipped in a blue cotton shirt, Osnaburg trowsers, sandals of untanned bullock's hide, a straw hat, and wore the eternal greasy red sash and long knife. He was a bold, daring-looking fellow, and frequently looked frowningly on me, and shook his head impatiently, while the Capitan, as it seemed, was explaining to him who I was. Just in this nick of time my friend Potonac handed up my uniform coat. I had previously been performing my ablutions on deck in my shirt and trowsers, which I put on, swab and all, thinking no harm. But there must have been mighty great offence nevertheless, for the fisherman. in a twinkling, casting a fierce look at me, jumped overboard like a feather, clearing the rail like a flying fish, and swam to his canoe, that had shoved off a few paces.

When he got on board he stood up and shook his clenched fist at Obed, shouting, "Picaro, Traider, Ingleses hay abordo, quieres enganarnos!" He then held up the blade of his paddle, a signal which all the canoes answered in a moment in the same manner, and then pulled towards the land, from whence a felucca, invisible until that moment, now swept out, as if she had floated up the surface by magic, for I could see neither creek, nor indentation on the shore, nor the smallest symptom of any entrance to a port or cove. For a few minutes the canoes clustered round this necromantic craft, and I could notice that two or three hands from each of them jumped on board; they then paddled off in a string, and vanished one by one amongst the mangrove bushes as suddenly as the felucca had appeared. All this puzzled me exceedingly—I looked at Obed—he was evidently sorely perplexed. "I had thought to have put you on board a British vessel before this, or failing that, to have run down, and landed you at St. Jago, Mr. Cringle, as I promised, but you see I am prevented by these *honest* men there; get below, and as you value your life, and I may say, mine, keep your temper, and be civil." I did as he suggested, but peeped out of the cabin sky-light to see what was going on, notwithstanding. The felucca I could see was armed with a heavy carronade on a pivot, and as full of men as she could hold, fierce, half-naked, savage-looking fellows, as one could desire to see—she swept rapidly up to us, and closing on our larboard quarter, threw about five-and-twenty of her genteel young people on board, who immediately secured the crew, and seized Obed.—However, they, that is, the common sailors, seemed to have no great stomach for the job, and had it not been for the fellow I had frightened overboard, I don't think one of them would have touched him. Obed bore all this with great equanimity.

"Why, Francisco," he said, to this personage, in good Spanish, "why, what madness is this? your suspicions are groundless; it is as I tell you, he is my prisoner, and whatever he may have been to me, he can be no spy on you."

"Cuchillo entonces," was the savage reply.

"No, no," persisted Obediah, "get cool man, get cool, I am pledged that no harm shall come to him; and farther, I have promised to put him ashore at St. Jago, and I *will* be as good as my word."

"You can't if you would," rejoined Francisco; "the Snake is at anchor under the Moro."

"Then he must go with us."

"We shall see as to that," said the other; then raising his voice, he shouted to his ragamuffins, "Comrades, we are betrayed; there is an English officer on board, who can be nothing but a spy—follow me."

And he dashed down the companion ladder, knife in hand, while I sprung through the small scuttle, like a rat out of one hole when a ferret is put in at the other, and crept as close to Obed as I could; Francisco, when he missed me, came on deck again. The captain had now seized a cutlass in one hand, and held a cocked pistol in the other. It appeared he had greater control, the nature of which I now began to comprehend, over the felucca's people, than Francisco bargained for, as the moment the latter went below, they released him, and went forward in a body. My persecutor again advanced close up to me, and seized me by the collar with one hand, and tried to drag me forward, brandishing his naked knife aloft in the other.

Obed promptly caught his sword-arm,—"Francisco!" he exclaimed, still in Spanish, "fool, madman, let go your hold, let go, or by the heaven above us, and the hell we are both hastening to, I will strike you dead."

The man paused, and looked round to his own people, and seeing one or two encouraging glances and gestures amongst them, he again attempted to drag me away from my hold on the tafferel. Something flashed in the sun, and the man fell! His left arm, the hand of which still clutched my throat, while mine grasped its wrist, had been shred from his body by Obed's cutlass, like a twig, and, oh God, my blood curdles to my heart, even now, when I think of it, the dead fingers kept the grasp sufficiently long to allow the arm to fall heavily against my side, where it hung for some seconds, until the muscles relaxed and it dropped on the deck. The instant that Obed struck the blow, he caught hold of my hand, threw away his cutlass, and advanced towards the group of the felucca's men, pistol in hand.

"Am I not your captain, ye cowards—have I ever deceived you yet—have I ever flinched from heading you where the danger was greatest—have you not all that I am worth in your hands, and will you murder me now?"

"Viva, el noble Capitan, viva!"

And the tide turned as rapidly in our favour as it had lately ebbed against us.

"As for that scoundrel, he has got no more than he deserves," said he, turning to where Francisco lay, bleeding like a carcass in the shambles; "but tie up his arm some of ye, I would be sorry he bled to death."

It was unavailing, the large arteries had emptied his whole life blood—he had already gone to his account. This most miserable transaction, with all its concomitant horrors, to my astonishment, did not seem to make much impression on Obed, who now turning to me, said, with perfect composure—

"You have there another melancholy voucher for my sincerity," pointing to the body; "but time presses, and you must now submit to be blindfolded, and that without further explanation at present."

I did so with the best grace I could, and was led below, where two beauties, with loaded pistols, and a drawn knife each, obliged me with their society, one seated on each side of me on the small locker, like two deputy butchers ready to operate on an unfortunate veal. It had now fallen dead calm, and from what I heard, I conjectured that the felucca was sweeping in towards the land with us in tow, for the sound of the surf grew louder and louder. By and by we seemed to slide beyond the long smooth swell into broken water, for the little vessel pitched sharp and suddenly, and again all was still, and we seemed to have sailed into some land-locked cove. From the loud echo of the voices on deck, I judged that we were in a narrow canal, the banks of which were reflecting the sound; presently this ceased, and although we skimmed along as motionless as before, I no longer heard the splash of the felucca's sweeps; the roar of the sea gradually sank in the distance, until it sounded like thunder, and I thought we touched the ground now and then, although slightly. All at once the Spanish part of the crew, for we still had a number of the felucca's people with us, sang out "Palanka," and we began to pole along a narrow marshy lagoon, coming so near the shore occasionally, that our sides were brushed by the branches of the mangrove bushes. Again the channel seemed to widen, and I could hear the felucca once more ply her sweeps. In about ten minutes after this the anchor was let go, and for a quarter of an hour nothing was heard on deck but the bustle of the people furling sails, coiling down the ropes, and getting every thing in order, as is usual in coming into port. It was evident that several boats had boarded us soon after we anchored, as I could make out part o the greetings between the strangers and Obed, in which my own name recurred more than once. In a little while all was still again, and Obed called down the companion to my guards, that I might come on deck, a boon I was not long in availing myself of. We were anchored nearly in the centre of a shallow swampy lagoon, about a mile across, as near as I could judge; two very large schooners, heavily armed, were moored a-head of us, one on each bow, and another rather smaller lay close under our stern; they all had sails bent, and every thing apparently in high order, and were full of men.—The shore, to the distance of a bow-shot from the water all around us, was low, marshy, and covered with an impervious jungle of thick strong reeds and wild canes, with here and there a thicket of mangroves; a little farther off the land swelled into lofty hills covered to the very summit with heavy timber, but every thing had a moist, green, steamy appearance, as if it had been the region of perpetual rain. "Lots of yellow fever here," thought I, as the heavy rank smell of decayed vegetable matter came off, on the faint sickly breeze, and the sluggish fog banks crept along the dull clay-coloured motionless surface of the tepid water. The sea view was quite shut out—I looked all around and could discern no vestige of the entrance. Right a-head there was about a furlong of land cleared at the only spot which one could call a beach, that is, a hard shore of sand and pebbles. Had you tried to get ashore at any other point, your fate would have been that of the Master of Ravenswood; as fatal, that is, without the gentility; for you would have been suffocated in black mud, in place of clean sea-sand. There was a long shed in the centre of this cleared spot, covered in with boards, and thatched with palm leaves; it was open below, a sort of capstan-house, where a vast quantity of sails, anchors, cordage, and most kinds of sea-stores were stowed, carefully covered over with tarpauling. Overhead there was a flooring laid along the couples of the roof, the whole length of the shed, forming a loft of nearly sixty feet long, divided by bulkheads into a variety of apartments, lit by small rude windows in the thatch, where the crews of the vessels, I concluded, were occasionally lodged during the time they might be under repair. The boat was manned, and Obed took me ashore with him. We landed near the shed I have described, beneath which we encountered about forty of the most uncouth and ferocious-looking rascals that my eyes had ever been blessed withal; they were of every shade, from the woolly Negro and long-haired Indian, to the sallow American and fair Biscayan; and as they intermitted their various occupations of mending sails, fitting and stretching rigging, splicing ropes, making spun-yarn, coopering gun-carriages, grinding pikes and cutlasses, and filling cartridges, to look at me, they grinned and nodded to each other, and made sundry signs and gestures, which made me regret many a past peccadillo that in more prosperous times I little thought on or repented of, and I internally prayed that I might be prepared to die as became a man, for my fate appeared to be sealed. The only ray of hope that shot into my mind, through all this gloom, came from the respect the thieves, one and all, paid the captain; and, as I had reaped the benefit of assuming an outward recklessness and daring, which I really did not at heart possess, I screwed myself up to maintain the same port still, and swaggered along, jabbering in my broken Spanish, right and left, and jesting even with the most infamous-looking scoundrels of the whole lot, while, God he knows, my heart was palpitating like a girl's when she is asked to be married. Obed led the way up a ladder into the loft, where we found several messes at dinner, and passing through several rooms, in which a number of hammocks were slung, we at length arrived at the eastern end, which was boarded off into a room eighteen or twenty feet square, lighted by a small port-hole in the end, about ten feet from the ground. I could see several huts from this window, built just on the edge of the high wood, where some of the country people seemed to be moving about, and round which a large flock of pigs and twenty to thirty bullocks were grazing. All beyond, as far as the eye could reach, was one continuous forest, without any vestige of a living thing; not even a thin wreath of blue smoke evinced the presence of a fellow-creature; I seemed to be hopelessly cut off from all succour, and my heart again died within me.

"I am sorry to say you must consider yourself a prisoner here for a few days," said Obed.

I could only groan.

"But the moment the coast is clear, I will be as good as my word, and land you at St. Jago."

I groaned again. The man was moved.

"I would I could do so sooner," he continued; "but you see by how precarious a tenure I hold my control over these people; therefore I must be cautious for your sake as well as my own, for they would make little of murdering both of us, especially as the fellow who would have cut your throat this morning, has many friends amongst them; above all, I dare not leave them for any purpose for some days. I must recover my seat, in which, by the necessary severity you witnessed, I have been somewhat shaken. So good-by; there is cold meat in that locker, and some claret to wash it down with. Don't, I again warn you, venture out during the afternoon or night. I will be with you betimes in the morning. So good-by so long. Your cot, you see, is ready slung."

He turned to depart, when, as if recollecting himself, he stooped down, and taking hold of a ring, he lifted up a trap-door, from which there was a ladder leading down to the capstan-house.

"I had forgotten this entrance; it will be more convenient for me in my visits."

In my heart I believe he intended this as a hint, that I should escape through the hole at some quiet opportunity; and he was descending the ladder, when he stopped and looked round, greatly mortified, as it struck me.

"I forgot to mention that a sentry has been placed, I don't know by whose orders, at the foot of the ladder, to whom I must give orders to fire at you, if you venture to descend. You see how the land lies; I can't help it."

This was spoken in a low tone, then aloud—"There are books on that shelf behind the canvass screen; if you can settle to them, they may amuse you."

He left me, and I sat down disconsolate enough. I found some Spanish books, and a volume of Lord Byron's poetry, containing the first canto of Childe Harold, two numbers of Blackwood, with several other English books and magazines, *the names of the owners on all of them being carefully erased.*

But there was nothing else that indicated the marauding life of our friend Obediah, whose apartment I conjectured was now my prison, if I except a pretty extensive assortment of arms, pistols, and cutlasses, and a range of massive cases, with iron clamps, which were ranged along one side of the room. I paid my respects to the provender and claret; the hashed chicken was particularly good; bones rather large or so, but flesh white and delicate. Had I known that I was dining upon a guana, or large wood lizard, I scarcely think I would have made so hearty a meal. Long cork, No. 2, followed ditto, No. 1; and as the shades of evening, as poets say, began to fall.by the time I had finished it, I toppled quietly into my cot, said my prayers such as they were, and fell asleep.

It must have been towards morning, from the damp freshness of the air that came through the open window, when I was roused by the howling of a dog, a sound which always moves me. I shook myself; but before I was thoroughly awake, it ceased; it appeared to have been close under my window.

I was turning to go to sleep again, when a female, in a small suppressed voice, sung the following snatch of a vulgar Port-Royal ditty, which I scarcely forgive myself for introducing here to polite society.

'Young hofficer come home at night,
Him give me ring and kisses;
Nine months, one picaniny white,
Him white almost like missee.
But missee fum* my back wid switch,
Him say de shild for massa;
But massa say him——'

The singer broke off suddenly, as if disturbed by the approach of some one.

"Hush, hush, you old foolish"—— said a man's voice, in the same low whispering tone; "you will waken de dronken sentry dere, when we shall all be put in iron. Hush, he will know my voice more better."

It was now clear that some one wished to attract my attention; besides, I had a dreamy recollection of having heard both the male and female voices before. I listened, therefore, all alive. The man began to sing in the same low tone.

'Newfoundland dog love him master de morest
Of all de dog ever I see;
Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de sorest,
Difference none never makee to he.'

There was a pause for a minute or two.

"It's no use," the same voice continued; "him either no dere, or he won't hear us."

"Stop," said the female, "stop; woman head good for someting. I know who he shall hear.—Here, good dog, sing psalm; good dog, sing psalm," and thereupon a long loud melancholy howl rose wailing through the night air.

"If that be not my dear old Sneezer, it is a deuced good imitation of him," thought I.

The woman again spoke.—"Yowl leetle piece more, good dog," and the howl was repeated.

I was now certain. By this time I had risen, and stood at the open window; but it was too dark to see any thing distinctly below. I could barely distinguish two dark figures, and what I concluded was the dog sitting on end between them.

"Who are you? what do you want with me?"

"Speak softly, massa, speak softly, or the sentry may hear us, for all de rum I give him."

Here the dog recognised me, and nearly spoiled sport altogether; indeed it might have cost us our lives, for he began to bark and frisk about, and to leap violently against the end of the capstan-house, in vain endeavours to reach the window.

"Down, Sneezer, down, sir; you used to be a dog of some sense; down."

But Sneezer's joy had capsized his discretion, and the sound of my voice pronouncing his name drove him mad altogether, and he bounded against the end of the shed, like a battering-ram.

"Stop, man, stop," and I held down the bight of my neckcloth, with an end in each hand. He retired, took a noble run, and in a trice hooked his forepaws in the handkerchief, and I hauled him in at the window. "Now, Sneezer, down with you, sir, down with you, or your rampaging will get all our throats cut." He cowered at my feet, and was still as a lamb from that moment. I stepped to the window. "Now who are you, and what do you want?" said I.

"Ah, massa, you no know me!"

"How the devil should I? Don't you see it is as dark as pitch?"

"Well, massa, I will tell you; it is *me*, massa."

"I make no great doubt of that; but who may *you* be?

"Lord, you are de foolis person now; make *me* talk to him," said the female. "Massa, neber mind he, dat stupid fellow is my husband, and surely massa know *me?*"

"Now, my very worthy friends, I think you want to make yourselves known to me; and if so, pray have the goodness to tell me your names, that is, if I can in any way serve you."

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* Fum—flog.

"To be sure you can, massa; for dat purpose I come here."

The woman hooked the word out of his mouth. "Yes, massa, you must know me is Nancy, and dat old stupid is my husband, Peter Mangrove, him who——"

Here Peter chimed in—"Yes, massa, Peter Mangrove is de person you have de honour to address, and ——" here he lowered his voice still more, although the whole dialogue from the commencement had been conducted in no higher tone than a loud whisper.—"We have secured one big large canoe, near de mout of dis dam hole, which, wid your help, I tink we shall be able to launch troo de surf; and once in smoot water, den no fear but we shall run down de coast safely before de wind till we reach St. Jago."

My heart jumped against my ribs. Here's an unexpected chance, thought I. "But, Peter, how, in the name of mumbo jumbo, came you *here?*"

"Why, massa, you do forget a leetle, dat I am a Creole negro, and not a naked tatoed African, whose exploits, dat is de wonderful ting him *never* do in him's own country, him get embroidered and pinked in gunpowder on him breach; beside, I am Christian gentleman like yourself; so dam mumbo jumbo, Massa Cringle."

I saw where I had erred. "So say I, Peter, dam mumbo jumbo particularly; but how came you here, man? tell me that."

"Why, massa, I was out in de Pilot-boat schooner, wid my wife here, and five more hands, waiting for de outward bound, tinking no harm, when dem piratical rascal catch we, and carry us off. Yankee privateer bad enough; but who ever hear of pilot being carry off? blasphemy dat, carry off pilot! Whoever dream of such a ting? every shivilised peoples respect pilot—carry off pilot!—oh Lord——" and he groaned in spirit for several seconds.

"And the dog?" enquired I.

"Oh, massa, I could not leave him at home; and since you was good enough to board him wid us, he has messed wid us, ay, and slept wid us; and when we started last, although he showed some dislike at going on board, I had only to say, Sneezer, we go look for you master; and he make such a bound, dat he capsize my old woman dere, heel over head; oh dear, what display, Nancy, you was exhibit!"

"Hold your tongue, Peter; you hab no decency, you old willain."

"Well, but, Peter, speak out; when are we to make the attempt? where are the rest of your crew?"

"Oh dear! oh dear; dat is de worstest; oh dear!" and he began to sob and cry like the veriest child. "Oh, massa" — after he had somewhat recovered himself;—"Oh, massa, dese people devils. Why, de make all de oder on board walk de plank, wid two ten pound shot, one at each foot. "Oh, if you had seen de clear shining blue skin, as de became leetle and leetle, and more leetler, down far in de clear green sea! Oh dear! oh dear! Only to tink dat each wavering black spot was fellow-creature like one-self, wid de heart's blood warm in his bosom at de very instant of time we lost sight of him for ever!"

"God bless me," said I; "and how did you escape, and the black dog, and the black—ahem—beg pardon—your wife I mean; how were you spared?"

"Ah, massa! I can't say; but bad as de were, de seemed to have a liking for brute beasts, so dem save Sneezer, and my wife, and myshef; we were de only quadrupeds saved out of de whole crew—Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"Well, well; I know enough now. I will spare you the pains of any farther recital, Peter; so tell me what I am to do."

"Stop, massa, till I see if de sentry be still sound. I know de fellow, he was one on dem; let me see"—and I heard him through the loose flooring boards walk to the foot of the trap ladder leading up to my berth. The soliloquy that followed was very curious of its kind. The Negro had excited himself by a recapitulation of the cruelties exercised on his unfortunate shipmates, and the unwarrantable caption of himself and rib, a deed that in the nautical calendar would rank in atrocity with the murder of a herald or the bearer of a flag of truce. He kept murmuring to himself, as he groped about in the dark for the sentry—"Catch pilot! who ever hear of such a ting? I suppose dem would have pull down lighthouse, if dere had been any for pull. — Where is dis sentry rascal? him surely no sober yet?"

The sentry had fallen asleep as he leant back on the ladder, and had gradually slid down into a sitting position, with his head leaning against one of the steps, as he reclined with his back towards it, thus exposing his throat and neck to the groping paw of the black pilot.

"Ah—here him is, snoring heavy as my Nancy—well, dronk still; no fear of him overhearing we—nice position him lie in—quite convenient—could cut his troat now—slice him like a pumpkin—de devil is surely busy wid me, Peter. I find de very clasp-knife in my starboard pocket beginning to open of himself."

I tapped on the floor with my foot.

"Ah, tank you, Massa Tom—de devil nearly get we all in a scrape just now. However I see him is quite sound — de sentry dat is, for de oder never sleep, you know." He had again come under the window. "Now, Lieutenant, in two word, to-morrow night at two bells, in de middle watch, I will be here, and we shall make a start of it; will you venture, sir?"

"Will I? — to be sure I will; but why not now, Peter? why not now?"

"Ah, massa, you no smell de daylight; near day-break already, sir. Can't make try dis night, but to-morrow night I shall be here punctual."

"Very well, but the dog, man? if he be found in my quarters, we shall be blown, and I scarcely think he will leave me."

"Garamighty! true enough, massa; what is to be done? De people know de dog was catch wid *me*, and if he be found wid *you*, den dey will sospect we communication togidder. What is to be done?"

I was myself not a little perplexed, when Nancy whispered, "de dog have more sense den many Christian person. Tell him he must go wid us dis *one* night, no tell him *dis* night, else him won't; say *dis one* night, and dat if him don't, we shall all be deaded; try him, massa."

I had benefitted by more extraordinary hints before now, although, well as I knew the sagacity of the poor brute, I could not venture to hope it would come up to the expectations of Mrs. Mangrove. "But I'll try. — Here, Sneezer, here, my boy; you must go home with Peter to-night, or we shall all get into a deuced mess; so here, my boy, here is the bight of the handkerchief again, so through the window you must go; come, Sneezer, come."

To be continued.

ENGLISH FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

"We are a selfish people," said a favourite leader of fashion, "I confess, and I do believe that what in other countries is called 'amor patriæ,' is amongst us nothing but a huge conglomeration of love of ourselves; but I am glad of it; I like selfishness; there's good sense in it;"—and he added, not satirically, but quite in earnest, "Good nature is quite 'mauvais ton' in London; and really it is a bad style to take up, and will never do."

It is true that if you choose to analyse and hunt down every feeling with the greatest subtlety, you may discover a sort of selfishness at the very bottom of every thing; but in all other nations a noble shame throws a veil over it; as there are instincts very natural and innocent, which are yet concealed even by the most uncivilised.

Here, however, people are so little ashamed of the most "crasse" self-love, that an Englishman of rank once instructed me that a good fox-hunter must let nothing stop him, or distract his attention when following the fox; and if his own father should be thrown in leaping a ditch, and lie there, should, he said, "if he could'nt help it," lead his horse over him, and trouble himself no more about him till the end of the chase.

With all this, our pattern "dandy" has not the least independence, even in his bad qualities—he is the trembling slave of fashion, even in the extremest trifles; and the obsequious, servile satellite of the fortunate individuals who are higher than himself.—Were virtue and modesty suddenly to become the fashion, nobody would be more exemplary,—difficult as would be the task to accomplish.

Destitute of all originality, and without a thought he can properly call his own, he may be compared to a clay figure, which, for a while, deceives one with all the properties of a human being, but returns into its native mud as soon as you discover that it has not a soul.

Whoever reads the best of the recent English novels—those by the author of Pelham—may be able to abstract from them a tolerably just idea of English fashionable society;* provided he does not forget to deduct qualities which national self-love has claimed, though quite erroneously;—namely grace for its *roues*, — seductive manners and amusing conversation for its *dandies*

I mixed for a while with those who dwell on the very pinnacle of this fool's world of fashion; with those who inhabit its middle regions, and with those who have pitched their tents at its foot, whence they turn longing, lingering looks at the unattainable summit; but rarely did I ever find a vestige of that attractive art of social life, that perfect equipoise of all the social talents, which diffuses a feeling of complacency over all within its sphere;—as far removed from stiffness and prudery as from rudeness and licence, which speaks with equal charm to the heart and the head, and continually excites, while it never wearies; an art of which the French so long remained the sole masters and models.

Instead of this, I saw in the fashionable world only too frequently, and with few exceptions, a profound vulgarity of thought; an immorality little veiled or adorned; the most undisguised arrogance; and the coarsest neglect of all kindly feelings and attentions haughtily assumed, for the sake of shining in a false and despicable *refinement*, even more inane and intolerable to a healthy mind than the awkward and ludicrous stiffness of the most declared nobodies. It has been said that vice and poverty are the most revolting combination:—since I have been in England, vice and boorish rudeness seem to me to form a still more disgusting union.

Tour of a German Prince.

THE VALE OF DALGONAR.

By Allan Cunningham.

Vale of Dalgonar, dear art thou to me,
Dearer than daylight to the sick at heart;
Hills rise atween us and wide rolls the sea,
Only to prove how passing dear thou art:
'Tis with my feet not with my heart ye part.
Dear are your fairy dales and flowery downs,
Your woods, your streams where silver fishes dart;
Your martyrs' graves, your cots, your towers, your towns,
Gray sires and matrons grave, with their long mourning gowns.

And fair, O vale! thou didst to Sybil look,
What time the west wind wafted from afar
The shepherd's song, and from the rustling stook
The farm-lad whistling filled his tumbler car;
Flies swarmed—among them leaped the mottled par,
The sun dried up the dew, and loud and clear
Horns rung on Campel and horns rung on Scaur:
Men stooped them to their tasks, and far and near
Hands moved, and sickles shone beneath the ripened ear.

Hall looked o'er hall and cot o'er cot arose;
Hill towered o'er hill, green brae succeeded brae;
Wood waved o'er wood, and white as winter snows
On knolls around the shepherd's hirsels lay.
The village smoke curled in long wreaths away,
The scent of herbs and flowers filled all the breeze;
The black cocks crowed upon the mountains gray,
The flocks came lowing forth to lawns and leas,
And tongues of busy bairns hummed thick as swarming bees.

A hedge of hawthorn, mixed with holly, swept
Around each garden, screening every cot;
Among them all a bleaching rivulet crept,
Where webs lay white as lily without spot.
The parish kirk, through reverend elms remote,
Stood 'midst its grave-stones, row succeeding row;
O'er all the distant city's steeples shot;
Bright in the sun, the Solway slept below,
Where sailors charmed the wind, yet still their ships swam slow.

ANCIENT TUMULI IN AMERICA.

SCHOOLCRAFT, in his travels in the central portions of the Mississippi, alludes to these ancient remains, but is at a loss to account for their origin. The subject certainly presents a fine field for the antiquary. A different race of men to the Indians appears to have once inhabited the vast continent of America; but the period of their existence, their habits, religion, and laws, are now unknown. We make the following extract, relating to these tumuli, from a work entitled "A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America;" a volume which, we take this opportunity of assuring our readers, will be found replete with curious and entertaining matter. They will find in it a fair and impartial account of our Yankee brethren, untinged by prejudice or that John Bullism so much indulged in by some English travellers.

"On our return to Illinois from Missouri, we visited the tumuli in the 'American Bottom,' for the purpose of more closely investigating the form and disposition of these sepulchral mounds. Their shape is invariably hemispherical, or of the *mamelle* form. Throughout the country, from the banks of the Hudson to a considerable distance beyond the Mississippi, tumuli, and the remains of earthen fortifications were dispersed. Those of the former which have been removed, were found to contain human bones, earthen vessels, and utensils composed of alloyed metal; which latter fact is worthy of particular notice, as none of the Indians of North America are acquainted with the art of alloying. The vessels were generally of the form of drinking-cups, or ewer-shaped cans, sometimes with a flange to admit a cover. One of those which I saw in a museum at Cincinnati, had three small knobs at the bottom on which it stood, and I was credibly informed that a dissenting clergyman, through the *esprit de metier*, undertook to prove from the circumstance, that the people who raised these mounds and fortifications must have been acquainted with the doctrine of the Trinity. How far the reverend gentleman is correct in his inference, I leave for theologians to decide.

"The Indians do not claim the mounds as depositories for *their* dead, but are well aware of their containing human bones. They frequently encamp near them, and visit them on their journeys, but more as land marks than on any other account. They approach them with reverence, as they do all burial places, no matter of what people or nation. The Quapaws have a tradition, that they were raised 'many hundred snows' ago, by a people that no longer exists; they say, that in those days game was so plenty that very little exertion was necessary to procure a subsistence, and there were then no wars—these happy people having then no employment, collected, merely for sport, these heaps of earth, which have ever since remained, and have subsequently been used by another people, who succeeded them, as depositories of their dead. Another tradition is, that they were erected by the Indians to protect them from the mammoths, until the Great Spirit took pity on his red children, and annihilated these enormous elephants. Most of the Indian nations concur in their having been the work of a people which had ceased to exist before the red men possessed those hunting grounds.

"The numerous mounds, fortifications, and burial caverns, and the skeletons and mummies, that have been discovered in these catacombs, sufficiently establish the fact, that a people altogether different from the present aborigines once inhabited these regions. At what period this by-gone people flourished still remains a matter of mere conjecture, for to the present time no discovery has been made that could lead to any plausible supposition.

"De Witt Clinton having paid more attention to the antiquities of America than any other person of whom I am aware, I shall here insert his description of the forts. He says, 'These forts were, generally speaking, erected on the most commanding ground. The walls, or breastworks, were earthen. The ditches were on the exterior of the works. On some of the parapets, oak trees were to be seen, which, from the number of concentric circles, must have been standing one hundred and fifty, two hundred and sixty, and three hundred years; and there were evident indications, not only that they had sprung up since the erection of these works, but that they were at least a second growth. The trenches were in some cases deep and wide, and in others shallow and narrow; and the breastworks varied in altitude from three to eight feet. They sometimes had one, and sometimes two entrances, as was to be inferred from there being no ditches at those places. When the works were protected by a deep ravine, or large stream of water, no ditch was to be seen. The areas of these forts varied from two to six acres; and the form was in general and irregular ellipsis; in some of them, fragments of earthenware and pulverised substances, supposed to have been originally human bones, were to be found.'

. . . .

"'I believe we may confidently pronounce, that all the hypotheses which attribute these works to Europeans are incorrect and fanciful: 1st. on account of the present number of the works; 2d. on account of their antiquity; having from every appearance been erected a long time before the discovery of America; and, finally, their form and manner are varient from European fortifications, either in ancient or modern times.

"'It is equally clear that they were not the work of the Indians. Until the Senecas, who are renowned for their national vanity, had seen the attention of the Americans attracted to these erections, and had invented the fabulous account of which I have spoken, the Indians of the present day did not pretend to know any thing about their origin. They were beyond the reach of all their traditions, and were lost in the abyss of unexplored antiquity.'

"At the Bull Shoals, east branch of White river in Missouri, several feet below the surface of the banks, *reliqua* were found which indicated that this spot had formerly been the seat of metalurgical operations. The alloy appeared to be lead united with silver. Arrow-heads cut out of flint, and pieces of earthen pots which had evidently undergone the action of fire, were also found here. The period of time at which these operations were carried on in this place must have been very remote, as the present banks have been since entirely formed by alluvial deposits.

Near the *Teel-te-nah* (or dripping-fork), which empties itself into the La Platte, and not far distant from its junction with that river, there is an extensive cavern, in which are deposited several mummies. Some tribes which roam this region have a tradition, that the first Indian ascended through this aperture, and settled on the earth's surface.

"A few years since, on the Merrimac river in St. Louis county, a number of pigmy graves were discovered. The coffins were of stone; and the length of the bodies which they contained, judging from that of the coffins, could not have been more than from three feet and a half to four feet. The graves were numerous, and the skeletons in some instances nearly entire.

"In the month of June (1830), a party of gentlemen, whilst in pursuit of wild turkeys, in Hart county, Kentucky, discovered, on the top of a small knoll, a hole sufficiently large to admit a man's body. Having procured lights, they descended, and at the depth of about sixty feet, entered a cavern, sixteen or eighteen feet square, apparently hewn out of solid rock. The whole chamber was filled with human skeletons, which they supposed, *from the size*, to be those of women and children. The place was perfectly dry, and the bones were in a state of great preservation. They wished to ascertain how deep the bones lay, and dug through them between four and seven feet, but found them quite as plentiful as at the top: on coming to this depth, dampness appeared, and an unpleasant effluvia arising, obliged them to desist. There was no outlet to the cavern. A large snake, which appeared to be perfectly docile, passed several times round the apartment whilst they remained.

"In a museum at New York, I saw one of those mummies alluded to, which appeared to be remarkably small; but I had not an opportunity of examining it minutely. Those that have been found in the most perfect state of preservation were deposited in nitrous caves, and were enveloped in a manner so different from the practices of the Indians, that the idea cannot be entertained of their being the remains of the ancestors of the present race. Flint gives the following description of one of them which he carefully examined. He says, 'The more the subject of the past races of men and animals in this region is investigated, the more perplexed it seems to become. The huge bones of the animals indicate them to be vastly larger than any that now exist on the earth. All that I have seen and heard of the remains of the men, would seem to shew that they were smaller than the men of our times. All the bodies that have been found in that high state of preservation, in which they were discovered in nitrous caves, were considerably smaller than the present ordinary stature of men. The two bodies that were found in the vast limestone cavern in Tennessee, one of which I saw at Lexington, were neither of them more than four feet in height. It seems to me that this must have been nearly the height of the living person. The teeth and nails did not seem to indicate the shrinking of the flesh from them in the desiccating process by which they were preserved. The teeth were separated by considerable intervals; and were small, long, white, and sharp, reviving the horrible images of nursery tales of ogres' teeth. The hair seemed to have been sandy, or inclining to yellow. It is well known that nothing is so uniform in the present Indian as his lank black hair. From the pains taken to preserve the bodies, and the great labour of making the funeral robes in which they were folded, they must have been of the blood-royal, or personages of great consideration in their day. The person that I saw, had evidently died by a blow on the skull. The blood had coagulated there into a mass, of a texture and colour sufficiently marked to shew that it had been blood. The envelope of the body was double. Two splendid blankets, completely woven with the most beautiful feathers of the wild turkey, arranged in regular stripes and compartments, encircled it. The cloth on which these feathers were woven, was a kind of linen of neat texture, of the same kind with that which is now woven from the fibres of the nettle. The body was evidently that of a female of middle age, and I should suppose that her majesty weighed, when I saw her, six or eight pounds.'"

"The silly attempts that have been made to establish an oriental origin for the North American Indians, have never produced any other conviction in an unbiassed mind, than that the *facts* brought forward to support that theory existed only in the imaginations of those who advanced them. The colour, the form, the manners, habits, and propensities of the Indians, all combine to establish that they are a distinct race of human beings, and could never have emanated from any people of European, Asiatic, or African origin.

MARY HUGHES:

A TALE OF THE WELCH HIGHLANDS.

Concluded from page 23.

The next day Edward went on his delicate mission. When her father was made aware of the fresh debt of gratitude he had contracted, he met his young friend's demand with the greater pleasure, as he was then conscious of having it in his power to bestow a suitable acknowledgment on his exertions. He said he had but one gift worth his acceptance, and that was his daughter. She was a treasure he felt loth to part with; yet, as no one could possibly deserve her so well as one who had twice perilled his life to save hers, if she loved him, and he possessed his father's consent, they should have his, and his blessing, whenever they were desirous of possessing them.

With his own father Edward was not so successful. The old gentleman imagined, that if he was married at so early an age, he might probably become indolent and unfit for his vocation; he therefore stated to him, that if he immediately proceeded to college, and obtained there those honours he knew he had sufficient ability to expect, he should, after having been ordained for holy orders, possess the hand he coveted, with his most fervent prayers for their happiness. Nothing, he said, could give greater pleasure to him than to unite the daughter of his ancient friend with his only son; but he could not think it accordant with his duty as a Christian minister, and his duty as a father, to give his consent to their union till such conditions had been fulfilled. With such (as he considered) hard terms as these, Edward was obliged to acquiesce.

Mary was soon acquainted with the circumstances: an arrangement like this was quite unexpected to her. It was not without some misgivings that she acceded to it. Her feelings had been raised to a height of rapturous excitement by the near approach of her felicity, and it was with a proportionate fall she heard the proposed delay. Again the voice of the blind harper sounded in her ears the prophetic warning, and a conviction came upon her mind that the separation would be fraught with danger—would be fatal to one or both of them. But she could not persuade herself to attempt changing the course of events, and she allowed the fortnight that elapsed before his departure to pass without mentioning her fears.

Day after day went by, and still found them together roaming the levels, climbing the hills, or seated on the declivities, with hearts brimming with the fulness of their affection, and eyes glistening with the rapture of their bliss. Little he said of his departure. His joy was in the present, nor had he fears for the future. No plans were formed, no promises given, no anticipations considered. The time passed rapidly and joyously, in the sweet indulgence of their mutual love. The last day arrived. Edward rode over to his friend's mansion to take his farewell. He found her in the antique summer-house, playing on her harp a melody she knew he loved to hear. She always forgot her fears when she found him by her side; but this morning she had woke to the certainty of its being the last day of their meeting. In spite of his caresses, she could not refrain from unburdening to him the fearful anticipations she cherished — her regret at his departure —and her fears for his safety. He endeavoured to persuade her that her fears were vain, but met with little success. She hung upon his shoulder, her eyes glistening with tears, imploring him to remember her when away, to think of her often, to write to her frequently—but, above all, to be sure to be always attentive to his own safety; for if any thing was to happen to him, she could not live; her heart would break, and an early grave would be her portion. Overpowered with the agony of her feelings, she sank exhausted on his arm. Edward gazed upon her pale features, while her bright hair was streaming over her shoulders, and her fair form was reclining on his for support, and vowed to himself that never in word or deed, in thought or action, would he do any thing that might give her pain. He felt almost subdued by the force of his own sensations. He could not look unmoved on the spectacle before him, nor could he observe the intensity of her affection without being deeply affected by it.

She soon recovered, raised herself from his arm, and looked upon him for a time steadily and composedly; then, in a fresh burst of uncontrollable transport, she pressed him fondly to her breast, and clung upon his lips in a paroxysm of passionate feeling. Every promise was made to her that could tend in the least degree to mitigate her sorrow, or to quiet her fears; and at last, with frequent vows of fidelity on both sides, and parting gifts given and received, she allowed him to depart.

Edward sought his gallant friend, and found him seated on his pony, with a determination of seeing him to his father's, near which the coach passed that was to carry him to his destination. On they jogged; the sure-footed animals on which they rode, like the mules in the mountainous districts of Spain, seemed to possess a more than natural instinct in climbing the dangerous passes that lay in their direction. They never stumbled, even upon the most hazardous footing; but trod with as much safety their rugged pathways, and felt as much at ease, as a modern exquisite on the broad pavé of Regent Street or St. James's. When they parted, it was not without some emotion that the veteran left his young friend, as he shook him heartily by the hand, and wished him all success at Alma Mater.

Months passed, years were following, and Mary still continued to improve in loveliness and excellence. She frequently received letters from her lover, all breathing the tenderest affection; and she had intelligence from his father (who generally managed to ride over once a-week to see his old friend) of his progress and success. She felt almost happy; and she looked forward to the close of the last year, when she expected to be quite so. As she aproached nearer and nearer to the time appointed for the full enjoyment of her happiness, she shook off the fear that had oppressed her, and determined to consider the blind bard as a false prophet.

In their neighbourhood, a few miles distant from them, lived a young man, named Walter Jones, who had just succeeded to a small property left him by his father. Walter had never borne a good character among his more respectable neighbours. He had from a boy been violent and headstrong, fond of mischief, partial to bad company, and addicted to hard drinking. It was said that he had been lately recognised on the coast with a party of smugglers who were known to frequent there; and it was generally suspected that he was their leader. He was tall, athletic, and not unhandsome either in form or features. His dark eyes, which many a simple girl thought beautiful, when lighted up by passion or revenge flashed upon the object of his hatred an almost supernatural light; and his black hair, which had never been cut, curled over his forehead, and hung down upon his shoulders, giving an appearance of wild beauty to his features, whose delineation would have done honour to the pencil of a Salvator Rosa. He was the dread of many of the peasantry for his dark eye, and the fear of others for his great strength. He was reckless and daring as a young lion, but savage and ferocious as a wild tigress. Still, he was admitted into the society of the small farmers of the vicinity, where his courage made him acceptable to some, his qualifications in hard drinking to many, and his paternal acres and good figure brought with them no small recommendation to others — of which careful mothers and ambitious daughters formed a large portion. They knew little, it is to be hoped, of his more exceptionable deeds — nothing but the romantic interest that was attached to his name. Whisperings came to them of daring enterprises, in which he had acted a principal character; but among a people where such things have always been looked upon as more glorious than blamable, it was not to be supposed it could much injure him in their estimation. Nothing dark, in which his name was mixed up with deeds of blood and with victims of treachery, ever came to their ears; for he was in the habit of managing matters in a much surer way.

At the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, Mary and her father met him for the first time. He was not unknown to Captain Hughes; but his knowledge of him was derived from the report of his tenants, and from facts learned in his professional capacity as a magistrate. Mary had never seen him before; but it was suspected by some that he had seen her, although he had previously had no opportunity of speaking to her; for it was afterwards discovered that the two men who attacked her at the ruins of the old monastery belonged to the smugglers on the coast; and what object they could have in carrying her off, was supposed to be best known to himself. He seemed inclined to pay her much attention, and endeavoured to make himself agreeable; but she shrunk from his attentions with feelings of disgust. He was not a man to be easily disheartened by the little hopes that could be entertained from the result of his first interview; so he still continued his views, and still flattered himself with hopes of succeeding. He had met with so few disappointments in his intercourse with the fair sex, that he imagined a simple girl would soon fall a willing victim to the shrine of his vanity. Of Captain Hughes he stood somewhat in awe; for his power was great—he was much beloved by the people, who to defend him and his daughter would have rallied round them in a mass; and his reputation for courage was unquestionable; therefore he did not venture inside his house. But he contrived to meet Mary in all her walks. She could not stir out the shortest distance without finding him by her side. He pretended the most ardent attachment and the most devoted love, to which she would not listen, and would not believe. At last, finding that all his expressions were attended to with a deaf ear, and all his vows and protestations taken very little notice of — fearing to come to extremities with her father, and burning to possess the beautiful girl, he most generously, as he thought, made her an offer of his hand and fortune, which was refused as politely as possible.

She felt so much annoyed at his persecutions, that, although she had at first determined to keep them a secret, she told her father the whole particulars He advised her not to leave the house without him; and if he then attempted to annoy her, he should suffer for it.

When Walter Jones found all his expectations conclude with so little profit, — that he had been actually rejected, he would hardly believe it. He thought it preposterously strange; and, from his experience in such matters, pronounced it a mere artifice of the sex. Finding himself deprived of the usual opportunities of seeing her, he determined upon having an interview with her father, to see what his powers of persuasion would do in his favour. Captain Hughes heard him out with as much patience as he could possibly assume. He then very civilly refused him for a son-in-law, telling him that his daughter was engaged, and even had her hand been free, Mr. Walter Jones was the last person in the world he should feel inclined to bestow her upon; assuring him, at the same time, that he had heard of the annoyances to which he had subjected her; but if ever he caught him on his estate again, with any such intentions, his power as a magistrate, and his feelings as a father, would force him to be under the painful necessity of punishing him as he deserved. Walter Jones left the room vowing revenge.

Time passed on, and the last year was drawing to a close. Letters were received from college, in which it was stated that Edward Morris had received the highest honours of the university, and was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments within its walls. He wrote to Mary a long and kind letter, in which he expressed himself as being overjoyed at the near approach of his happiness, and informed her of the day when she might expect him. Her anticipations of future joy were exceedingly great. Every preparation was made for his arrival; and it was arranged between the delighted fathers, that the union should take place the day after. All on the estate, with whom he was a general favourite, looked to his coming with feelings of the sincerest pleasure; and the day on which he was expected having got known, they determined to welcome him in a style worthy a descendant of the ancient Cymry. All but old Prichard participated in the general pleasure; and he was frequently heard striking melancholy chords from his harp, and giving prophetic warnings of approaching danger.

The day arrived, and Edward left the coach to hurry across the mountains. As he hastened on, with a light step and lighter heart, imagining the joy of his beloved one at their meeting after so long a separation, he came to a wild pass in the mountains, about a mile distant from the estate of Captain Hughes. It was a savage-looking place, the scene of many a fearful legend; — a gloomy ravine, with no appearance of vegetation near it, save a few stunted trees. The dark and huge fragments of the rocky soil were shut in by an amphitheatre of desolate hills. Within a short distance, the waters of one of the wildest of the mountain torrents were seen leaping down a tremendous depth, with an uproar almost as great as the continual discharge of a piece of artillery.

Edward Morris walked on in the full joy of his heart, thinking of no evil and fearing none; when, just as he approached the centre of the pass, he was surprised at beholding a man standing opposite to him, with a seeming determination to dispute his passage. It was Walter Jones. His day of vengeance had at last arrived, and he stood glaring at his victim with a fiend's malice. His dark eyes were flashing fire, and his look was like that of a savage of the wilderness in the act of springing on his prey.

"Edward Morris!" shouted the ruffian, "your hour is come, and my revenge comes with it. You have dared to cross my path—to love the only girl I ever thought worthy of my favour. She rejected me — her father rejected me; and it was for you they did it. But my revenge shall be terrible, and you shall be its first victim. So, fool and madman as you are to have provoked my anger, breathe your shortest prayer,—for you shall die."

"Not yet!" exclaimed Edward, leaping with the agility of a young snake upon his antagonist, and grappling him with a power that even the athletic smuggler found would be difficult to shake off. Long and deadly was the struggle. Walter had overcome all competitors at wrestling; for his superior strength gave him a powerful advantage. His heart was on fire with revenge and wounded pride. All the ferocious nature of his disposition came to his assistance, in the determination that his victim should die. Edward knew every foot of ground on which he trod; and although he was not so strong, he was more agile than his opponent. Besides, he struggled for life—for love—for all that was dear to him on earth; and, knowing what must be the result of the contest, all the energies of his soul were brought into action, and he strained every muscle with an exertion that seemed gigantic.

Walter, in an effort he made to throw his adversary, missed his footing, staggered, and fell.

"Now!" cried Edward, with his knee upon his fallen enemy — "Now, who shall die?"

"Thou!" shouted the ruffian, as he disengaged a pistol from his belt, which he had not possessed an opportunity of doing before, and discharged it in the breast of his triumphing foe. The ball went through his heart, and the dead body of Edward Morris fell upon his murderer. The survivor shook off the encumbrance, and looked upon his prostrate victim with a smile of most malicious satisfaction; then was proceeding to depart from the spot, when he was alarmed at seeing the surrounding hills covered by a multitude of people, and men in different directions approaching him.

The kind-hearted peasantry of the district had made every preparation in their power to welcome the friend of their lord home to his native hills, and had set out to meet him, with the intention of bearing him home in triumph. They had proceeded as far as the hills that overlooked the spot where his last footsteps rested, and were in time to witness the conclusion of the mortal combat between him and his enemy. They saw a struggle between two men—a pistol fired, and one of them fall. The distance was too far to distinguish the features of the combatants, yet some there were among them who positively affirmed that one of them was him they sought. With some misgivings as to the result, some of the men separated into different parties, completely surrounding the ruffian. As they approached the scene of the murder, recognised the friend of their lord weltering in his blood, and discerned him who had done the deed, the brave Celts sent up a yell of horror and despair, which was answered by the hills around. With gloomy looks and scowling eyes they advanced upon the murderer, with the determination of exacting a just and horrible vengeance.

Walter Jones still stood with arms folded and lips compressed, revolving in his mind the extent of his danger. He knew he could hope for no mercy from the people who were pursuing him, and he saw there was but little chance of escaping from the certainty of their revenge. He was pausing to consider, and in the mean time his pursuers were gaining around. He was now completely enclosed on every side—hemmed in by all parties. Seeing no hope remaining if he stood still, he determined to make one effort for his escape, and rushed with all speed towards the end of the defile. Here he was met by a stout highlander, who threatened to fell him to the ground with a heavy club which he carried; at him he discharged his remaining pistol, and the Celt fell, cursing the dark eye of his enemy. He saw in the same path, at no great distance, several others making towards him at full speed. He turned off in a different direction; but had not proceeded far, when he found that a whole host of them would be upon him in a few minutes. He stood now upon a rock that overlooked the tremendous rapid we have described in a preceding page — the waters were boiling and foaming directly under him —he was compressed on both sides—his pursuers were close upon him in front and rear — the foremost of them was but a few yards distant from his body. Walter Jones stood up the whole height of his person, glared upon his pursuers a look of scornful hatred and demon malice, and then with a giant's leap plunged headlong into the roaring torrent.

We cannot describe the feelings of Mary Hughes when the sorrowing and faithful Celts brought to her the dead body of him whose living form she had so eagerly expected. Like the painter, we will draw a veil over features we dare not attempt to delineate. She died. Hers was no lingering disease that eats into the heart as rust does into metal. Hers was a morbid earthquake, whose explosion burst asunder every feeling, passion, and affection of earthly humanity. She died of a raving brain and a broken heart; and her unhappy father followed her in the course of a few weeks. When his lord died, the blind bard was heard to sing his prophetic warning — but his voice was feeble, and the chords of his harp less powerful than they were wont. A few years passed, and that voice was silent for ever.

Fraser's Mag.

The Naturalist.

Singular Account of a Dog.—In the month of August, 1829, a gentleman residing a few miles from the metropolis, was called up to town in the middle of the night by intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. The removal of his furniture and papers of course immediately claimed his attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which is ever incident to a fire, his eye every now and then rested on a dog, whom during the hottest progress of the devouring element he could not help noticing, running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of every body's way, and yet always present amid the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and the gentleman had leisure to look about him, he again observed the dog, who, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some enquiries respecting him. What passed may, perhaps, be best told in its original shape of dialogue between the gentleman and a fireman belonging to the Atlas Insurance Office. Gentleman—(stooping down to pat the dog, and addressing the fireman.) Is this your dog, my friend? Fireman—No, sir, he does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog. Gentleman —"The firemen's dog!" Why so?—Has he no master. Fireman—No, sir. He calls none of us master, though we are any of us ready to give him a night's lodging or a pennyworth of meat—but he doesn't stay long with any one—his delight is to be at all the fires in London, and, far or near, we generally find him either there before us, or on the road as we are going along, and sometimes if it is out of town we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire of any consequence for these two or three or it maybe more years past which he has not been at. The communication thus made was so marvellous, that the enquirer found it difficult to believe the tale until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, were able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity. A minute of the facts was made at the time by the gentleman, with a view to their transmission to some of the journals or periodicals which occasionally publish anecdotes of the natural history of animals; but other things interfered, and the intention was lost sight of. In the month of June, 1831, the same gentleman was again called up in the night to a fire in Camberwell-grove, and to his surprise and amusement, here he again met with "the firemen's dog" still alive and well, pursuing with the same apparent interest and satisfaction the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster, and oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen give any information as to his ordinary resting place. The foregoing account, which is strictly true, (and its truth may be ascertained by inquiry of almost any of the regular firemen of the metropolis) has been withdrawn from the portfolio of the writer, in consequence of recent information that his four-footed friend was no more. The dog was of a mixed breed, between the terrier and the foxhound.

Table Talk.

Mosaic Work.—The principal manufactory of mosaic is conducted on a grand scale, in the Vatican at Rome.—Mosaic in general, and that which produces the finest effect, as in the imitations of paintings in St. Peter's, consists, as to the material, in nothing more than glass. In the manufactory at Rome, the material to work upon is so prepared as for there to be varieties of shades in colour to the number of eighteen thousand. It is always in one form, in square pieces, uniform in both shape and size, only larger or smaller according to the scale of what is to be produced. The little pieces are all put together in a block, with, I believe, some kind of cement, and then the surface of the whole is ground off and polished. The art consists in a just arrangement of the different parts, and in the choice of colours. When a facsimile of a painting has to be made, a mere mechanic in the business first puts the pieces together; and then an artist comes over it to make nice alterations. In making mosaics on a very small scale, such as the rings, ear-rings, brooches, and other trinkets that are sold in the shops at Rome, the pieces of different colour put together are so minute, and they are so closely joined, that it requires a strong light, and a good eye to discover the ingenious delusion. This art is of very ancient origin; but it is one in which the moderns have outdone the ancients beyond comparison.

Picture of a Country Choir.—Suppose a clergyman inducted to a country living, of which he comes to take possession. The small church is crowded to hear the "new parson," and the singers and performers are preparing in the gallery to make their best display. At the appointed time they commence. The first specimen he has of his choir is perhaps ushered in by a clarionet, which, though rather a favourite in country churches is the most hapless in untutored hands. This is commissioned to lead off, and after some dreadful hiccups on the part of the instrument, which is its infirmity when clumsily dealt with, the tune is completed, and the singing proceeds. The other instruments are introduced—

> The flute,
> And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,

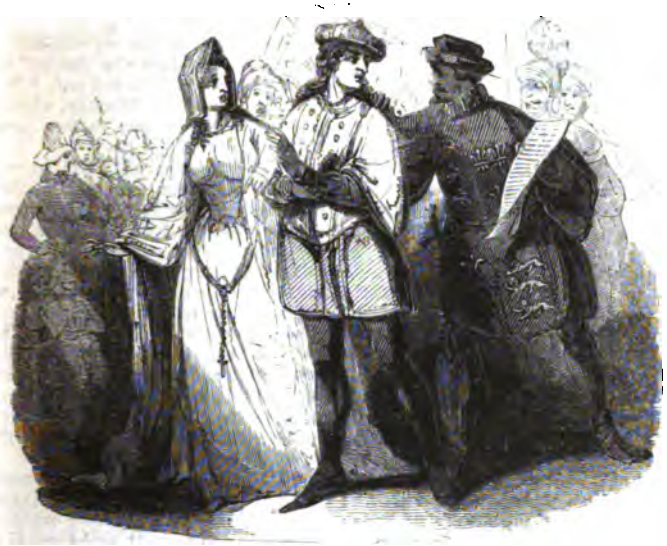
and, it may be, breaking suddenly in with portentous thunder, after three or four notes spent in gathering up that long clambering instrument, some unlucky, deep-mouthed bassoon. It may readily be conceived that these instruments, by their united clamour, will lay a sufficient foundation of noise, upon which the singers may raise their superstructure. This they proceed to do with their whole breadth of lungs, each striving to surpass his neighbour in vociferation; till exhausted with the exercise, they gradually cease, according to the tenure of their breath; the bassoon player, for the dignity of his instrument, commencing the last note rather later than the rest, and by a peculiar motion of his shoulders, pumping out the whole power of his lungs in one prolonged and astounding roar.

Brief Account of the Plague in Former Times.—The Rev. Dr. Rudge, in a recent sermon on the cholera morbus, gives the following historical narrative of the ravages of the pestilence in former times:—"In the year 1349 it raged in England to such a frightful extent, as that scarcely a tenth part of the population of the country, of all classes, were left alive. The churches and church yards were insufficient to contain the dead; and in the metropolis it was found necessary to consecrate a large spot in West Smithfield as a burying ground, upon which houses are now erected, and which extended even over a part of the site on which the New Post Office has been built. During its prevalence, 50,000 persons were here interred. In the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, 10,000 daily fell victims to it in Rome alone; and this awful sacrifice of human lives continued for several days. In the year 1345, the pestilence was so general throughout the Christian world, that it destroyed more than one half of those whom the infection had seized. At Constantinople, in the reign of Justinian, 50,000 died daily. The African plague was no less destructive in its march. Commencing at Carthage, it swept off in its course, in Numidia alone, 80,000; on the sea-coast of Africa, 200,000, together with 30,000 soldiers at Utica. In the time of Petrarch, such was its destructiveness in Italy, that, out of every thousand, not ten persons survived. In London, at the great plague, about a century and half since the present period, it has been estimated that more than 100,000 persons perished in the city and its environs. The disconsolate metropolis was nearly deserted. Trade entirely ceased, and the courts of law were shut."

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No IV – Vol. X. Saturday, August 25 1832



See page 50.

Illustrated Article.

MERVYN'S BRIDAL.

A Wiltshire Legend.

FOR THE OLIO.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers;
The adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing,
What virtue breeds iniquity devours.
Shakspeare's Poems.

Trust not to Henries clemencie,
That ruthlesse kynge will seale thy fate,
And London's saucie 'prentises
Will mocke thy hedde on traytor's gate.
Old Ballad.

A FINER Autumn morning than that on which Archibald Mervyn led to the altar the beautiful Avice Wodeley, never dawned upon the village of Blunsdon. A gallant train had just swept across the church-yard path and entered the church; under the porch of which stood a knot of gossips descanting on the merits of the happy pair.—Others strolled about in couples, awaiting the return of the bridal train; whilst under the shade of the venerable yew tree, its dark green foliage studded with innumerable crimson berries, a band of little children were indulging in their merry gambols. Suddenly, a horseman, wearing the dress of a pursuivant, and followed by eight mounted men-at-arms, rode up to the gate of the church-yard. This unexpected appearance somewhat astonished the villagers, who stared with wondering eyes upon the visitors; while the children ceased their sports, and approached to gaze upon the men-at-arms and the dress of the pursuivant.

Throwing himself from his horse, the officer strode towards the church, closely followed by two of his attendants. At his approach, the rustics made room for him to pass, with a feeling akin to awe, which was increased by the large stature and embrowned visages of the two soldiers who followed at his heels. They arrived at the porch just as the bridal train were about to emerge from it, and the pursuivant cast a glance of enquiry at the figure of Archibald Mervyn who was advancing towards him. The frame of the bridegroom, although large and powerful, could not be surpassed in symmetrical proportion; with the strength of a Hercules it blended the beauty of the Apollo Belvidere. His large chest, sinewy arms, and muscular, yet graceful, neck, which the costume of that time left exposed to view, indicated his great bodily strength; while his well-turned legs attested his agility in sport and dance. The bride was such a one as "poets dream of," tall and stately, yet of such exquisite proportions, that the most critical eye might gaze and be content; her small feet occasionally peeping from beneath a richly wrought kirtle, shewed that she possessed in perfection that indispensable appendage to female beauty. Her round and exquisitely turned arm was entwined within that of him who was now her husband, and her large dark and lustrous eyes modestly cast downward, were almost concealed by the long lashes that fringed them; while the freckles scattered over that fair face, shewed that Phœbus himself had wooed the Grecian nose and short upper lip, which had robbed many a lusty Wiltshire youth of his wits. Ah! little wot they of the shock that was so soon to dash the cup of bliss from their lips. Onward they came, too much absorbed in their own reflections to heed the awful messenger who stood so near. Archibald felt not the pressure of the throng, nor heard aught save the accents of his bride, when he was suddenly aroused from his delightful dream by the voice of the pursuivant, who, laying his right hand on the shoulder of the bridegroom, thus addressed him:—"*Archibald Mervyn, I arrest thee as a traitor to our sovereign Lord, King Henry.*"

It would be impossible to describe the effect which these words produced on those within whose hearing they were uttered; the bystanders looked aghast and crossed themselves, as though an evil spirit had suddenly appeared before them, and a whisper ran round, which was quickly caught up and extended to the belfry, where the ringers were prepared to send forth a merry peal. The lovely bride sunk senseless into Mervyn's arms; whilst he, his face flushed with the blush of indignation, hastily demanded the name of his false accuser.

"You will know that, sir, when you reach London," was the officer's reply; "my orders are to carry you thither with all haste."

"That you shall not do, Master Pursuivant," said a short thickset man, stepping forward, and fingering as he spoke the handle of a large woodknife which hung at his girdle. "So back, and tell King Henry that we have no traitors here, and that we will fight for Master Archibald to the death;" then raising his voice, he cried out, "Why, Fluister, Engleton, Watkin, where be ye? will ye see our master hauled away without a blow?"

This appeal was not made in vain; several of those who had gathered round drew their swords, and about a dozen weapons flashed in the morning's sun. The men-at-arms, who remained at the gate, hearing the noise of the tumult, instantly drew their weapons, and spurring their horses, dashed towards the church door to aid the pursuivant. A desperate affray would have taken place, but for the interposition of the bridegroom, who sharply rebuked his attendants for offering violence to the king's messenger, and bade them instantly to sheath their weapons.

"Peace, Adam," said he, addressing the sturdy figure who had endeavoured to effect his rescue, "I have ever found thee a dutiful servant, and I would not speak thee harsh for thy mistaken zeal. It is not by a ruffle with these men that my innocency may be proved; this is a stab from some secret enemy, and must be met otherwise than by defiance and hard blows."

Then turning to his bride, who was sobbing on the bosom of her mother, a venerable dame of sixty, he attempted to address to her a few words of consolation, but the anguish of his mind almost choked his utterance. He next begged of the pursuivant that he might, with his bride and her mother, be permitted to retire to his house, the tall chimnies of which might be seen amidst the foliage at the foot of the hill. This request was complied with, and the whole party proceeded thither.

Archibald endeavoured to suppress the grief and alarm which he felt; while the Lady Avice and her mother, drawing their wimples round their heads, sought relief in tears. The servants of Mervyn followed, their eyes cast downward in sullen silence, and the deep scarlet of their tingling ears indicating an ill-suppressed indignation at this interruption of their master's happiness.

It is not my purpose to dwell on the parting of Mervyn and his bride; the separation of true lovers is a scene which few can depict, and to those who have experienced such a separation, an imperfect description would be worse than none. Ere the sun had reached the meridian, Archibald Mervyn, mounted on his own horse, but deprived of his sword and dagger, and clad in a plain travelling dress, was on his way to London. He rode in the midst of the troop, and when the agony of his mind allowed him to speak, he addressed his guards, in the hope that he should elicit from them something which might enable him to fix upon his accuser; but their brief answers were provokingly disappointing, they were either unable or unwilling to satisfy his enquiries. The pursuivant appeared to be as ignorant as his assistants, and Archibald relinquished all hope of discovering his enemy until he should be summoned before the council. Alas! he knew not that, even then, he might remain ignorant of the name of his accuser. The vile instruments of the sordid king, Empson and Dudley, did not always produce the person, upon whose evidence men at that period were frequently impeached.

It is not often that we find great bodily strength combined with a proportionate vigour of mind, but Archibald was as celebrated for his wisdom and learning as for his courage and prowess; yet it required all the philosophy of which he was master, to overcome the grief and fear which weighed upon his soul as he thought on the probable result of his examination. They arrived at Reading on the afternoon of the following day, and the pursuivant, deeming it not prudent to rest for a night at a hostelry in the town, for fear of a rescue by some of the friends of his prisoner, took up his quarters in the Abbey, where an apartment was assigned to them by command of the abbot. The officer and his men having provided for their horses, entered the place with their prisoner, and doffing their burgonets, commenced a vigorous attack upon the various eatables which the good fathers had so liberally caused to be spread for them. Archibald's state of mind would not permit him to eat, but he swallowed a draught of wine to cool his parched lips and throat, and walked to the window, through the stained panes of which the sun blazed strongly, and cast a many-coloured glare on the stone floor. In the window-seat lay a book, from the press of Caxton, entitled, "The Morale Prouerbes of Cristyne," but the wisdom of the lady author had no charms for him; and after listlessly turning over the leaves he flung it down, and looked across the finely wooded country, in the hope of diverting his mind from the deep melancholy which preyed upon it. The opening of a door aroused him, and turning his head he beheld a monk enter, whom, to his great surprise, he recognised as his cousin, Thomas Mervyn. A few words sufficed to explain the cause of their meeting. It appeared that Archibald's cousin, who resided at the monastery at Wallingfood, had been the bearer of a communication of some importance from his superior to the abbot of Reading. The men-at-arms and the pursuivant were too busily engaged in dispatching the good things before them to notice the conversation of Archibald and the father; but even if they had, the distance was too great to allow of their overhearing the dialogue which passed between them. Drawing Archibald still further into the recess formed by the large window, the monk, after listening attentively to his cousin's relation, enquired if he had contemplated any plan of escape. This question completely staggered Archibald, who assured the father that he had determined, from the first, to meet his accuser face to face. The monk shrugged up his shoulders, and stroked his long auburn beard.

"In other times and with another king, this course might be politic," said he; "but thou art ignorant of the temper of Henry; even should thy life be spared, (and thou knowest his conduct to the noble Stanley), thou wilt be fined so heavily that the poorest hind on thy estate might pity thee; but thy blood will make sure; he scrupled not to take the life of those who were his best friends, and will he hesitate to doom thee to the scaffold and the block? No, I counsel thee to flee."

"Nay, nay, good kinsman, urge me not thus; I will to London, and if my enemy dare appear, I'll claim the combat."

"You will rush to your ruin," said the monk, interrupting him; "to disgrace, and death; fly this night, or make thy bride a widow!"

Archibald hung his head in silence, and pressed his throbbing temples. He weighed well the good monk's words, which, though strange, were not lost upon him; and after a pause, he enquired in what manner he might effect his escape from his guards.

"Leave it to me," replied Thomas Mervyn, "and you shall be free before midnight; I have a powder which, if mixed with the wine sent to these fellows, will cast them into such a slumber that thou mayest be many miles away ere they awake; and now I'll leave thee, or our long conference may arouse their suspicion, but be assured of my assistance."

Saying this the monk quitted the room, leaving Archibald to meditate on his advice, and his own miserable fortune. The day wore away, and as the evening advanced, the pursuivant and his fellows began to shew evident symptoms of fatigue and drowsiness, to which the wine, several flagons of which they had drained to the health of their entertainers, no doubt greatly contributed. At length the men-at-arms divested themselves of a portion of their armour, stretched their wearied limbs upon the large benches placed around the room, while the pursuivant, first looking carefully to the window which was guarded by massy iron bars, locked the door of the room, and thrust the key into his bosom.

"My duty," said he, to Archibald, in a more respectful tone than he had hitherto used, "obliges me to refuse you any other resting-place; give you good night, sir."

So saying, he spread his cloak upon the floor, and stretching himself at his length, was soon wrapped in as sound a slumber as his prisoner could have desired. Archibald beheld the sleeping group with satisfaction, and although he did not then see how he could escape from their custody, he trusted to the shrewdness of his cousin to effect it. He was not deceived; in less than an hour after he was aroused by a gentle tap at the door, and the voice of the monk bade him lay his ear to the key-hole. He did so, and Father Thomas directed him to take the key from the bosom of the pursuivant, as there was no fear of alarming the officer or his sleeping companions. The command was quickly obeyed; the sleeping man was easily deprived of the key, and in another moment Archibald was on the outside of his prison.

"Now," said the monk, locking the door after him, and placing a purse of money in his kinsman's hand, "follow me—but be silent."

He cautiously led the way through several vaulted passages; and, at length, arrived at a postern door which he opened with a pass key. The night wind sighed mournfully, and the moon was struggling through several dark clouds; but enough of her light was shewn to enable Mervyn to distinguish at some distance a large house, to which the monk pointed.

"Haste to the grange yonder," said he, "and greet Gaffer Andrews from me; he will furnish thee with a fleet horse and proper arms for thy journey; ride hard and make for the coast; thou may'st earn fame and honour in a foreign land, though they be denied thee here; if thou art found in England, nought can save thee."

Archibald wrung the hand of his cousin, and burst into tears.

"God bless thee, Thomas," he muttered; "God bless thee for this kindness to a ruined kinsman—farewell."

The monk watched the receding figure of his kinsman, until it was no longer discernible, and then retired to his cell to pray for his safe escape.

. . . .

To be continued.

WINDSOR.

We arrived at Windsor, and proceeded immediately to visit the celebrated terrace, eighteen hundred feet in length. The view from it is the richest and most extensive I ever beheld.

'Here in full light the russet plains extend.'

But the sublimity of the spectacle it is said to present, has been much exaggerated. Descriptions generally lead one into error; and therefore I avoid them in my letters to you — merely a few sketches — your brilliant fancy is more likely to complete the *tableau.*

Now, this superb and boasted landscape is neither so majestic as the Alpine scenery of Switzerland; — neither so cheerful, nor so romantic, as the winding banks of the Thames; — nor of such Arcadian loveliness, as the enchanting valley of Richmond. Too extensive a view is like unlimited power, it never can belong to any body; it fatigues the imagination without satisfying the mind.

The castle itself is fine, only because it is vastly great, and venerably antique. You are aware that William the Conqueror laid the foundations of this mighty edifice, upon which you cannot fail to observe the marks of chivalry and feudality. In no part of Europe have so many feudal customs been retained as in this country; nor in any other where their forms have blended themselves with a system of liberty. It is from ancient decorations that the splendour and majesty of the throne are composed. But this splendour, this majesty, which constitute the preservation and respect of public power, are always in favour of the laws, and never against them.

The interior of the castle is far from being magnificent. The furniture is old, worn out, and in the very worst taste. But here are the seven celebrated Cartoons of Raphael. These sublime sketches, although merely painted in water-colours, upon paper, are in a high state of preservation. The conception of the painter appears in all its freshness, in all its energy, in all its purity. Were I a painter, it would be at the foot of such *chefs-de'œuvres* that my studies should commence. It is there that the imagination would best learn either to increase or moderate the fires of genius. There, too, talent will grasp all the mysteries, all the resources of art.

The Cartoon representing Paul preaching to the Athenians, is that which struck me most forcibly. What a brilliant conception—what an *ensemble*—what a variety in its composition. There are not two figures alike, with regard to attitude, look, or manner: all are in perfect keeping; not one but possesses all that nature or dignity could bestow.

After these magnificent paintings, which we could not sufficiently admire, you will easily perceive that we did not observe many things in the other galleries worthy of attention. However, we stopped to look at some of the beauties of the reign of Charles II. — some superb Vandykes, a portrait of Henry VIII., by Holbein, frightfully true to nature — a few paintings by Genario, none of whose compositions I had ever seen before. They must be very scarce, and are not without considerable merit.

Mirabeau's Letters.

We take the following from a clever little volume entitled, "The Village Poor House," by a Country Curate.

WILL SOMERS'S SONG.

'My mother she was frail and old,
And I her only child;
Our home was desolate and cold,
And vainly still I toiled:
They taxed my strength, I gave it free;
And what was all they gave to me?

'A pittance that would scarce find food;
And even in Winter's snow
Was any left to purchase wood,
To warm my mother?—no!
Cold, weary, weak, and wanting bread,
I thank'd my God when she was dead.

'I cannot fawn as others do,
I cannot feign a tear,
I hate the flinty-hearted crew,
The soulless Overseer,—
They grudge, they grumble, they enjoin—
I curse them as I take their coin!

'*Their* coin! Great God of Heaven! 'tis ours;
They stamp it in our sweat:
They task us till our failing powers
Make young men old, and yet,
When at their niggard boards I've stood
They've grudged to me the price of blood.

'I've tried in stubborn pride to steel
My heart 'gainst their control,
But now they've chafed me, and I feel
The tiger in my soul.
Back, back a hundred fold they'll pay
The years of mine they've made their prey!

'The 'Squire has covers many a one,
I know the pheasant's haunt,
None who has courage and a gun
Need fear the pangs of want,
Huzza! 'tis hunger claims her right,
The covers shall be thinn'd to-night!"

PORTUGUESE ECCLESIASTICS.

Jack Pills contrived to scrape an acquaintance with the reverends of the house in which he lived—albeit their domestic economy could not be reduced to amalgamation. Indeed, though there were, perhaps, two thousand persons to be cooked and provided for daily by English means, I dare say the ecclesiastics knew no more about our method of procedure than we do about the real mode of lighting up the moon. Pills, however, from going oftener out and in than any body else, and from a jovial free-hearted disposition, made friends of all hands in the refectory. He was himself an Irishman; but I think he was not a Catholic. In all foreign countries, it is no secret, that if a man is known to be Irish, he is inscribed Catholic, as a matter of course; and my friend Jack was sufficiently aware of the advantage, not to have given such a notion any uncalled-for contradiction. Be that as it may, he asked the whole priesthood to a banquet one evening; and all the subordinates duly came.—His lordship, the prior, or whatever he was, wisely staid away—sending an apology, which proved him to be a *gentleman*.

Of course, I tell the story nearly as Jack Pills told it to me. He said that he had provided a considerable quantity of *agoa ardente*, which, by lemons, &c. he made into palatable-enough punch; and he had a bottle or two of rum, an article much in request among the higher orders, of both sexes, in Portugal. In the course of ten minutes, and long before the master of the feast had felt the taste of his mouth, all the guests were drunk. This is the case, if Portuguese sit down to punch. They do not drink it, they swallow it off at once. They know nothing of enjoying society by the aid of a cheering glass; it is with them a mere animal indulgence, they know nothing of the intellectual, moral, or intelligent feast. Moreover, they are of opinion, that if they do sit down in English company, drunk they must get; and, consequently, like cows, dogs, horses, and sheep, in certain circumstances, they are anxious "*tentare extremum.*"

Well—Jack was taken quite aback by this beginning; expecting, as elsewhere he might have found, that there would be a long evening. *His* commenced somewhere between six and seven; and was no sooner, or but little sooner, begun than ended. However, as drinking is iniquitous, or dangerous in the commencement only, he hoped to keep his company together by an assurance, that though all the liquor on the table was gone, he had abundance more at hand. This delighted their reverences; and, when, at eight o'clock, a request came from the superior that they should perform their evening duty, they sent an impertinent message in return, desiring him to go to prayers himself—or something to that effect.

In a short time, another message came, of a somewhat more peremptory nature. Jack (seeing which way the wind was about to blow, and delighting in mischief) observed that he thought his guests were very ill used, and himself too. The result was, the expulsion of this messenger with ceremonials almost of a violent nature; their reverences declaring that they would not go to prayers for all the priors and Virgin Maries in the universe, till they liked. Jack Pills very much applauded this decision—hinted how unpolite it was of the prior not to have favoured him with his own company; and said, that if they would wait half an hour longer, and take more punch, as he himself had scarcely had any, he would not only go to prayers with them, but order all the convalescents to attend. This was *prime;* and more punch was swallowed, to the success of the projected congregation.

In the midst of these enjoyments, or rather about the time at which they had reached the *ne plus ultra,* the awful scowling visage of the clerical commandant appeared at the door of the bacchanalian temple. In a voice of thunder, he ordered his subordinates to attend their duty; and, in a voice of mockery, they, one and all, desired him to betake himself to a certain warm place. He threatened them with his high displeasure; they replied with torrents of the lowest obscenity. All this was bad enough, but so irresistibly ludicrous, that Pills burst into an ungovernable fit of laughter, which was deemed more offensive than all the scurrility the good padre had been assailed with. To this he was probably somewhat habituated, and probably with it he knew how to deal: but to be *laughed at!* However, Jack seeing things about to grow serious, hearing something about informing Lord Wellington, and being heartily tired of his company, he called in the servants of the hospital, who assisted the prior to get his refractory subjects down stairs. How it fared with them, we never exactly knew, but no friar of the *Da Graca* would speak to an Englishman afterwards.

Sketches of Society in Portugal.

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

Paddy Fooshane kept a shebeen house at Barleymount cross, in which he sold whisky — from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenues—ale, and provisions. One evening a number of friends, returning from a funeral — all neighbours too— stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Angar, a stout rattling fellow, the natural son of a gentleman residing near there; Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Cournane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a march-of-intellect man, who wished to enlighten protectors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out; so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whisky and ale began to flow. After due observation, and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim—with his gun between his legs—and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlour below, testified, in frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property. One boy held several splinters to light them, and another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire. This, however, did not prevent him from making many sallies to discover the state of the game. A ring, two or three deep, surrounded the players, and in their looks exhibited the most keen interest. This group formed what might be termed the foreground of the picture. In one corner were squatted five boys and three girls, also playing cards for pins. But, notwithstanding the smallness of the stakes, there were innumerable scuffles, and an unceasing clamour kept up, through which the treble of the girls was sure to be heard, and which, every now and then, required curses loud and deep, from some unfortunate player at the large table, to silence. On the block by the fire sat Paddy himself, convulsing a large audience with laughter at some humorous story, or at one of his own practical jokes, while his wife bustled about, beat the dog, set pieces of plates and keelers to receive the rain wherever it oozed through the thatch, and occasionally stopped, half-provoked and half-admiring, to shake her head at her husband. Card-playing is very thirsty, and the boys were anxious to keep out the wet; so that long before the pig's head was decided, a messenger had been dispatched to Killarney, a distance of four English miles, for a pint of whisky each time. The ale also went merrily round, until most of the men were quite stupid, their faces swoln, and their eyes red and heavy. The contest at length was decided; but a quarrel about the skill of the respective parties succeeded, and threatened broken heads at one time. Indeed, had Tim been able to effect the purpose at which he diligently laboured, of getting the gun to his shoulder, it is very probable he would have taken ample satisfaction for some dreadful affront offered him by Andy; who, on his part, directed all his discourse to a large wooden gallon at the other end of the table. The imperturbable coolness of his opponent provoked Andy exceedingly. Abuse is bad enough; but contemptuous silence is more than flesh and blood can bear, particularly as he felt that he was running aground fast when he had the conversation to himself. He became quite furious, and, after two or three efforts started up, and made a rush towards his wooden adversary; but the great slipperiness of the ground laid him on the flat of his back. This gave time, so that several interfered, and peace was made; but the harmony of the night was destroyed. At last, Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; damn him but he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some *griskins* forthwith. Paddy was completely nonplused: — all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses—"'Twas late—'twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house; sure they ate and drank enough." But all in vain. The ould sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlour, consisting of his wife and himself.

"Agrah, Jillen, agrah, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was yours, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it; but I mane the cow's," (aside.)

"Sure the proctors got the tongue ere yesterday, and you know there an't a bit in the tub. Oh the murtherin villains! and I'll engage 'twill be no good for us, after all my white bread and the whisky. That it may poison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where's the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if we don't make it out any how; —and he hasn't a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail coach, Jillen, through his breeches pocket without jolting over a ha'penny. Coming; coming; d'ye hear 'em?"

"Oh, they'll murther us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gauger."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare to God here's Andy getting up. We must do something. *T'honom an dhiaoul*, I have it. Jillen, run and bring me the leather breeches; run woman, alive! Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripes. Considering the situation in which Andy and his friends were, and the appetite of the Irish peasantry for meat in any shape — "a bone" being their *summum bonum* — the risk was very little. If discovered, however, Paddy's safety was much worse than doubtful, as no people in the world have a greater horror of any unusual food. One of the most deadly modes of revenge they can employ is to give an enemy cat or dog's flesh; and there have been instances where the persons who have eaten it, on being informed of the fact, have gone mad. But Paddy's habit of practical jokes, from which nothing could wean him, and his anger at their conduct, along with the fear he was in, did not allow him to hesitate a moment. Jillen remonstrated in vain. "Hould your tongue, you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there. They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a hog for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table, and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

"By J——," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stuff. How a man would dig a trench after that."

"I'll take a priest's oath," answered Tom Cobill, the most irritable of men, but whose temper was something softened by the rich steam;—

"Yet, Tim, what's a priest's oath? I never heard that."

"Why, sure, every one knows you didn't ever hear of anything of good."

"I say you lie, Tim, you rascal."

Tim was on his legs in a few moments, and a general battle was about to begin; but the appetite was too strong, and the quarrel was settled; Tim having been appeased by being allowed to explain a priest's oath.—According to him, a priest's oath was this:—He was surrounded by books, which were gradually piled up until they reached his lips. He then kissed the uppermost, and swore by all to the bottom. As soon as the admiration excited by his explanation, in those who were capable of hearing Tim, had ceased, all fell to work; and certainly, if the tripes had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time, "Well says Owen Connor, "that I mightn't!—but these are the quarest tripes I ever ate. It must be she was very ould."

"By J——," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour, "I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull, man; I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you, Andy," said the man of the gun; "and 'tis the greatest shame they hadn't a bull-bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's bull you got 'em? They'd do for wadding, they're so tough."

"I'll tell you, Tim, where I got them —'twas out of Lord Shannon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant —*Asda churp naur hagushek.**

"Amen, I pray God! Paddy. Out of Lord Shannon's cow? near the steeple, I suppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By J——, these are fine tripes. They'll make a man very strong. Andy, give me two or three *libbhers* more of 'em."

"Well, see that! out of Lord Shannon's cow: I wonder what they gave her, Paddy. That I mightn't! — but these would eat a pit of potatoes. Any how, they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good mate from Cork to the Blacks?"

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavouring to help Tim, uttered a loud "*Thonom an dhiaoul!* what's this? Isn't this flannel?" The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry, had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with wonderful quickness he said, "'Tis the book tripe, *agragal*, don't you see?" — and actually persuaded them to it.

"Well, any how," says Tim, "it had the taste of wool."

"May this choke me," says Jack Shea, "if I didn't think that 'twas a piece of a leather breeches when I saw Andy *chawing* it."

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self-possession was nearly altogether lost, and he could do no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. After looking at Paddy for some time with a very ominous look, he said, "*Yirro Pandhrig* of the tricks, if I thought you were going on with any work here, my soul and my guts to the devil if I would not cut you into garters. By the vestment I'd make a *furkurmeen* of you."

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* May it never come out of his body!

"Is it I, Andy? That the hands may fall off me!"

But Tim Cohill made a most seasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die you'll be the death of one fool, any how. What do you know that wasn't ever in Cork itself about tripes. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the County of Kerry if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had got for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripes again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, "*Kirkappa, dar dhia!*"—[A button by G—.]

"What's that you say?" burst from all! and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

"Oh the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm pisoned! Where's the pike? For God's sake, Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he? D—n yeer bloods won't ye catch him, and I pisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee-buttons, sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy. As soon as it had been discerned what had been done, there was an universal rush for Paddy and Jillen; but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught, after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house, and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters, to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after. He might be seen prowling along the ditches near the shebeen-house, waiting for a shot at him. Not that he would have scrupled to enter it, were he likely to find Paddy there; but the latter was completely on the *shuchraun*, and never visited his cabin except by stealth. It was in one of those visits that Andy hoped to catch him. *Tait's Edin. Mag.*

HAWKSYARD HALL.

BY HORACE GUILFORD.

For the Olio.

> You see these lifeless stumps of Aspin wood,
> Some say that they are beeches, others elms;
> Those were the bower, and here a mansion stood,
> The finest palace of a hundred realms.
>
> The arbour doth its own condition tell,
> You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
> But as for the great lodge, you might as well
> Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.
>
> *Wordsworth.*

The bees are in the sycamore,
His broadly-curtain'd boughs
Boom with a pleasant song, as they
On honey blooms carouse.

The eternal Trent rolls royally,
Between his wealthy shores;
And heaven upon his painted tide,
Its shower and sunshine pours.

And purple floats o'er Cannock Moor,
The heather's ancient pall;
And green woods wave o'er Startley Head,
But where is Hawksyard Hall?

The quaint carved house, whose gable front
Look'd up the broad domain;
Far as the eastern towers and woods
Of knightly Malvesyn?

I knew its tapestried halls no more
Convened the vestal train;
Nor flam'd above its blazon'd porch
The gilded dragon vane.

I knew the Merloun's Milan bells
No more at sunrise rang;
Nor maids by moonlight blush'd to hear
What warrior minstrels sang.

But then they said—'twas mine to trace
The moat, and rushes wild;
And see the stunted Damascene,
Where once an orchard smiled.

Alas! the loneliest swamp that hears
The bittern's dreary cry;
Where never but its shadow threw,
Betwixt the turf and sky:

Is not more trackless to the view,
More dully desolate;
Than this, where courtesy combined
With patriarchal state.

And alder hedge, a heap of stones,
By one pale oak o'erspread;
A broidery of bladed corn,
And clover green and red.

No more—not e'en an aged tree,
To shake his standard o'er
The honour'd site, whose vanish'd walls
The Rugeley's roses bore.

Ah me! yon steep and bowery lane,
With pearly hawthorns drest;
The knight unheeding trod, who came
To Hawksyard Hall a guest.

He only mark'd mid waving woods,
The high-hung portal bell;
Or gable gray, or chimney shaft,
Or sun-gilt pinnacle.

But now the meanest flower that paints
The bank where sun-flakes fall,
Wins the fond eye that idly seeks
The site of Hawksyard Hall.

Traditions, chaunted chronicles,
In vain deaf ages drown;
Still fancy decorates the place,
With colourings all her own.

She weaves the golden web anew,
And if the muse be wanting;
The antiquary's day dream makes
The nameless heap enchanting.

Farewell then,—hail I may not say,
But, Hawkeyard! fare thee well;
And thus, memorial phantom! hear,
In artless notes, thy knell!

There is a strength in honour's home,
A spell in valour's reign,
Beyond the power of time to touch,
Or ruin to profane.

And where soft charity hath dealt
Her blessings at the gate,
A thousand angels' viewless feet
The lone spot consecrate.

Years may transfer the fleeting crown
Of earthy pomp and pride;
But pale oblivion spares the site,
That virtue sanctified.

Sleep then the corn where pavements rang,
And not a shield survive;
The very ground itself asserts
A proud prerogative.

The solemn woods, the princely stream,
The blue heath's mighty verge,
Shall blend in high mysterious tale
Its annals and its dirge.

The spirits of its shrouded lords,
Shall brood majestic by!
Such ruins never can decay,
Such dead can never die!

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN ABYSSINIA.

The manner in which the Abyssinians kill the elephant is as follows:—Two men, absolutely naked, mount a single horse; one has nothing in his hand but a switch or a short stick the which he uses to manage the horse; while his comrade, armed with a broad sword, sits patiently behind him. As soon as the elephant is discovered feeding, the horsemen ride before him, and crossing him in all directions, they each vauntingly exclaim—"I am such a man, and such a man; this is my horse, that has such a name; I killed your father in such a place, and your grandfather in such another place, and now I am come to kill you, who are but an ass in comparison to them!" This nonsense (which is used by the Abyssinians to almost every description of enemy) the man actually fancies is understood by this enormous animal, who, getting at last vexed and angry at being "so pestered by a popinjay," rushes at the horse, following and turning after him, to endeavour to seize him with his trunk, or, by one blow with it, to level him with the dust. While he is thus occupied, the horseman suddenly wheels about, and then rapidly riding past the animal, the swordsman suddenly slips off and cuts the elephant's tendon just above the heel of the hind leg. The horseman again wheels, and returning at full gallop, his companion vaults up behind him. The mischief being done, and the poor victim as it were tethered to the ground, the horsemen leave him to search for another of the herd, while a party on foot attack him with lances, and at last put an end to his sufferings and his life. One of the greatest dangers, in riding after the elephant, proceeds from the stumps of the trees which he breaks in forcing his way among them, and also from the young trees, which, bending without breaking, recoil with such violence, that they often have been known to dash both horse and rider to the ground; whereupon the elephant generally turns, and trampling on his tiny enemy, luxuriously tears "the lord of the creation" limb by limb to pieces. Besides this, the soil, like that of all hot countries during the dry season, is cracked and spilt into such deep chasms, that riding is attended with very great danger.

CUBA FISHERMEN.

Continued from p. 39.

To my great joy and surprise, the poor dumb beast rose from where he had coiled himself at my feet, and after having actually embraced me, by putting his forepaws on my shoulders, as he stood on his hind legs, and licked my face from ear to ear, uttering a low, fondling, nuzzling sort of whine, like a nurse caressing a child, he at once leapt on the window sill, put his forepaws through the handkerchief, and was dropped to the ground again. I could immediately perceive the two dark figures of the pilot and his wife, followed by the dog, glide away as noiselessly as if they had been spirits of the night, until they were lost under the shade of the thick jungle.

I turned in, and—what will not youth and fatigue do?—I fell once more fast asleep, and never opened my eyes until Obed shook me in my cot about eight o'clock in the morning.

"Good morning, Lieutenant. I have sent up your breakfast, but you don't seem inclined to eat it."

"Don't you believe it, my dear Obed. I have been sound asleep till this moment; only stop till I have slipped on my—those shoes, if you please—thank you. Waistcoat—that will do. Now

—coffee, fish, yams, and plantains, and biscuit, white as snow, and short as—and eggs—and—zounds! claret to finish with? Why, Obed, you surely don't desire that I should enjoy all these delicacies in solitary blessedness?"

"Why, I intend to breakfast with you, if my society be not disagreeable."

"Disagreeable? Not in the least, quite the contrary. That black grouper looks remarkably beautiful. Another piece of yam, if you please.—Shall I fill you a cup of coffee, Obed? For my own part, I always stow the ground tier of my cargo dry, and then take a topdressing. Write this down as an approved axiom with all thorough breakfast-eaters. Why, man, you are off your feed; what are you turning up your ear for, in that incomprehensible fashion, like a duck in thunder? A little of the claret —thank you. The very best butter I have ever eaten out of Ireland — now, some of that Avocado pear — and as for biscuit, Leman never came up to it. I say, man, — hillo, where are you?—rouse ye out of your brown study, man."

"Did you hear that, Mr. Cringle?"

"Hear what?—I heard nothing," rejoined I; "but hand me over that land crab.—Thank you, and you may send the spawl of that creeping thing along with it; that guana. I had a dislike to eating a lizard at first, but I have got over it somehow; — and a thin slice of ham, a small taste of the unclean beast, Obed—peach-fed, I'll warrant."

There was a pause. The report of a great gun came booming along, reverberated from side to side of the lagoon, the echoes growing shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker, until they growled themselves asleep in a hollow rumble like distant thunder.

"Ha, ha! Dick Gasket for a thousand! Old Blowhard has stuck in your skirts, Master Obed—but Lord help us, man! let us finish our breakfast; he won't be *here* this half hour."

I expected to see mine host's forehead lowering like a thunder cloud from my ill-timed funning; but to my surprise, his countenance exhibited more amenity than I thought had been in the nature of the beast, as he replied,—

"Why, Lieutenant, the felucca put to sea last night, to keep a bright look-out at the mouth of our cove here. I suppose that is him overhauling some vessel."

"It may be so;—hush! there's another gun—*Two!*"

Obed changed countenance at the double report.

"I say, Obed, the felucca did not carry more than *one* gun when I saw her, and she had no time to load and fire again."

He did not answer a word, but continued, with a piece of guana on the end of his fork in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, as if he had been touched by the wand of a magician. Presently we heard one or two dropping shots, quickly thickening into a rattle of musketry. He threw down his food, picked up his hat, and trundled down stairs, as if the devil had kicked him. "Pedro que hay," I could hear him say to some one below, who appeared to have arrived in great haste, for he gasped for breath—

"Aqui viene la felucha," answered Pedro; "perseguido por dos Lanchas Canoneras llenas de Gente."

"Abordo entonces, Abordo todo el mundo, arma arma, aqui vienen los Engleses, arma, arma."

And all from that instant was a regular billabaloo. The drums on board the schooners beat to quarters, a great bell which had been slung on the fork of a tree, formerly the ornament of some goodly ship, no doubt, clanged away at a furious rate, the crews were hurrying to and fro, shouting to each other in Creole Spanish, and Yankee English, while every cannon-shot from the felucca or the boat guns came louder and louder, and the small arms peppered away sharper and sharper. The shouts of the men engaged, both friends and foes, were now heard, and I could hear Obed's voice on board the largest schooner, which lay full in view from my window, giving orders, not only to his own crew, but to those of the others. I heard him distinctly sing out, after ordering them to haul upon the spring on his cable, "Now, men, I need not tell you to fight bravely, for if you are taken every devil of you will be hanged, so hoist away the signal," and a small black ball flew up through the rigging, until it reached the maintopgallant-mast-head of the schooner, where it hung a moment, and in the next blew out in a large *black* swallow-tailed flag, like a commodore's broad pennant. "Now, shrieked he, "let me see who dares give in with *this* voucher for his honesty flying aloft!"

I twisted and craned myself out of the window, to get a view of what was going on elsewhere; however, I could see nothing but Obed's large schooner from it, all the other craft were out of the range of my eye, being hid by the projecting roof of the shed. The noise continued—the shouting rose higher than ever—the other schooners opened their fire, both cannon and musketry; and from the increasing vehemence of the Spanish exclamations, and the cheering on board Obed's vessels, I concluded the attacking party were having the worst of it. My dog Sneezer now came jumping and scrambling up the trap-stair, his paws slipping between the bars at every step, his mouth wide open, and his tongue hanging out, while he barked, and yelled, and gasped to get at me, as if his life depended on it. After him I could see the round woolly pate of Peter Mangrove, Esquire, as excited apparently as the dog, and as anxious to get up; but they got jammed together in the small hatch, and stuck there man and beast. At length Peter spoke—"Now sir, now, Nancy has run on before to the beach with two paddles; now for it, now for it." Down trundled master, and dog, and pilot. By this time there was no one in the lower part of the shed, which was full of smoke, while the infernal tumult on the waters still raged as furiously as ever, the shot of all sorts and sizes hissing, and splashing, and *ricochetting* along the smooth surface of the harbour, as if there had been a sleet of musket and cannon balls and grape. Peter struck out at the top of his speed, Sneezer and I followed; we soon reached the jungle, dashed through a path that had been recently cleared with a cutlass or billhook, for the twigs were freshly shred, and in about ten minutes reached the high wood. However, no rest for the wicked, although the row seemed lessening now. "Some one has got the worst of it," said I.

"Never mind, master," quoth Peter, "or we shan't get de betterest ourself." And away we galloped again, until I had scarcely a rag an inch square on my back, or *any where* else, and my skin was torn in pieces by the prickly bushes and spear grass. The sound of firing now ceased entirely, although there was loud shouting now and then still.

"Push on, massa — dem will soon miss we."

"True enough, Peter — but what is that?" as we came to a bundle of clouts wallopping about in the morass.

"De devil it must be, I tink," said the pilot. "No, my Nancy it is, sticking in the mud up to her waist; what shall us do? you tink, massa, we hab time for can stop to pick she out?"

"Heaven have mercy, Peter — yes, unquestionably."

"Well, massa, you know best." So we tugged at the sable heroine, and first one leg came home out of the tenacious clay with a *plop*, then the other was drawn out of the quagmire. We then relieved her of the paddles, and each taking hold of one of the poor half-dead creature's hands, we succeeded in getting down to the beach, about half a mile to leeward of the entrance to the cove. We found the canoe there, plumped Nancy stern foremost into the bottom of it for ballast, gathered all our remaining energies for a grand shove, and ran her like lightning into the surf, till the water flashed over and over us, reaching to our necks. Next moment we were both swimming, and the canoe, although full of water, beyond the surf, rising and falling on the long swell. We scrambled on board, set Nancy to bale with Peter's hat, seized our paddles, and sculled away like fury for ten minutes right out to sea, without looking once about us, until a musket-shot whistled over our heads, then another, then a third; and I had just time to hold up a white handkerchief, to prevent a whole platoon being let drive at us from the deck of his Britannic majesty's schooner Gleam, lying to about a cable's length to windward of us, with the Firebrand a mile astern of her out at sea. In five minutes we got on board of the former.

"Mercy on me, Tom Cringle, and is this the way we are to meet again?" said old Dick Gasket, as he held out his large, bony, sun-burnt hand to me. "You have led me a nice dance, in a vain attempt to redeem you from bondage, Tom; but I am delighted to see you, although I have not had the credit of being your deliverer — very glad to see you, Tom; but come along, man, come down with me, and let me rig you, not quite a Stultze's fit, you know, but a jury rig—you shall have as good as Dick Gasket's kit can furnish forth, for really you are in a miserable plight, man."

"Bad enough, indeed, Mr. Gasket—many thanks though — bad enough, as you say; but I would that your boat's crew were in so good a plight."

Mr. Gasket looked earnestly at me—"Why, I have my own misgivings, Mr. Cringle; this morning at daybreak, the Firebrand in company, we fell in with an armed felucca. It was dead calm, and she was out of gunshot, close in with the land. The Firebrand immediately sent the cutter on board, fully armed, with instructions to me to man the launch, and arm her with the boat-gun, and then to send both boats to overhaul the felucca. I did so, standing in as quickly as the light air would take me, to support them; the felucca all this while sweeping in shore as fast as she could pull. But the boats were too nimble for her, and our launch had already saluted her twice from the six-pounder in the bow, when the sea-breeze came thundering down in a white squall, that reefed our gaff top-sail in a trice, and blew away a whole lot of light sails, like so many paper kites. When it cleared away, the devil a felucca, boat, or any thing else, was to be seen. Capsized they could not have been, for all three were not likely to have gone that way; and as to any creek they could have run into, why we could see none. That they had pulled in shore, however, was our conclusion; but here have we been the whole morning firing signal guns every five minutes without success."

"Did you hear no firing after the squall?" said I.

"Why, some of my people thought they did, but it was that hollow, tremulous, reverberating kind of sound, that it might have been thunder; and the breeze blew too strong to have allowed us to hear musketry a mile and a half to windward of them. I did think I saw some smoke rise, and blow off now and then, but"—

"But me no buts, Master Richard Gasket; Peter Mangrove here, as well as myself, saw your people pursue the felucca into the lion's den, and I fear they have been crushed in his jaws." I briefly related what we had seen—Gasket was in great distress.

"They must have been taken, Mr. Cringle. The fools, to allow themselves to be trepanned in this way! we must stand out and speak the corvette—All hands make sail!"

To be concluded in our next.

The Naturalist.

Sparrows.—We have often heard of birds choosing singular places for building their nests, but of none more singular than that we are about to record. A coal vessel from Newcastle, or some place in that neighbourhood, having lately been at Nairn, two sparrows were frequently observed to light on the top of the vessel's mast; and the crew, after being several hours at sea, were much astonished at seeing the two creatures following the sloop. After being exhausted with flying, they perched themselves on the top of the mast. Crumbs of bread were thrown on the deck, with the view of alluring them down; but they resisted the temptation for a considerable time. Pressed by hunger, they at last descended to the deck, and ate up with avidity the fragments that were scattered before them. Having eaten a hearty meal, the feathered voyagers returned to the topmast. By the time the vessel was two days at sea, they descended from their high altitude once on an average every three hours, when, after partaking of some food, they regularly returned to their elevated quarters. Matters proceeded in this way during the voyage, which was a long one, the crew all the while being alike ignorant of what had attracted them in the first instance to the vessel, and of what could have induced them to put to sea. On reaching the river Tyne the matter was explained. A nest, with four young ones in it, was discovered at the topmast. The nest, with its callow inmates, was taken down by the sailors, and being put, in the presence of the old birds, into a crevice of an old house on the banks of the river, the unfledged creatures were left to parental care, which they doubtless received.

Table Talk.

Visit to Herschel.—We slept at Windsor, and, on the following morning, went to pay our respects to the famous astronomer, Herschel. The English still persist in calling the planet he discovered three years ago, by the name of the *Georgium Sidus;* but Europe, indeed the whole world, more just to the philosopher than his country—have decreed that it shall bear his own name. Herschel is between forty and fifty years of age; and his life has been of a chequered nature. He was born in Hanover. I believe his father was a musician. He entered the Hanoverian service, as a flute-player—became disgusted with the army—deserted—and came over to England. Some nobleman engaged him to form a band. He afterwards became a music-master, and an organist; but his love for astronomy was so powerful, that he found means, when not occupied in his profession, to bring reflecting telescopes to perfection. He is now engaged in preparing one that will be forty feet in length. It will occupy him three or four years in completing. Herschel received us with great kindness — talked to us upon astronomical subjects—and assured us that, within these few months, he had made the discovery of a volcanic mountain in the moon. He tells us that the milky way is certainly composed of nebulous stars, and that they consist of several thousands. He is allowed a pension by government. His anxieties and miseries are now at an end; and the remainder of his life he intends to devote to astronomical pursuits. In his studio, he has written, over the mantel-piece, the inscription of Gil Blas:—"Spes et fortuna valete, sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios."

Mirabeau's Letters.

Lord Hill at Talavera.——Hill was moving up to reinforce Colonel Donkin, and was in the act of giving some orders to the colonel of the 48th regiment, when he was fired at from this summit; and not doubting that the shots proceeded from some British stragglers, who mistook the direction of their fire, he rode smartly up, accompanied by his brigade major, Fordyce, to stop them. These two were instantly surrounded by the enemy; Fordyce was killed on the spot; and the hand of a French grenadier was already on the bridal of Hill's charger; but the general spurred his horse hard, broke away and galloped off. Directing the wounded beast downwards, he met a part of the 29th; and turning, led them up with uncalculating courage to the charge. The old 29th did not disappoint him; they won back the summit at the point of the bayonet. But scarcely had the general placed them in position by the side of Colonel Donkin's brigade, ere a heavy mass of French battalions again advanced; and a violent attack, of which the first was but a prelude, burst upon them.—The fire flashed red upon the night; and was delivered so close, that the combatants discerned each other's formation within a few paces. The British having poured in their deadly volley, rushed on with their bayonets, broke the dark column, and drove it down.

Tradition of the Red Sea.—The superstition of the neighbourhood (a point in the Red Sea, which is remarkable for the furious gusts to which it is almost continually subject) ascribes it to a supernatural, and not to a physical cause; for this being, according to received tradition, the spot where the chosen people under Moses passed over, the ignorant imagine that, since it was also here that the host of Pharaoh was swallowed up, their restless spirits still remain at the bottom of the deep, and are continually busied in drawing down mariners to their destruction; a notion so received among all the seafaring people along that coast, that it would be quite in vain to argue against it.

Starch.—The manufacture of starch was known to the ancients. Pliny informs us that it was made from wheat and from *siligo*, which was probably a variety or sub-species of wheat. The invention of starch is ascribed by Pliny to the inhabitants of Chio, where in his time the best starch was still made. Pliny's description of the method employed by the ancients of making starch is tolerably exact. Next to the Chian starch that of Crete was most celebrated; and next to it was the Egyptian. The qualities of starch were judged by the weight; the lightest being always reckoned the best.

Character of the English.—John Selden, the glory of the English nation, as Grotius calls him, thus describes his countrymen. "Their ingenuity will not allow them to be excellent at the cheat; but are rather subject in that kind to take than to give, and supposing others as open-hearted as themselves, are many times in treaties overmatched by those whom they overmatch in arms; upon the same account they are neither imperious over those beneath, nor stubborn against those above; but can well discern both person and time. They will honour majesty whenever they see it. The only way to conquer them, is to let them have their liberties; for, like some horses, they are good for carriage, as long as their burthens are easy and sit loose upon them, but if too close girt, they will break all, or cast their burthens aside."

The Barking of Dogs.—Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs, which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this circumstance. Isaiah compares the blind watchmen of Israel to these animals: "they are dumb, they cannot bark." But on the contrary, David compares the noise of his enemies to the "dogs round about the city." Hence the barking of a dog is an acquired faculty—an effort to speak which he derives from his associating with man, * * * It cannot be doubted that dogs, in this country, bark more and fight less than formerly. This may be accounted for by the civilization of the lower orders, who have gained a higher taste in their sports and pastimes than badger-baitings and dog-fights; and it may with truth be asserted, that the march of intellect has had its influence even upon the canine race, in destroying that natural ferocity for war, which, happily for the world, is now spent more in words than in blows.

Source of the Ganges.—The mountain scenery which surrounds Gangoutri, where the infant Ganges bursts into view, is sublime and amazing. The traveller winds his way to this place, clambering over steep rocks, or creeping along the face of precipices, where flights of steps are formed by posts driven into the crevices. At length he reaches the village, consisting only of a few huts and the temple dedicated to Mahadeo. Here naked and pointed cliffs, shooting up to the sky with confused masses of rock lying at their feet, and only a few trees rooting themselves in the deep chasms, making the spectator feel as if he had trode on the ruins of a former world. Vast shattered precipices, which frown over the temple, have strewn the vicinity with enormous fragments of granite, destined probably one day to overwhelm the edifice itself. A few old pines throw a dark shade over the troubled waters, whose roar is heard beneath, mingled with the stifled but fearful sound of the stones borne down by the current. Rocky heights shut in the prospects on every side except towards the east, where, behind a crowd of naked spires, the view is bounded by the four snowy peaks of Roodroo Himala.

Pottery of the Ancients.—Herodotus records of Asychis, one of the kings of Egypt, that he built a pyramid of bricks made of the mud or silt dredged up from the bottom of the river. All the Roman bricks are of a deep red colour, very compact and well burnt. In ancient Rome, it was said of Augustus, that he found the city of brick, and left it of marble. That part of the walls of Athens which looks towards Mount Hymettus, was built of brick. In China, bricks are made of blue clay more or less sandy.

Ardent Spirits a Poison.—When pure ardent spirits are taken into the stomach, they cause irritation, which is evinced by warmth and pain experienced in that organ; and next, inflammation of the delicate coats of this part and sometimes gangrene. They act in the same manner as poisons. Besides the local injury they produce, they act on the nerves of the stomach which run to the brain, and if taken in large quantities cause insensibility, stupor, irregular convulsive action, difficult breathing, and often sudden death.

Stocking Weaving.——"William Lee, M.M., I thinke," says Aubrey, "of Magdalen Hall, Oxon, was the first inventor of the weaving of stockings, by an engine of his contrivance. He was a Sussex man born, or else lived there. He was a poor curate, and observing how much paines his wife tooke in knitting a paire of stockings, he bought a stocking and a halfe, and observed the contrivance of the stitch, which he designed in his loome, which (though some of the instruments of the engine he altered) keepes the same to this day. He went into France, and there died before his loome was made there. So the art was not long since in no part of the world, except England. Oliver Cromwell, protector, made an act that it should be felony to transport this engine. This information I tooke from a weaver (by this engine) in Pearpole-lane, 1656. Sir I. Hoskyns, Mr. I. Hoskyns, Mr. Stafford Tyndale, and I, went purposely to see it."

Swift's Impatience of Crosses.—Swift was born not for cogitation, but action — for turbulent times, not for calm. He ceases to be great directly he is still; and his bitterness at every vexation is so great, that I have often thought, in listening to him, of the Abbe de Cyran, who, attempting to throw nutshells out of the bars of his window, and constantly failing in the attempt, exclaimed in a paroxysm of rage, '*Thus does Providence delight in frustrating my designs.*'

Superstition in Scotland.—The following customs still linger in the south of Scotland. The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold, and to step on it, or over it, voluntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. This custom was universal in Rome, where it was observed as keeping in memory the rape of the Sabines, and that it was by a show of violence towards the females that the object of peopling the city was attained. On the same occasion a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride, which is also a rite of classic antiquity. In like manner the Scottish, even of the better rank, avoid contracting marriage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects, appear so peculiarly favourable for that purpose. It was specially objected to the marriage of Mary with the profligate Earl of Bothwell that the union was formed within this interdicted month. This prejudice was so rooted amongst the Scots, that in 1684 a set of enthusiasts, called Gibbites, proposed to renounce it, among a long list of stated festivals, fast days, popish relics, not forgetting the profane names of the days of the week, names of the months, and all sorts of idle and silly practices which their tender consciences took an exception to. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May, however fit a season for courtship, is also borrowed from the Roman Pagans, which, had these fanatics been aware of it, would have been an additional reason for their anathema against the practice.

Retreat of Massena.—By express orders from the French head-quarters, the city of Leyria, and the church of Alcobaça, (which are to the Portuguese as Westminster Abbey and the Bodleian to an Englishman) were given to the flames. The whole line of their retreat was marked by fire, desolation, and blood. The cruelties perpetrated ought not to be described. Every horror that could make war hideous attended this dreadful march. In the district of Coimbra, near 3000 persons were murdered by the French. Thousands hid themselves in the woods and mountains; but even here the marauders of the enemy, prowling like wolves for food, found them, — some in large and trembling companies, some caverned in lonely fear; and seizing their little stores of maize or pulse, slew them!—at times, in cruel favour, sparing the women."

Varieties.

Not to be Tempted.—"That's a fine stream for trouts, friend," observed a piscatorial acquaintance, the other day, to a genuine "Sprig" from the emerald isle, who was whipping away with great vigour at a well-known and favourite pool. "Fait, and it must be that same, sure enough," returned Pat, "for deuce a one of 'em 'll stir out of it."

Carrier Pigeons.—During the 18th century, it was not uncommon for the English merchants at Aleppo to obtain intelligence of the arrival of their vessels at Scanderoon by means of carrier pigeons. Whatever could be comprised in a few words was written on a slip of paper, and fastened to the pigeon, which immediately took flight. It was usual to send down the pigeons from Aleppo, that they might always be ready at the port. Maillet, the French Consul in Egypt, relates, that a merchant of Aleppo, having accidentally killed one of these feathered messengers, was the first to learn that a scarcity of galls prevailed in England, and, profiting by the intelligence, he speedily made a speculation by which he gained 10,000 crowns.

Extraordinary Madness. — There is at present a man who believes himself dead ever since the battle of Austerlitz, where he received a serious wound. His delirium consists in that he can no longer recognise his own body. If he is asked how he is, he says, you ask how *Pere* Lambert is, but he is dead, he was killed at the battle of Austerlitz; what you now see is not him, but a machine made in his likeness, and which has been very badly made. This man has frequently fallen into a state of immobility and insensibility, which lasts for several days. Neither sinapisms nor blisters ever cause the slightest pain. The skin has been frequently pinched, and pierced with pins, without his being aware of it.—Does not this man offer a remarkable example of delirium manifestly influenced by want of sensibility in the skin, and want of well-marked modification of visceral sensibility?

Not so Bad as Expected. — In the melo-drama of the *Caravan*, a dog named Carlo played a principal character. Dignum, the singer, was also in the same piece. One evening the latter went up to Sheridan, and, with a grave face, informed him that he had some bad news to relate. Sheridan eagerly inquired what it was; to which Dignum answered, that he felt himself so hoarse as to be unable to get through the songs. Sheridan, seizing him by the hand, rejoined, "My friend, you have relieved my mind of a weight; I thought the dog had been taken ill."

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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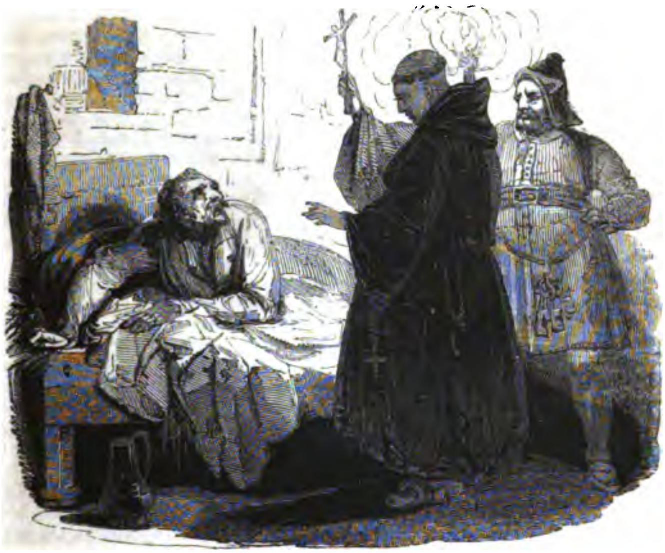


See page 66.

Illustrated Article.

MERVYN'S BRIDAL.

A Wiltshire Legend.

(Concluded from p. 52.)

FOR THE OLIO.

Lauds had long been sung, and the monks of the priory of St. Martin's-le-Grand were buried in deep sleep, when the great bell at the outer gate was rung violently. The porter rose shivering from his pallet, (for it was February, and the cold was intense) and hastened to the wicket.

"What wouldst thou have, my son?" enquired the monk, holding aloft his iron lamp to take a survey of the features of the person who had disturbed him at so unseasonable an hour.

"Sir Giles Acheson, a prisoner in Lud-Gate, is at the point of death, and would fain receive absolution at the hands of one of the fathers," replied the messenger, "prithee, hasten and let them know my errand."

Bidding the messenger wait awhile, the aged porter hobbled back, and proceeded to awaken one of the monks. The call was instantly obeyed without a murmur by a brother; who, after rubbing his eyes and yawning once or twice, took his breviary and crucifix, and, in company with the messenger, hastened to administer ghostly consolation to the expiring wretch at whose request he had been summoned.—Quickly threading the dark and narrow streets, the monk and the messenger gained the area on the north side of St. Paul's Cathedral, through which the wind blew in loud and violent gusts, and shook the coarse vestments of the priest, who clung tightly to his guide with his left hand; while, with his right, he held on his hood, for the snow was falling fast, and the ground was slippery. The tall towers of the cathedral rose high above the buildings on either side, and served to increase the gloom. No sound could be heard, save the harsh creaking of the numerous sign-boards as they swung to and fro with the gale; and no light guided their steps, except an occasional flash from a window or loop-hole in the houses of those who had prolonged their revels till that late hour. At length they reached Lud-Gate, then, and for many years after, a prison for debtors. After the heavy falling of an iron bar and the withdrawing of sundry bolts, the monk was admitted, and at once shewn into a miserable apartment; in a corner of which, upon a pallet, lay one who seemed the very picture of misery and despair. As the father entered, the wretched prisoner turned his wild and bloodshot eyes upon the holy man; and, covering his face with his hands, uttered a groan so piteous, that it made even the goaler shudder, accustomed as he was to distress and misfortune. The monk knelt by the side of the dying man, and whispered a few words of consolation in his ear, but they appeared only to add to his agony.

"Oh! no, no, no," sighed the prisoner, "'tis bootless now, the leech gives me no hope! I would make my shrift, but when I would pray, a hideous fiend cries in my ears—'Woe unto them which be shedders of innocent blood, and whose tongues work mischief against their fellows!' Father, canst thou tell me if aught hath been heard of Archibald Mervyn of Blunsdon, him who was arrested of high treason in Autumn by past?" Here the knight raised himself upon his elbow, and throwing back the dark matted locks which half concealed his sallow and emaciated features, looked earnestly and enquiringly in the face of the monk.

"No tidings have been heard of him ye speak of," replied the father: "some say he hath entered a monastery in Normandy."

"He was mine enemy," shrieked the wretch, "mine enemy! my mortal foe, whose very name——"

"Peace, peace; this is not fitting language for an expiring sinner; look on this emblem of one, who, in dying agony, prayed for those who had sought his blood."

The prisoner did look: he gazed for a moment on the uplifted crucifix, the figure of which flashed brightly in the torch light, muttered something inaudible between his closed teeth, and fell backwards in a swoon. By the help of strong waters he was restored to a state of consciousness, but appeared much exhausted.

"Good holy man," said the miserable knight, shedding a flood of scalding tears, "forgive the ravings of a wretch like me; my polluted soul hath much to disgorge, and I would not keep thee in this horrid cell. The thirst of gain, the love of play, hath made me tenant of this vile prison—My debts are numberless as are mine enemies, and I am justly punished for my foul misdeeds. 'Twas *I* who stabbed Ralph Gisors the vintner, in the porch of the Blackfriars, because he demanded payment of a tun of wine."

The monk shuddered involuntarily and crossed himself.

"Ay," continued the knight, "I struck him under the left pap with my dagger, and no one witnessed the murder. My hand is red with the blood of others—but I cannot restore them; yet there is one whom I can save, whom I falsely accused; father, 'tis Archibald Mervyn!" Here he paused, and gasped for breath, but shortly resumed in a weaker tone, "he wronged me, robbed me of my bride, and jeered me for my want of skill in the crossbow at a shooting match. I feared to resent it openly, and accused him of treason. But ah! do not leave me," cried the miserable knight, finding that his voice was sinking; then with an effort—"What, ho! goaler, a light! I have more to say! Is there no hope? Ah, that shape! he comes, Oh mercy, Jesu!"

"I am here," said the monk, bending over the struggling wretch, but he spoke to a deaf ear; the guilty spirit of Sir Giles Acheson had fled for ever! Gazing for a moment on the lifeless corpse which, worn to a skeleton, and retaining on its countenance the marks of despair and anguish, the holy man fell on his knees, and prayed fervently for the soul of the departed knight. He was aroused by the entrance of the goaler, whom he left in charge of the body, and hastened back to the priory to note down the confession he had received, pondering as he went on what he had heard from the dying lips of him who had driven Archibald Mervyn into exile.

At a fitting opportunity the monk took care to lay the whole story of Sir Giles' confession before the king, but Henry's avarice would not allow him to credit the relation, as Mervyn's estates had been seized by the crown, and that mercenary sovereign taking advantage of his flight, found a good pretext for retaining the forfeited property. But Henry's schemes of extortion received a temporary check shortly after: news had arrived that his persevering and bitter enemy the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, was hatching a plot to thrust him from the throne, and a counterfeit earl was, as every one knows, presented to the duchess by one Symon, a priest. It will be needless to detail the particulars of this celebrated plot, upon which so much has been written. It is well known that the duchess favoured the views of the pretended earl, and assisted him with a body of Flemish troops under the command of a valiant and experienced captain. Her court at that time was crowded by the proscribed friends of the fallen house of York, who, though aware of the imposture, gladly joined the enterprise in the hope of recovering their confiscated estates, should the tide turn in favour of Symnel. Among the malcontents were the Earl of Lincoln and Lord Lovell, who took upon them the command of the rebel army: fearing, however, to trust themselves in England at once, they sailed into Ireland, and at Dublin crowned their counterfeit earl King of England. But the subtle policy of Henry enabled him to sift this conspiracy to the bottom; every movement of his enemies was reported to him by spies, some of whom even mingled in the train of the duchess herself. At length the expedition landed in the month of June on the coast of Lancashire, and compelled Henry to maintain his right by force of arms. The assistance which the rebels had received from Sir Thomas Broughton, a man of great power in the north of England, although it alarmed Henry, urged him at the same time to be wary, and taught him that the better way to proceed was by strengthening his own forces, whatever success his rival might obtain amongst the disaffected. The time however arrived, when the strength of either party was to be tried by a fierce and sanguinary conflict. The army of the king was at Newark when his scouts brought intelligence of the near approach of the rebel forces. Surrounded by many nobles and knights, several of whom had served under his banner at the decisive battle of Bosworth Field, Henry pushed forward to meet his enemies. Among those who enlisted themselves under his standard were the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Strange, and Sir John Cheny, all men of approved courage and counsel. The two armies came in sight of each other on the evening of the 15th June, near the village of Stoke, and Henry encamped for the night, resolving, as Speed tells us, to end the rebellion "according to the manfull fashion of the English," by the sword. An awful stillness reigned throughout both camps when the broad red disk of the moon rose from the horizon, and threw a lurid glare over the landscape. Dark groups of figures occasionally appeared, moving so noiselessly that the whispers of their sentinels might be distinctly heard. The wind was hushed, the king's banner over his tent hung sluggishly on the staff, and the rich pavilion sparkled with the night dews. Within one of the tents surrounding that of the king sat Sir John Cheny, pondering on the probable issue of the morrow's contest. His huge frame was cased in a magnificent suite of fluted harness; his burgonet stood on the rude table against which he leant, while his right hand unconsciously sheathed and unsheathed his poignard, the hilt of which, glittering with many costly jewels, reflected the flickering and uncertain blaze of an expiring lamp in all directions. Suddenly the hasty challenge of the sentinel without aroused him from his reverie, and the next moment one of his followers entered to say that a stranger desired to speak with him in private.

"Bid him come hither, Oliver," said the knight, "and see that thou be within call."

The soldier disappeared and immediately returned, ushering in an armed stranger, whose height and size seemed magnified through the gloom. He was clad in a suit of worn and battered armour, and wore a closed-faced helmet without plume or crest. As soon as they were alone, Sir John, in a calm but resolute tone, partaking both of curiosity and doubt, enquired the occasion of this visit.

"I bring tidings of the rebel army encamped yonder," was the reply, "and I would fain shew my loyalty to King Henry in to-morrow's fight."

"What is your name, and—"

"My name," echoed the stranger, with a sigh, "may not be told; and it little boots a banished man what name he bears, so that his deeds shew him guiltless. Let this be pledge of my faith;—my father saved your life at Bosworth field, when you were unhorsed by the Boar of York."

"Ha! Sir Thomas Mervyn, my good old friend; but no, his son was attainted of high treason, and entered a monastery to save his life."

Sir John noticed not the heaving of the stranger's broad chest, which neither his breast-plate nor leather surcoat could conceal.

"Be brief, sir," rejoined the knight,

with some asperity, "and tell me what news thou hast. If you are the son of that good old knight, why this mystery?"

"I swear by all the blessed saints," interrupted the stranger, "that my purpose is good. Let this suffice for the present. The Almans, under Swart, their captain, are two thousand strong, and are to back the fierce Irishmen, who will lead the rebel van. This is the order of their battle. I have mingled in their councils and learned the secrets well. I have a small company under my command, which I will lead against the Alman Captain—farewell, sir, to-morrow will shew me a true man despite of false friends."

So saying, ere the knight could utter a word in reply, the stranger abruptly quitted the tent, leaving Sir John to meditate on what he had heard. Although somewhat doubtful of the truth of this intelligence, Sir John proceeded at once to the king's pavilion, and laid the whole before his royal master.

Henry thought proper to anticipate the attack of the Irish troops, who, as he judged, were intended to take off the edge of his own army's attack, while their disciplined troops were kept in reserve. The first streak of light in the east was the signal for both parties to prepare for the bloody struggle; and, as the sun rose, it disclosed to view a scene of great martial splendour. The royal army occupied a little eminence by the side of a wood, and myriads of weapons flashed in the sunbeams; while banners and pennons fluttered in the breeze, indicating the presence of a vast number of knights and gentlemen, among whom were Vernon of the Peak, Grey of Ruthin, Nevyl of Thortingbrig, Shurley, Folgehan, Markham, Arundil, Ranisford, Griffin, and a host of others, whose names may be found in the Chronicle of John Speed, or the more tedious relations of Polydore Virgil. Over the ranks of the rebel army flew the banners of the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel, Sir Thomas Boughton, and the Irish Earl of Kildare, with many pennons of the disaffected English gentlemen who had joined them. Henry, surrounded by his friends, attentively observed his enemies as they formed in order for the attack.

"Ha! by our lady," he exclaimed, as he looked on the vanguard of the rebels, which was composed of the grim and fierce-looking Irishmen, but poorly clad and ill-furnished with arms; "these be bold hearts who will charge upon our spearmen with their uncouth weapons. Sir John Cheny, to you we give command of our lances; Sir Ralph Fynder will support you if there be need. Remember your accustomed valour, and deal these rebels such blows as thou gavest Blanch Sanglier and his friends."

The knight bowed until his raised beaver touched his horse's mane, and immediately rode off to take his post. Five minutes more, and a loud shout, mingled with the clang of weapons, told that the two armies had joined.—On came the ferocious Irish troops, yelling like demons, casting stones and darts, and brandishing their skeins; but they were met by a band of the royal archers, whose shafts were poured upon them in showers, and with such fatal precision, that the ground was quickly covered by scores of dead and expiring wretches. Astonished at this reception, the Irish paused for a moment; but, disdaining to fly, (alas! what refuge could they anticipate by flying?) they encouraged each other by loud shouts, and continued to advance; but their hour was come; ere they had time to recover from the dreadful execution of the English bowmen, Sir John Cheny, at the head of his lances, dashed in amongst them, and the slaughter became frightful. Armed only with weapons, which were but of little avail against their mounted and steel-clad enemies, the wretched Irishmen fell like the leaves in Autumn.—At this juncture, however, a band of Flemish Lanzneehts threw themselves in the way of the English knight, and the combat became obstinate, for the Flemings, forming in a ring, defied the repeated charges of the Englishmen. In the mean time the battle raged with great fury in other parts of the field, but as this tale relates more to the detail of individual than of general strife, it will be confined to the narration of a portion only. Despairing of ever forcing the close ranks of the Flemish spearmen, Sir John Cheny drew off his men, and a body of pikemen, led by Sir Ralph Fynder, advanced to relieve him and his company, when the struggle was renewed with increased fury. Contrary to their expectations, the English pikemen found their adversaries as obstinate as themselves, and even better disciplined. The fight raged furiously for some time, when the Flemish Captain Swart, like a furious torrent rushed with his company to the assistance of their fellows. They were armed with heavy two-handed swords, — a weapon much used in those days, particularly by the Germans—and immediately charged the English pikemen in flank, striking down all who opposed them. Some of the English, relinquishing their spears, drew their swords and obstinately disputed the ground; but many fell beneath their enemies' huge weapons, when suddenly a body of men armed with bills and leaden mills, and headed by the stranger who visited Sir John Cheny on the night previous, rushed to the assistance of their countrymen, and blows, groans, and shouts indicated the fury of both parties. The armourer's art had almost reached its acme in those days, and Swart was cased to the teeth in a magnificent suit of fluted and engraved steel armour, but in lieu of helmet he wore a richly wrought cap of the same metal, which while it protected his head did not conceal his visage, enflamed by exertion, and its fierceness enhanced by a beard and moustaches of raven black. He managed his two-handed sword with fatal dexterity, accompanying every blow by a Flemish oath, which, if not so expressive as the expletives of those whom he fought against, were no less vehement. His face and figure were truly martial; he was indeed such an one as may be seen portrayed in the woodcuts of Albert Durer, or the more recent engravings of Van Leyden; tall, broad-shouldered and commanding, a fit study for the sculptor or the painter. Enraged at this accession to the force of his enemies, many of whom he had mowed down with his tremendous espadon, Swart foamed like the boar when brought to a stand by his unrelenting pursuers, and his heavy rapid strokes did fearful execution. Twice did the strange man-at-arms (whose dress and weapons, with the exception of what appeared to be a party-coloured sash, were precisely the same as when he entered the tent of Sir John Cheny), attempt to get within the sweep of Swart's huge weapon, but as often was he obliged to retreat precipitately. At length an English soldier beat down a man at the feet of the Flemish captain, who stumbled over the body and was near falling. This was perceived by one of the Englishmen, who, drawing his dagger, rushed forward to close with Swart. But he suffered immediately for his temerity.

"Ha, dog!" cried Swart in his native tongue, "wilt grapple with me?"

He thrust the soldier from him as he spoke, and the next moment swept the man's head from his shoulders. This, however, gave the man-at-arms an opportunity which he had long sought, and rushing forward he closed with Swart, who thus obliged to relinquish his espadon, grappled tightly with his adversary, and a violent struggle ensued. Both were powerful men and the contest was for life or death; they fell and rolled on the ground locked in each other's grasp, neither of them liking to relinquish his hold to clutch a weapon. At length the Englishman's hand reached his antagonist's throat above the gorget, and his iron gripe made the Fleming's swarthy countenance grow still darker; the opportunity was not to be lost; the man-at-arms loosening his right hand drew his dagger, and buried it to the hilt in the throat of Swart, whose thick moustaches were instantly dyed with blood. The blow was fatal; the Flemish captain with a convulsive throe, yielded up his courageous soul, and his conqueror, starting to his feet, found that he was left almost alone: the Flemings had been forced back upon a troop of horse who had cut them to pieces.

Whilst this was passing, the King beheld from the hill the discomfiture of the rebel army and the capture of the counterfeit Earl, and afterwards descended to view the slain. Many pressed round the monarch in the hope of being favourably noticed, while he thanked some and smiled upon others in token of his approval of their conduct. At length the King approached that part of the field where the Flemings had manifested such undaunted courage, and the vanquisher of Swart, quickly closing his burgonet, which he had opened to admit the air, beheld the approach of Henry with a throbbing breast. He hesitated whether to remain or pass on, but ere he had determined, he was in the midst of the party, and Sir John Cheny immediately pointed out the valiant soldier to his sovereign.

"By our Lady of Walsingham!" exclaimed the King, "we must not forget those who have perilled their lives for our safety!"

Then addressing himself to the man-at-arms, he inquired his name. He whom thus questioned paused for a moment, then slowly raising his beaver, replied—

"Archibald Mervyn, an it please your Grace."

"Ha!" cried the King, "he who fled from our pursuivant?"

"The same," continued Archibald. "Your Highness did once doubt my loyalty—let the corpse of that stout captain speak for it."—(He pointed to the body of Swart, who lay across the blade of his two-handed sword)—"Though, perhaps, this token will suffice. Thy Lord's Ancient sleeps with the Alman captain."

He untied the sash which was girt around his waist, and unfolding it laid it at the feet of the King. It bore the well-known arms of De la Pole—Azure, a fess between three Leopards' heads Or; a label of three Argent.

"'Tis the Earl of Lincoln's banner!" exclaimed Henry—"this is wonderful! Your sword, my Lord of Oxford."

The Earl presented his sword to the King, and Archibald Mervyn dropping on one knee, rose up a knight.

A few words will suffice for the sequel of this tale. After his escape, Archibald Mervyn repaired to the court of the Duchess of Burgundy as soon as he reached the continent, and became acquainted with the whole proceedings of the malcontents, whom he closely watched until their arrival in England. Fortunately he had, on the day previously to the battle met with a party of Wiltshiremen, who agreed to assist him in his attack upon Swart, upon a promise that they should be amply rewarded for their aid. Archibald did not forget that promise: his courage and address had gained him the applause and favour of the King, who restored to him his estates, and conferred upon him many honours.

Ere the week was out, the bells of Blunsdon were ringing loudly to celebrate his return to the home of his ancestors. The villagers were drunk with joy, and scattered flowers in his path. *Sir* Archibald Mervyn (for his curtailed pennon proclaimed him a Knight Banneret) as he entered the dwelling from which he had been so cruelly torn, and clasped his beautiful partner to his bosom, forgot the months of misery he had endured since their separation.

***

ST. EUGENIUS.

THERE are some circumstances attending the relics of this saint, which may gratify the curious, or divert the idle reader.

Having laboured with extraordinary success for some years in his see of Toledo (the Catholic writers make him an archbishop, though the dignity was unknown in Spain during the seven first centuries), this prelate went to France, to visit his master, Dionysius the Areopagite. As he drew near Paris, he was asked by some Roman soldiers, what God he worshipped? "I am a Christian!" was the reply. He was immediately beheaded, and buried no one knew where.

But Eugenius was too great a favourite with Heaven for his corpse to lie for ever in obscurity. One Hercoldus, a man of distinction, being sick, a venerable-looking person appeared to him in a dream; commanded him to arise, to go to a neighbouring lake, to draw thence the body of Eugenius, and cause it to be interred with all due honour. Hercoldus accordingly arose, as well as ever he had been in his life; and, attended by a great multitude of people, he went to the lake, and drew out the corpse in as fine a state of preservation as if the head had but just been lopped off. He thought no place could be more suitable for such a relic than the abbey of St. Denis; but the oxen which he had yoked to the team would not stir a foot in that direction: when left to themselves, they turned off to a little field, where a church was erected to receive the holy prize. But this corpse seems to have been somewhat whimsical: being carried in procession some ages afterwards to the church of St. Denis, and laid on the high altar, it refused to return to its former resting place: no force could move it an inch. What could be more clear than that the disciple wished to remain with the master? The monks this time removed it from the altar with ease, and laid it in a chapel within the monastery.

The mortification of the good people at Toledo was extreme on hearing of these wondrous things: the question now was how to obtain a portion of so valuable a relic. With some difficulty the king of France was induced to spare an arm, and a solemn annual feast commemorated its arrival. Finally, in the time of Henry de Valois (1565), Philip II. was fortunate enough to beg the remainder of the body; which has ever since enriched the bony treasury of that ancient cathedral.

CUBA FISHERMEN.

Continued from p. 61.

I could not help smiling at the grandeur of Dick's emphasis on the *all*, when twenty hands, one-third of them boys, and the others landsmen, scrambled up from below, and began to pull and haul in no very seamanlike fashion. He noticed it. "Ah, Tom, I know what you are grinning at, but I fear it has been no laughing matter to my poor boats' crew—all my best hands gone, God help me!"

Presently being under the Firebrand's lee quarter, we lowered down the boat and went on board, where, for the first time, the extreme ludicrousness of my appearance and following flashed on me. There we were all in a bunch, the dog, Mr. and Mrs. Mangrove, and Thomas Cringle, gent., such in appearance as I shall shortly describe them.

Old Richard Gasket, Esq., first clambered up the side, and made his bow to the Hon. Captain N——, who was standing near the gangway, on the snow-white deck, where every thing was in the most apple-pie order, himself, both in mind and apparel, the most polished concern in the ship, amidst a group of officers; while the whole crew, with the exception of the unfortunate absentees in the cutter, were scrambling to get a good view of us.

I have already said, that my uniform was torn to pieces; trousers ditto; my shoes had parted company in the quagmire; and as for hat, it was left in my cot. I had a dirty bandage tied round my neck, performing the twofold office of a cravat and a dressing to my wound; while the blood from the scratches had dried into black streaks adown and across my face and paws, and I was altogether so begrimed with mud that my mother would not have known me. Dick made his salam, and then took up a position beside the sally port, with an important face, like a showman exhibiting wild beasteses, a regular "stir-him-up-with-a-long-pole" sort of look. —I followed him—"This is Lieutenant Cringle, Captain N——."

"The devil it is!" said N——, trying in vain to keep his gravity. "Why, I see it is—How do you do, Mr. Cringle? glad to see you."

"This is Peter Mangrove, branch-pilot," continuing Gasket, as Peter, bowing, tried to slide past out of sight.

Till this instant I had not had time to look at him—he was even a much queerer-looking figure than myself. He had been encumbered with no garment beside his trowsers when we started, and these had been reduced, in the scramble through the brake, to a waistband and two knee-bands, from which a few shreds fluttered in the breeze, the rest of his canvas having been entirely torn out of the bolt-ropes. For an upper dress he had borrowed a waistcoat without sleeves from the purser of the schooner, which hung loose and unbuttoned before, while behind, being somewhat of the shortest, some very prominent parts of his stern frame were disclosed, as even an apology for a shirt had he none. Being a *decent* man, however, he had tied his large straw hat round his waist, by strings fastened to the broad brims, which nearly met behind, so that the crown covered his loins before, like a petard, while the sameness of his black naked body was relieved by being laced with blood from numberless lacerations.

Next came the female—"This is the pilot's wife, Captain N——," again sung out old Dick; but decency won't let me venture on a description of poor Nancy's equipment, beyond mentioning, that one of the Gleam's crew had given her a pair of old trowsers, which, as a sailor has no bottom, and Nancy was not a sailor, were most ludicrously scanty at top, and devil another rag of any kind had the poor creature on, but a handkerchief across her bosom. There was no standing all this; the crew forward and in the waist were all on the broad grin, while the officers, after struggling to maintain their gravity until they were nearly suffocated, fairly gave in, and the whole ship echoed with the most uproarious laughter; a young villain, whether a Mid or no I could not tell, yelling out in the throng "Hurra for Tom Cringle's Tail!"

I was fairly beginning to lose countenance, when up jumped Sneezer to my relief out of the boat, with an old cocked hat lashed on his head, a marine's jacket buttoned round his body, and his coal-black muzzle bedaubed with pipe-clay, regularly monkeyfied, the momentary handiwork of some wicked little reefers, while a small pipe sung out quietly, as if not intended to reach the quarter-deck, although it did do so. "And here comes the *last joint* of Mr. Cringle's Tail." The dog began floundering and jumping about, and walloping amongst the people, most of whom knew him, and immediately drew their attention from me and my party to himself; for away they all bundled forward, dog and men tumbling and scrambling about like so many children, leaving the coast clear to me and my attendants. The absurdity of the whole exhibition had for an instant, even under the very nose of a proverbially taught hand, led to freedoms which I had believed impossible in a man-of-war. However, there was too much serious matter in hand, independently of any other consideration, to allow the merriment created by our appearance to last long. Captain N——, immediately on being informed how matters stood, with seamanlike promptitude determined to lighten the Gleam, and send her in with the boats, for the purpose of destroying the haunt of the pirates, and recovering the men, if they were still alive; but before any thing could be done, it came on to blow, and for a week we had great difficulty in maintaining our position off the coast against the strength of the gale and lee current. It was on the Sunday morning after I had escaped that it moderated sufficiently for our purpose, when both vessels stood close in, and Peter and I were sent to reconnoitre the entrance of the port in the gig. Having sounded and taken the bearings of the land, we returned on board, when the Gleam's provisions were taken out and her water started. The ballast was then shifted, so as to bring her by the head, that she might thus draw less water by being on an even keel, all sharp vessels of her class requiring much deeper water aft than forward; the corvette's launch, with a 12-pound carronade fitted, was then manned and armed with thirty seamen and marines, under the command of the second lieutenant; the jolly boat, and the two quarter boats, each with twelve men, followed in a string, under the third lieutenant, the master, and the senior midshipman; thirty picked hands were added to the schooner's crew, and I was desired to take the gig, with six smart hands and Peter Mangrove, and to accompany the whole as pilot; but to pull out of danger so soon as the action commenced, so as to be ready to help any disabled boat, or to carry orders from the commanding officer. At nine in the morning, we gave three cheers, and leaving the corvette, with barely forty hands on board, the Gleam made sail towards the harbour's mouth, with the boats in tow; but when we got within musket-shot of the entrance, the breeze failed us, when the order of sailing was reversed, the boats now taking the schooner in tow, preceded by your humble servant in the gig. We dashed safely through the small canal of blue water, which divided the surf at the harbour's mouth, having hit it to a nicety; but when about a pistol shot from the entrance, the channel narrowed to a muddy creek, not more than twenty yards wide, with high trees, and thick underwood close to the water's edge. All was silent, the sun shone down upon us like the concentrated rays of a burning-glass, and there was no breeze to dissipate the heavy dank mist that hovered over the surface of the unwholesome canal, nor was there any appearance of a living thing, save and except a few startled water-fowl, and some guanoes on the trees, and now and then an alligator like a black log of charred wood, would roll off a slimy bank of brown mud, with a splash into the water. We rowed on, the schooner every now and then taking the ground, but she was always quickly warped off again by a kedge; at length, after we had in all proceeded it might be about a mile from the beach, we came to a broom of strong timber clamped with iron, stretching across the creek. We were not unprepared for this; one of the two old 32-pound carronades, which, in anticipation of some obstruction of the sort, had been got on deck from amongst the Gleam's ballast, and properly slung, was now made fast to the middle timber of the boom, and let go, when the weight of it sunk it to the bottom, and we passed on. We pulled on for about half a mile further, when I noticed, high up on a sunny cliff, that shot boldly out into the clear blue heavens, a small red flag suddenly ran up to the top of a tall, scathed, branchless palm tree, where it flared for a moment in the breeze like the flame of a torch, and then as suddenly disappeared. "Come they are on the look-out for us I see." The hills continued to close on us as we advanced, and that so precipitously that we might have been crushed to pieces had half a dozen active fellows, without any risk to themselves, for the trees would have screened them, simply loosened some of the fragments of rock that impended over us so threateningly, it seemed, as if a little finger could have sent them bounding and thundering, down the mountain side; but this either was not the game of the people we were in search of, or Obed's spirit and energy had been crushed out of him by the heart-depressing belief that his hours were numbered, for no active obstruction was offered. We now suddenly rounded an abrupt corner of the creek, and there we were full in front of the schooners, who, with the felucca in advance, were lying in line of battle, with springs on their cables. The horrible black pennant was, in the present instance, nowhere to be seen; indeed, why such an impolitic step as ever to have shown it at all was taken in the first attack, I never could understand, for the force was too small to have created any serious fear of being captured, (unless indeed it had been taken for an advanced guard, supported by a stronger,) while it must have appeared probable to Obediah, that the loss of the two boats would in all likelihood lead to a more powerful attempt, when, if it were successful, the damning fact of having fought under such an infernal emblem must have insured a pirate's death on the gibbet to every soul who was taken, unless he had intended to have murdered all the witnesses of it. But since proof in my person and the pilot's existed, now, if ever, was the time for mortal resistance and to have hoisted it, for they knew that they all fought with halters about their necks. They had all the Spanish flag flying except the Wave, which showed American colours, and the felucca, which had a white flag hoisted, from which last, whenever our gig appeared, a canoe shoved off, and pulled towards us. The officer, if such he might be called, also carried a white flag in his hand. He was a daring-looking fellow, and dashed up along side of me. The incomphrensible folly of trying at this time of day to cloak the real character of the vessels, puzzled me, and does so to this hour. I have never got a clew to it, unless it was that Obed's strong mind had given way before his superstitious fears, and others had now assumed the right of both judging and acting for him in this his closing scene. He at once recognised me, but seemed neither surprised nor disconcerted at seeing me, or the strength of the force which accompanied me. He asked me in Spanish if I commanded it; I told him I did not, that the captain of the schooner was the senior officer. "Then will you be good enough, Mr. Cringle, to go on board with me, to interpret for me?"—"Certainly." In half a minute we were both on the Gleam's deck, the crews of the boats that had her in tow lying on their oars. "You are the commander of this force?" said the Spaniard. "I am," said old Gasket, who had figged himself out in full puff after the manner of the ancients, as if he had been going to church, instead of to fight; "and who the hell are you?" "I command one of these Spanish schooners, sir, which your boats so unwarrantably attacked a week ago, although you are at peace with Spain. But even had they been enemies, they were in a friendly port, which should have protected them."—"All very good oysters," quoth old Dick; "and pray was it an honest trick of you, or your friend, to cabbage my young friend, Lieutenant Cringle there, as if you had been slavers kidnapping the Bungoes in the Bight of Biafra, and then to fire on and murder my people when sent in to claim him." "As to carrying off that young gentleman, it was no affair of ours; he was brought away by the master of that American schooner; but so far as regards firing on your people, I believe they fired first. But they are not murdered; on the contrary, they have been well used, and are now on board that felucca. I am come to surrender the whole fifteen to you."—"The *whole fifteen!* and what have you made of the other *twelve?*"—"Gastados," said the fellow, with all the sangfroid in in the world, "gastados, (spent or expended) by their own folly."

"Oh, they are *expended*, are they—then give us the *fifteen*."—"Certainly, but you will in this case withdraw your force, of course?" — "We shall see about that,—go and send us the men." He jumped down into the canoe, and shoved off;—whenever he reached the felucca, he struck the white flag, and hoisted the Spanish in its stead, and by hauling on a spring, he brought her to cover the largest schooner so effectually that we could not fire a shot at her without going through the felucca. We could see all the men leave this latter vessel in two canoes, and go on board one of the other craft. There was now no time to be lost, so I dashed at the felucca in the gig, and broke open the hatches, where we found the captured seamen and their gallant leader, Lieutenant ***, in a sorry plight, expecting nothing but to be blown up, or instant death by shot or the knife. We released them, and, sending to the Gleam for ammunition and small arms, led the way in the felucca, by Mr. Gasket's orders, to the attack, the corvette's launch supporting us; while the schooner with the other craft were scraping up as fast as they could. We made straight for the largest schooner, which with her consorts now opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry, which we returned with interest. I can tell little of what took place till I found myself on the pirate's quarter-deck, after a desperate tussle, and having driven the crew overbroad, with dead and wounded men thickly strewn about, and our fellows busy firing at their surviving antagonists, as they were trying to gain the shore by swimming.

Although the schooner we carried was the Commodore, and commanded by Obediah in person, yet the pirates, that is, the Spanish part of them, by no means showed the fight I expected. While we were approaching, no fire could be hotter, and their yells and cheers were tremendous; but the instant we laid her alongside with the felucca, and swept her decks with a discharge of grape from the carronade, under cover of which we boarded on the quarter, while the launch's people scrambled up at the bows, their hearts failed them, a regular panic overtook them, and they jumped overboard, without waiting for a taste either of cutlass or boarding-pike. The captain himself, however, with about ten Americans stood at bay round the long gun which, notwithstanding their great inferiority in point of numbers to our party, they manfully fired three several times at us, after we had carried her aft; but we were so close that the grape came past us like a round shot, and only killed one hand at each discharge,—whereas at thirty yards further off it might have made a pretty "tableau" of the whole party, by having had room to spread. I hailed Obed twice to surrender, as our people, staggered by the extreme hardihood of the small group, hung back for an instant; but he either did not hear me, or would not, for the only reply he seemed inclined to make was by slewing round the gun so as to bring me on with it, and the next moment a general rush was made, when the whole party was cut down, with three exceptions, one of whom was Obed himself, who getting on the gun, made a desperate bound over the men's heads, and jumped overboard. He struck out gallantly, the shot pattering round him like the first of a thunder shower, but he dived apparently unhurt, and I lost sight of him.

The other vessels having also been carried, the firing was all on our side by this time, and I, along with the other officers, was exerting myself to stop the butchery. "Cease firing, men; for shame, you see they no longer resist"—And my voice was obeyed by all except the fifteen we had released, who were absolutely mad with fury—perfect fiends; such uncontrollable fierceness I had never witnessed,—indeed, I had nearly cut one of them down before I could make them knock off firing. "Don't fire, sir," cried I to one. "Ay, ay, sir; but that scoundrel made *me wash his shirts*," and he let drive at a poor devil, who was squattering and swimming away towards the shore, and shot him through the head. "By heavens! I will run you through, if you fire at that man!" shouted I to another, a marine, who was taking aim at no less a personage than friend Obed, who had risen to breathe, and was swimming after the others, *but the very last man of all.* "No, by G—! *he made me wash his trowsers, sir.*" He fired—the pirate stretched out his arms, turned slowly on his back, with his face towards me. I thought he gave me a sort of "Et tu, Brute" look, but I dare say it was fancy—his feet began to sink, and he gradually disappeared,—a few bubbles of froth and blood marking the spot where he went down. He had been shot dead. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at this moment,—they burned themselves in on my heart at the time, and the impression is indelible. Whether I had or had not acted, in one sense, unjustly, by thrusting myself so conspicuously forward in the attempt to capture him after what had passed between us, forced itself upon my judgment. I had certainly promised that I would, in no way that I could help, be instrumental in his destruction or seizure, provided he landed me at St. Jago, or put me on board a friendly vessel. He did neither, so his part of the compact might be considered broken; but then it was out of his power to have fulfilled it, besides, he not only threatened my life subsequently, but actually wounded me; still, however, on great provocation. But what "is writ, is writ." He has gone to his account, pirate as he was, murderer if you will; yet I had, and still have, a tear for his memory,—and many a time have I prayed on my bare knees that his blue agonized dying look might be erased from my memory;—but this can never be, What he had been I never learned; but it is my deliberate opinion, that with a clear stage and opportunity, he would have forced himself out from the surface of society for good or for evil. The unfortunates who survived him but to expiate their crimes on the gibbet at Port Royal, said he had joined them from a New York privateer, but they knew nothing farther of him beyond this fact, that by his skill and desperate courage, within a month he had by common acclaim been elected captain of the whole band. There was a story current on board the corvette, of a small trading craft, with a person answering his description, having been captured in the Chesapeake by one of the squadron, and sent to Halifax for adjudication; the master, as in most cases of the kind, being left on board, which from that hour had never been heard of, neither vessel, nor prize, crew nor captain, until two Americans were taken out of a slaver off the Cape de Verds, by the Firebrand, about a year afterwards, after a most brave and determined attempt to escape, both of whom were, however, allowed to enter, but subsequently deserted off Sandy Hook by swimming ashore, in consequence of a pressed hand hinting that Obed had been the master of the vessel above mentioned.

All resistance having ceased, the few of the pirates who escaped having scampered into the woods, where it would have been vain to follow them, we secured our prisoners, and at the close of a bloody day, for fatal had it been to friend and foe, the prizes were got under weigh, and before nightfall we were all at sea, sailing in a fleet under convoy of the corvette and Gleam.

Blackwood's Mag.

THE SUITOR.

FOR THE OLIO.

Et judex petit, et petit patronus
Solvas censeo, Sexte, creditori.

A judge, you say, and patron you must get?
Take my advice, good Sextus; pay the debt.

SHOULD the present Lord Chancellor make progress in his high vocation, one race of identical character will at least, vanish like an evening shadow into utter darkness; I mean, "The Suitor." To inquire if he is unfortunate, would be a question of supererogation. To insist on his absenting himself from the Chancery Courts, would be to distract him with lingering torture. To look at him with an eye of suspicion, because of the poverty of the suit of his outward man, would involve a distrust unworthy of the inner workings of his mind. It is not surprising, that a style is smoothed by frequently crossing—that a chair yields to the constant pressure of the sitter in it—that a post betrays the friction and the axis the wear—the suitor should, in his habitual course of twenty years, be weather-beaten in his cause and warfare.

The suitor is an abstract character, endued with feelings and sympathies entirely his own; imbued with a love of law so far as he is personally concerned, and is interested even in other's legal nomenclature. He considers almost all the lawyers the 'vermin of the land,' pronounces an anathema in the gross, wishes half of them executed without the 'benefit of clergy' and resolves, when his suit shall be determined, to put *lex talionis*, or tit for tat, into full and exemplary force against the recreant parties that drew him into his dilemma. Poor fellow! the suitor is an object of pity, but a specimen of indurable perseverance. He waits sitting after sitting with the 'Law List' on his tongue, not like 'Patience on a monument smiling at grief;' but like a monument of mercy invoking patience to hold out a little longer, till he might say with Othello, 'Out brief, light!' Few, very few, that have observed him perambulate Lincoln's Inn and Westminster Hall, would be persuaded that his 'days were not numbered,' yet he has survived the career of an Eldon and a Lyndhurst, and is likely to be the suitor of a Brougham. Where are the deeds? Echo in perchment might answer—where?—What is the nature of the papers? To him they are replete with self-evident conviction. How many folios do they occupy? The bills of the law stationers can attest the number. Who is in possession of the letters in evidence? Alas, they are ink-bare, broken in the folds, and nearly crumbled into "shreds and patches." But, if the originals are in a state of dilapidation like the suitor, he delights himself in the certainty of retaining duplicates. Poor fellow! The "Suitor" once was a spruce, brightened, warm-hearted young man, the gayest of his companions. He led an easy and rural life till persuaded by a petty-fogging attorney to "file a bill" in Chancery. This was his first impression. His career was ardent. But, in proof of his sincerity, have not twenty years elapsed? In the onset of his passion, like a chivalrous knight, he cheerfully laid down twenty pounds by way of a feeler and in advance, and with twenty more the little skiff hoisted sail on the sea of uncertainty, pretty well. To give it ballast, as the coast was clear, he put in twenty pounds more. He did not complain with an additional forty, though a few shoals and quicksands were in appearance. That demonstrative security might be insured to the voyage he risked fifty pounds more in the prosperously viewed adventure. But as the chink became scarce the blasts of opposition rose in every move and wave of the enemy, assailing him on every side. Determined to reach the port in safety he made sacrifice to sacrifice, buoyant as ever, though deep in thrall. Technical whirlwinds and breakers of informalities surrounded him. The calm of promise forsook him. The tides of counsel were opposed to his interest. The seas of arrests turbulent. The rains of misfortune drenched him in his vessel. His provisions were exhausted. His wife, family and himself having lost the chart, the pilot, the latitude and longitude of progress, he has reached the land, but not the "haven of rest." Once indeed, he was directed to the fleet, for contempt. He fought manfully for freedom. He was suffered to be at large, but without his largess. Poor fellow! If any suitor was ever in love, he is. Does not every trial prove him so? Don Quixote was not half so valiant and faithful. Oh ye capricious wards in Chancery, behold the remains of an unhappy man! Play with his button-hole and encourage him. Listen to his twice told tale. Is he not ever telling it? Is he not denominated a crazy suitor? Yet suffered to plead, unblest! As he walks alone, he is singled out from society. His *dear* lawsuit in his "Dulcinea del Tobosso," his "Clarissa Harlowe," his "Sophia Western." As he drags on a dreary phantom of hope, spectred by scintillations of faith, attracting him by meretricious light and cheating him with fond delusions, sweet, frail, and follied guests, he finds that law will not work well without the suple oil of gold. He has sought every refuge, stretched every thread, tried the strength of every cord, to acquire it. The silk of friendship has snapped. The ties of wedlock broken. The fondness of children decayed. He is left a solitary, passionate suitor. His fondly cherished inamorata is, at last, divorced from him, and by an unappealable decree discharged from his further interruption, "with costs." The only suit he can now lay claim to is one of the most threadbare class to shield him from the pertinacious stratagems of false hearted replication, and every day indicates, by his shrinking symptoms of mortality, that his last move is near:—there is only "one step between him and the grave." May his rest be hallowed by eternal peace!

J. R. P.

The Naturalist.

THE PUMA.—Nearly approaching to the Jauguar in size and form, but obviously distinguished from him at the first glance, by the total absence of spots, the Puma, Couguar, or, as he was once called, the American Lion, occupies the second place among the cats of the New World, over nearly the whole of which he was formerly spread, from Canada and the United States in the North, to the very extremity of Patagonia in the South. From a large portion of this immense expanse of country he appears, however, to have been of late years in a great measure, if not entirely, rooted out; and it is seldom that he is now heard of in the vicinity of that civilization, which involves, as a necessary consequence, either the complete extinction, or, at least, the gradual diminution and dispersion to more secure and sheltered habitations, of all the more savage and obnoxious beasts. For his title of the American Lion he was, in a great degree, indebted to an absurd notion on the part of the early colonists, which was even shared by many naturalists, that he was, in reality, neither more nor less than a degenerate variety of that far more noble animal. This opinion has, however, long since given way before the prevalence of sounder views; and he is now universally recognised as forming a species clearly distinguishable from every other, by a combination of characters which it is impossible to mistake. Almost the only striking point of resemblance between him and the Lion consists in the uniform sameness of his colour, which on the upper parts of his body is of a bright silvery fawn, the tawny hairs being terminated by whitish tips; beneath and on the inside of the limbs he is nearly white, and more completely so on the throat, chin, and upper lip. The head has an irregular mixture of black and gray; the outside of the ears, especially at the base, the sides of the muzzle from which the whiskers take their origin, and the extremity of the tail, are black. The latter is not terminated, as in the Lion, by a brush of hair; neither has the Puma any vestige of a mane. His length from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail is commonly about four feet, and his tail measures above half as much more, being just sufficiently long to suffer its extremity to trail upon the ground. His head is remarkably small and rounded, with a broad and somewhat obtuse muzzle; and his body is proportionably more slender and less elevated than that of the Lion. His young, like those of the latter animal, have a peculiar livery, consisting in spots of a darker shade than the rest of their fur, scattered over every part of the body, but only visible in a particular light, and disappearing entirely at the adult age. There is no difference whatever in colour between the sexes, the fur of the female being in every respect similar to that of the male: in size the latter is superior to his mate; and his head, a part which in the female is disproportionately small, corresponds better with the general form of his body.

More circumspect, or rather more cowardly, than any of the larger species of his cautious tribe, he is, notwithstanding his much greater magnitude, scarcely more dangerous than the common wild cat, preying only upon the smaller species of animals, seldom venturing to attack any living creature of greater size or courage than a sheep, and flying from the face of man with more than usual terror. But this cowardice is also, in a state of nature, connected with a degree of ferocity, fully equal to that which is developed in the most savage and blood-thirsty of his fellow cats. Unlike the Jaguar, which generally contents itself with a single victim, the Puma, if he should happen to find himself undisturbed in the midst of a flock of sheep, deserted by their guardians and left entirely at his mercy, is said never to spare, but to destroy every individual that he can reach, for the purpose of sucking its blood. He differs also from the Jaguar in his habit of frequenting the open plain rather than the forest and the river, in and near which the latter usually takes his secret and destructive stand. Hence he is more exposed to the pursuit of the skilful thrower of the lasso, from whom, as his swiftness is by no means great and his timidity excessive, he rarely escapes.

In captivity the Puma readily becomes tame, and may even be rendered docile and obedient. His manners closely resemble those of the domestic cat; like it he is extremely fond of being noticed, raises his back and stretches his limbs beneath the hand that caresses him, and expresses his pleasure by the same quiet and complacent purring. They soon become attached to those with whom they are familiar; and numerous instances might be mentioned in which they have been suffered to roam almost at large about the house without any injurious results. One of these incidents occurred under the roof of Mr. Kean, the tragedian, who possessed an animal of this species so tame as to follow him about almost like a dog, and to be frequently introduced into his drawing-room, when filled with company, at perfect liberty.

Harvey's Tower Menagerie.

Varieties.

Origin of Gipsies.—About this time, too, swarms of unknown strangers made their appearance, brown in complexion, foreign in aspect, ill supplied with clothing; their leader was named Michael, or, as he styled himself, Duke Michael of Egypt: his followers were known by the name of Cingari or Zingari (in German, Zigeuner, gipsies). So little was known of oriental languages in those times, that these adventurers could tell what tale they pleased about their origin. They pretended to have come from Lower Egypt, and to belong to the number of those who had not received Joseph and Mary; that they had now become Christians, and were bound on a seven years' pilgrimage. It has at length been conjectured, from their language, that they were driven out by the great convulsions of India, when the dynasty of the Sultan of Ghaur was overthrown by Pir Mohammed Jehan Ghir, the grandson of Timur. *Lardner's Cyclopedia.*

An Argument.—The extreme ignorance of many of the lower classes of society would, in this enlightened age, perhaps, be hardly credited, were not instances so frequently occurring, which afford ample testimony of the fact. The following anecdote was related to us by a gentleman who heard the conversation. Two old women at a village near Ottery, in Devonshire, were discussing with much earnestness, various knotty points of controversy; and among other topics, on their belief in the existence of *witches*. The one was a little sceptical on the subject;

but her more credulous neighbour censured her want of faith, and insisted she could bring in evidence from the pulpit to substantiate her creed. This was pronounced impossible; but the unbeliever acknowledged she was willing to submit to such authority, could it be produced. "Why," quoth her friend, "do not they say every Sunday at church '*which* was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end?' "

A Letter Too Much.—An old gentleman of the name of Gould having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of it, and concluded it thus:—

> So you see, my dear sir, though I'm eighty years old;
> A girl of eighteen is in love with *old Gould*.

To which his friend replied—

> A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true.
> But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold*, without *U*.

A Highly Charged.—A person whose name was *Gan*, complaining to a friend that his attorney in his bill had not *let him off easily*, "that is no wonder," answered his friend, "as he *charged you too high*."

Shoeing Horses in Italy and France.—The following is the method of shoe inghorses practised in some of the villages of Italy:—After the animals are thrown on their backs, by means of cords with strong nooses slipped over their heads, and round their legs, their feet are made fast to poles, and the operation is then performed. In France, the horses are placed under a shed, and the leg is drawn up by a cord, and fastened to a cross bar whilst the farrier does his work.

A Gentleman.—In St. Constant's Sketches of London and English manners, it is asserted that the nurse of James I. having followed him from Edinburgh to London, entreated him to make her son a gentleman. "My good woman," said the King, "a gentleman I could never make him, though I could make him a lord."

The Metempsechosis. — Amongst the eastern poets, one of the best known for his eratic strains is Amarou—rather an appropriate name for a lover. The Hindoo admirers of his verses attribute his superior knowledge of the nice affections of the heart to the fact, as they allege it, of his having been an amorous young female before he was changed into the form in which he was known as a poet — this is at least a poetical fancy!

African Mode of Studying the Koran. — The koran does not seem to have much embarrassed the Koolfeans. Their only mode of studying it was, to have the characters written with a black substance on a piece of board, then to wash them off, and drink the water; and when asked by Captain Clapperton what spiritual benefit could be derived from the mere swallowing of dirty water, they indignantly retorted,—"What! do you call the name of God dirty water?" This mode of imbibing sacred truth is indeed extensively pursued throughout the interior of the African continent.

Dandies in the Elizabethian Age. — Towards the conclusion of the first year of this queen's reign, a proclamation against excess of apparel appeared, upon which a certain prelate, in a discourse from the pulpit, enumerating many of the prevailing vanities, has given us a curious specimen of the fashions and luxuries of the day, in the following extraordinary passage:—"These fine figured ruffles, with their sables about their necks, corked slippers, trimmed buskins, and warm mittens; furred stomachers, long gowns; these tender parnels must have one gown for the day, another for the night; one long, another short; one for summer, another for winter; one furred through, and another faced; one for the work-day, another for the holyday; one for this colour, another of that; one of cloth, another of silk or damask. Change of apparel: one afore dinner, one after; one of Spanish fashion, another of Turkey; and, to be brief, never content with enough, but always devising new fashions and strange. Yea, a ruffian will have more in his ruff and his hose than he could spend in a year; he who ought to go in a russet coat, spends as much on apparel, on him and his wife, as his father would have kept a good horse with."

Lines Written on the Fan of Maria Antoinette.—Among the posies, printed *a la suite*, of the *Narrative of a voyage from Paris to Bruxelles and to Coblentz*, the editor has inserted the following beautiful quatrain, said to haxe been written on the Fan of Maria Antoinette;—

> Au milieu des ;chaleurs extremes
> Heureux d'amuser vos loisirs,
> Je saurais-pres de vous appeler les zephirs
> Les amours y viendront d'eux memes.

Agriculture of the Ancients.—The culture of the soil was at first very simple, being performed by no other instrument than sharp sticks. By these the ground was loosened until spades and shovels, and not long after ploughs, were invented. All these instruments were well known in the time of Moses. The first plough, was, doubtless, nothing more than a stout limb of a tree, from which projected another shortened and pointed limb; this being turned into the ground made the furrow, while at the further end of the longest branch was fastened a transverse yoke, to which the oxen were harnessed: at last a handle was added, by which the plough might be guided, so that the plough was composed of four parts,—the beam, the yoke which was attached to the beam, the handle, and what we call the coulter. It was necessary for the ploughman constantly and firmly to hold the handle of the plough, and that no spot might remain untouched, to lean forward and fix his eyes steadily upon it: Luke ix. 62. The staff by which the coulter was cleared served for an ox goad. In the east, at the present day, they use a pole, about eight feet in length; at the largest end of which is fixed a flat piece of iron for clearing the plough, and at the other end a spike for spurring the oxen. There seems to have been no other harrow than a thick clump of wood, borne down by a weight or a man sitting upon it, and drawn over the ploughed field by oxen; the same which the Egyptians use at the present time. In this way the turves were broken in pieces, and the field levelled; at a later period wicker drags came into use. All the ancient vehicles were moved upon the wheels only.

Whitfield's Oratory.—"As a pupular orator, Whitefield has rarely been surpassed. According to Southey, his eloquence was not inaptly compared, by an ignorant man, to the roaring of a lion among those who heard him—making them tremble, like Felix before the apostle Paul. By his terrific denunciation against sin, many of his hearers were thrown into paroxysms of such extraordinary violence, as to produce the most lamentable effects on the minds and bodies of the sufferers. Retaining, through life, the dramatic talent he had displayed in his youth, his preaching is said to have resembled fine stage acting. When he described St. Peter going forth, after the cock crew, to weep, he concluded by hiding his face in a fold of his garment. At the close of a sermon he would sometimes assume the character of a judge about to pass sentence on a criminal. "I am now," he would say, "about to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it: it is my duty to pronounce judgment upon you." Then, after giving a terrific description of eternal punishments, he would add, in the words of our Saviour, "Depart from me, ye wicked, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" At other times he would depict, more vividly, it is said, than can be imagined, the scene of the crucifixion. "Look!" he would exclaim, pointing while he spoke, as if the cross were before him; "Look yonder!—It is our Lord in his agony!—Do you not hear him?—Hark!—'Oh! Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.'" Hume, the historian, relates that he once heard Whitefield, after a solemn pause, thus address his audience: "The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to Heaven. And shall he not bear with him the news of one sinner, from among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?" The historian adds:—"To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, and cried aloud, Stop, Gabriel! Stop, Gabriel! Stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God! This address was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that it surpassed any thing I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."—*Georgian Era*, Vol. 1.

What a Good Wife Should Be.—In a wedding sermon, entitled "The Rib Restored," delivered in Dionis Black Church, in 1655, by Richard Meggot, afterwards Dean of Salisbury, the preacher, speaking of a good wife, says "A help she must be in her family, being not only a wife but a house wife; not a field wife like Dinah, nor a street wife like Thamas, nor a window wife like Jezebel, but an house wife."

The Bible.—When Queen Elizabeth passed through Cheapside, at her coronation, there was a pageant erected. An old man, representing Time, with his scythe and wings, appeared as if coming out of a cave, leading another person, clad in white silk, all gracefully apparelled, who represented Truth (the daughter of Time,) which lady had a book in her hand, on which was written *verbum veritatis*—the word of truth. It was the Bible in English, which, after a speech made to the queen, Truth reached down towards her; which was taken by a gentleman, and brought to her Majesty. As soon as the queen had received it, she kissed it; and with both hands held it up, and then laid it upon her breast, greatly thanking the citizens for that present, and said she would often read over that book.

Chinese Superstition.—Mr. Abeel, an American missionary, witnessed a ceremony, which reminded him of the bloody rites of Moloch. It occurred on the birth day of the Taou gods, and was performed by running barefoot through a heap of ignited charcoal. The fire covered a space of 10 or 12 feet square, and about 18 inches in height. Two priests were standing near the fire performing a variety of mysterious acts. "The prescribed rites being performed," says Mr. A., "the priest approached the pile, went through a number of antics, and dashed furiously through the coals. He was followed, a signal being given, by a number of persons, old and young, who came running from an adjacent temple with their children in their hands, whom they bore through the fire. Others followed; and among them an old man, who halted and staggered in the very jaws of death.

The scene was one of mad confusion "This rite is thought by the idolaters to be a test of character; if they have all due confidence in their gods, they receive no injury from the fire.

George the Second was strongly attached to etiquette; but on many occasions, he appears to have liberated himself almost unconsciously, from its trammels. One afternoon, a person who had been passing an hour or two with some of the royal servants in an upper apartment in the palace, on his return, slipping down a flight of steps, burst open the door of a room at the foot of them, with such involuntary violence, that he fell, completely stunned, on the floor. When he recovered his senses, he found himself extended on the carpet, in a snug apartment, under the hands of a neat little old gentleman, who washed his head very carefully with a towel, and applied sticking-plaster to the cuts which he had received in his fall. When this was done, the little old gentleman picked up the intruder's wig and placed it properly on the head of its owner; who now rose, and was about to express his gratitude to his benefactor for the kindness which had been shewn to him, but his benefactor, with a dignified frown, pointed to the door, and the man retired in amazement. The room into which he had fallen was the royal closet; and the good Samaritan, it is scarcely necessary to add, was the king himself."—*Georgian Era*, Vol. I.

George the First and his Mistresses.—In the early part of his reign, or, at least, on his arrival in this country, George the First was far from unpopular; but his decidedly foreign appearance and manners, when they became known, lowered him materially in public estimation. His two German mistresses, who were created Duchess of Kendal, and Countess of Darlington, shortly after his accession, became seriously offensive to the people, by whom they were satirically called the maypole and the elephant and castle. It is related of one of these ladies, that being abused by the mob, she put her head out of the coach, and cried, in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods."—"Yea, d—n you," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for our chattels too!"

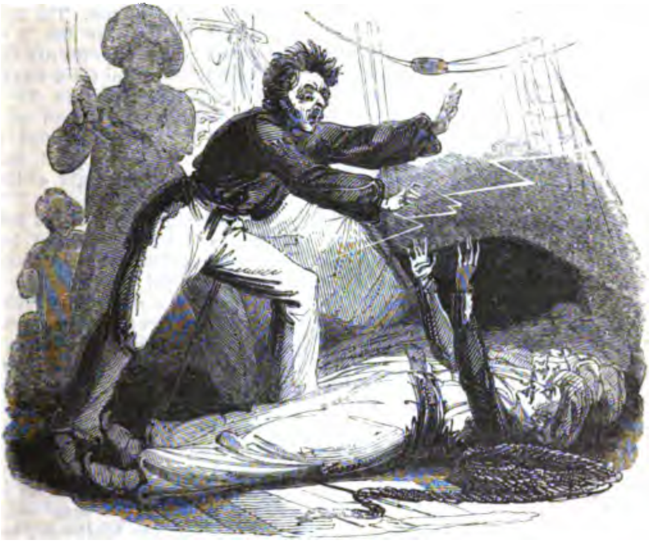
Georgian Era, Vol. 1.

Vegetable Barometers. — Chickweed has been said to be an excellent weather-guide. When the flower expands freely, no rain will fall for many hours; if it so continue, no rain need be feared for a long time. In showery days the flower appears half concealed, and this state may be regarded as indicative of showery weather; when it is entirely shut, we may expect a rainy day. If the flowers of the Siberian sow-thistle remain open all night we may expect rain next day. Before showers, the trefoil contracts its leaves; so do the convolvolus, and many other plants. Lord Bacon observes, that the trefoil has its stalk more erect against rain. He also mentions a small red flower, growing in stubble fields, called by the country people *wincopipe*, which, if it open in the morning, ensures us a fine day. This is the plant now called the scarlet pimpernel, or—from the circumstance here referred to—the Shepherd's weather-glass. This and the poppy are the only scarlet flowers that grow wild in this country.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VI.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Sept. 8, 1832.*



See page 82.

Illustrated Article.

THE RENEGADE BARBER; OR, THE INQUISITION AND ST. ANTONIO'S HEAD.

We sailed with a fair wind, cleared the Straits, and flattered ourselves with the prospect of a successful voyage; but we were miserably disappointed, for three days afterwards we fell in with a small brig under English colours. As she was evidently a merchant vessel, we paid no attention to her running down to us, supposing that she was out of her reckoning, and wished to know her exact position on the chart But as soon as she was close to us, instead of passing under our stern, as we expected, she rounded-to, and laid us by the board. Taken by surprise, and having no arms, we were beaten down below, and in a few minutes the vessel remained in the possession of our assailants. They held a short consultation, and then, opening the hatches, a boatswain pulled out his whistle, and in a tremendous voice roared out, "*All hands ahoy!*" which was followed by his crying out, "*Tumble up there, tumble up!*" As we understood this to be a signal for our appearance on deck, we obeyed the summons. When we all came up, we found out that if we had had any idea that they were enemies, we might have beaten them off, as they were only fifteen in number, while we mustered sixteen. But it was too late: we were unarmed, and they had each of them a cutlass with two pistols stuck in their girdles. As soon as we were all on deck, they bound our arms behind us with ropes, and ranged us in a line. Having inquired of each of us our respective ranks and professions, they held a short consultation, and the boatswain addressing me said,—"Thank Heaven, you scoundrel, that you were brought up as a barber, for it has saved your life!"

He then cut loose the cords which which bound me, and I remained at liberty. "Now then, my lads!" continued the boatswain, "*come, every man his bird!*" and, so saying, he seized upon the captain of the vessel, and leading him to the gangway passed his sword through his body, and tossed him into the sea.

In the same manner each of the murderous villains led forward the man he had selected, and putting an end to his life, either by the sword or pistol, launched the corpse into the waves.

My blood curdled as I beheld the scene, but I said nothing. I considered myself too fortunate to escape with life. When it was all over, the boatswain roared out, "*That job's done!* Now, Mr. Barber, swab up all this here blood, and be d—d to you! and recollect that you are one of us." I obeyed in fear and silence, and then returned to my former station near the taffrail.

The people who had captured us, as I afterwards found out, were part of the crew of an English Guinea-man, who had murdered the master and mate, and had taken possession of the vessel. As our brig was a much finer craft in every respect, they determined upon retaining her, and scuttling their own. Before night, they had made all their arrangements, and were standing to the westward with a fine breeze.

But exactly as the bell struck eight for midnight, a tremendous voice was heard at the hatchway, if possible, more than a hundred times louder than the boatswain's roaring out "*All hands ahoy!*"

The concussion of the air was so great, that the ship trembled, as if she had been struck with a thunderbolt; and as soon as the motion had subsided, the water was heard to rush into every part of the hold. Every body ran on deck astonished with the sound, expecting the vessel immediately to go down, and looking at each other with horror as they stood trembling in their shirts. The water continued to rush into the vessel, until it reached the orlop beams; then, as suddenly, it stopped.

When the panic had to a certain degree subsided, and they perceived that the water did not increase, all hands applied to the pumps, and by eight o'clock in the morning the vessel was free. Still the unaccountable circumstance weighed heavy on the minds of the seamen, who walked the deck without speaking to each other, or paying any attention to the ship's course; and as no one took the command, no one was ordered to the helm.

For my own part, I thought it a judgment upon them for their cruelty; and, expecting that worse would happen, I had made up my mind to my fate. I thought of Marie, and, hoping for pardon yet fearing the worst, I vowed, if I escaped, that I would amend my life.

At night we again retired to our hammocks, but no one slept, so afraid were we of a second visitation. The bell was not struck by the men but it struck itself, louder than I ever heard it before; and again the dreadful voice was heard, "*All hands ahoy!*" again the water rushed in, and again we ran on deck. As before, it mounted as high as the orlop beams; it then stopped, and was pumped out again by eight o'clock on the ensuing morning.

For a month, during which time we never saw land for we had lost all reckoning, and no one cared to steer—the same dreadful visitation took place. Habit had to a degree hardened the men; they now swore and got drunk as before, and even made a jest of the *boatswain of the middle watch*, as they called him, but at the same time they were worn out with constant fatigue; and one night they declared that they would pump no longer. The water remained in the vessel all that day, and we retired to our hammocks as usual; when at midnight, the same voice was again heard at the hatchway, not followed by the rush of water, but by a shriek of "*Tumble up there, tumble up!*"

We all started at the summons, and hastened on deck; there was something that impelled us in spite of ourselves. Never shall I forget the horrid sight which presented itself: stretched in a row on the deck of the vessel lay the fifteen bloody corpses of my shipmates who had been murdered. We stood aghast; the hair rose straight up from our heads as we viewed the supernatural reappearances. After a pause of about five minutes, during which we never spoke or even moved, one of the corpses cried out in a sepulchral voice, "*Come, every man his bird!*" and held up its arms as it lay.

The man, whose office it had been to take the living body to the gangway, and after killing it to throw it overboard, advanced towards it; he was evidently impelled by a supernatural power, for never shall I forget the look of horror, the faint scream of agony, which escaped him as he obeyed the summons. Like the trembling bird fascinated by the snake, he fell into the arms of the dead body; which, grasping him tight, rolled over and over in convolutions like a serpent, until it gained the break of the gangway, and then tumbled into the sea with its murderer entwined in its embraces. A flash of lightning succeeded, which blinded us for several minutes; and when we recovered our vision, the remainder of the bodies had disappeared.

The effect upon the guilty wretches was dreadful; there they lay, each man on the deck where he had crouched down, when the lightning had flashed upon him: the sun rose upon them, yet they moved not: he poured his beams on their naked bodies when at his meridian height, yet they still remained: the evening closed in, and found them in the same positions. As soon as it was dark, as if released from a spell, they crawled below, and went into their hammocks: at midnight again the bell struck; again the voice was heard followed by the shriek; again they repaired on deck: the fourteen remaining bodies lay in a row: another of the murderers was summoned, obeyed, and disappeared: again the flash of lightning burst upon us, and all had vanished; and thus it continued every night, until the boatswain, who was reserved for the last, was dragged overboard after the rest by the remaining corpse; and then a tremendous voice from the maintop, followed by exulting laughter, cried out, "*That job's done.*" Immediately after which, the water rushed out of the bottom of the vessel, and she was clear as before.

Returning thanks to Heaven that I was not a party or a sufferer with the rest, I laid down, and for the first time for many weeks fell into a sound sleep. How long I slept, I know not: it may have been days; but I awoke at last by the sound of voices, and found that the people on board of a vessel bound from Mexico to the South of Spain, perceiving the brig lying with her sails torn, and her yards not trimmed, had sent a boat to ascertain whether there was any body remaining in her. I was afraid that if I told them what had happened, they either would not believe me, or else refuse to take on board a person who had been in company with such examples of divine vengeance. I therefore stated that we had been attacked with dysentery about six weeks before, and all had died except myself, who was supercargo of the brig.

As their vessel was but half full, the cargo consisting chiefly of cochineal and copper, which is stowed in small space, the captain offered to take as many of my goods as he could stow, provided I would allow him the freight This I willingly consented to, and, examining the manifest, selected the most valuable, which were removed to the Spanish vessel.

We had a favourable wind; and having run through the Straits, expected in a day or two we should anchor at Valencia, to which port she was bound; but a violent gale came on from the N. E. which lasted many days, and drove us over to the African shore. To increase our misfortunes, the ship sprung a leak, and made so much water that we could scarcely keep her free.

The Spaniards are but indifferent sailors, and in a storm are more inclined to pray than to work: they became frightened, gave over pumping, and having lighted a candle before the image of St. Antonio, which was fixed on the stern of the vessel, began to call upon him for assistance. Not immediately obtaining their request, they took the image out of the shrine, abused it, called it every vile name that they could think of, and ended with tying it against the mainmast, and beating it with ropes.

In the mean time the vessel filled more and more; whereas, if instead of praying, they had continued at the pumps, we should have done well enough, as the gale was abating, and she did not make so much water as before.

Enraged at their cowardice, and at the idea of losing so much property as I had on board, (for I considered it as my own), I seized the image from the mast, and threw it overboard, telling them to go their pumps if they wished to be saved. The whole crew uttered a cry of horror, and would have thrown me after the image, but I made my escape up the rigging, from whence I dared not descend for many hours.

Having now no saint to appeal to, they once more applied to the pumps. To their astonishment, the vessel made no more water, and in the course of a few hours she was free.

The next morning the gale was over, and we were steering for Valencia. I observed that the captain and sailors avoided me, but I cared little about it, as I felt that my conduct had saved the ship as well as my own property. On the second day we anchored in the bay, and were boarded by the authorities, who went down into the cabin, and had a long conversation with the captain. They quitted the ship, and about an hour afterwards I proposed going ashore, but the captain said that he could not permit it until the next morning. While I was expostulating with him as to the reasons for my detention, a boat rowed alongside, from out of which came two personages dressed in black. I knew them to be familiars of the Inquisition; and it immediately occurred to me that some former act of my life had been discovered, and that my doom was sealed. The captain pointed me out; they collared and handed me into the boat, and pulled for the shore in silence.

When we landed, I was put into a black coach, and conveyed to the palace of the Inquisition, where I was thrown into one of the lowest dungeons. The next day the familiars appeared, and led me to the hall of judgment, where I was asked whether I confessed my crime. I replied that I did not know what I was accused of. They again asked me if I would confess, and on my making the same answer I was ordered to the torture.

As I knew that I had no chance, I thought that I might as well avoid unnecessary pain, and declared that I did confess it.

"What instigated you to the deed?"

Not well knowing what to reply, as I was not exactly aware of the nature of my offence, I answered that it was the blessed Virgin.

"Blasphemer!" cried the grand inquisitor, "what! the blessed Virgin desired you to throw St. Antonio overboard?"

"Yes," replied I, (glad at all events the crime was not what I had anticipated), "she did, and told me that it would be the saving of the vessel."

"Where were you?"

"On the deck."

"Where did you see her?"

"She was sitting on a small blue cloud, a little above the topsail yard. 'Fear not, Francois,' said she, motioning with her hand, 'to throw the image overboard.'" The inquisitors were astonished at my boldness: a consultation was held, as to whether I should be treated as a blasphemer, or the circumstance blazoned into a miracle. But it unfortunately happened for me that a miracle had occurred very lately; and there were very few people to be burnt at the *auto da fe* of the ensuing month.

It was therefore decided against me. I was reviled, abused, and sentenced to the flames; but I determined as my only chance, to put a good face upon the matter to the very last. Looking up, as if to a point in the ceiling of the dark hall of judgment, and holding my hands before, as if in amazement—"Holy Virgin," cried I, bending on my knee, "I thank thee for the sign." "My Lord," continued I fiercely, "I fear you not; you have sentenced me to perish by the flames; I tell you that I shall leave my dungeon with honour, and be as much courted as I have been now reviled."

The inquisitors were for a moment staggered, but their surprise gave place to their cruelty, when they considered. how long they had tortured thousands for doubting points to which they themselves had never for a moment given credence. I was remanded to my dungeon; and the gaoler, who had never before witnessed such boldness in the hall of justice, and was impressed with the conviction that I was supported as I had affirmed, treated me with kindness,—affording me comforts, which, had it been known, would have cost him his situation.

In the mean time the cargo of the vessel was landed at the Custom House, and she was hauled on shore to have her bottom caulked and pitched, when, to the astonishment of the captain and crew, the hole which had occasioned the leak was discovered with the head of the figure of the saint, which I had thrown overboard, so firmly wedged in, that it required some force to pull it out. "A miracle! a miracle!" was cried from the quays, and proclaimed through every part of the town. It was evident that the Virgin had instigated me to throw over the image, as the only means of stopping the leak. The friars of the nearest convent claimed the image from their propinquity, and came down to the ship in grand procession to carry it to their church. The grand inquisitor, hearing the circumstance, acknowledged to the bishop and heads of the clergy my intrepid behaviour in the hall of judgment; and not three hours after the ship had been hauled on shore, I was visited in my dungeon by the grand inquisitor, the bishop, and a long procession. my pardon requested, and the kiss of peace demanded and given. I was taken away with every mark of respect, and looked upon as one under special favour of the Virgin. "Did I not say, my lord, that I should leave my dungeon in honour?"

"You did, my friend;" answered the inquisitor; and I heard him mutter, "either there is such a person as the Virgin Mary, or you are a most ready-witted scoundrel."

During my stay at Valencia, I was courted and feasted by every body, and sold my goods at an enormous price; for every one thought that to possess any thing that had belonged to me must bring them good fortune. I received many handsome presents, had divers requests to become a member of the different fraternities of monks, and eventually quitted the town with a large sum of money, with which I proceeded to Toulon, with the intention of making some inquiry after my dear Cerise, whose image was still the object of my dreams, as well as of my waking thoughts. *Metrop. Mag.*

TO EMMA.

For the Olio.

I love thee, I have loved thee long,
  That I do *love* is past concealing:
But can the verses of my song,
  Describe the pure—the hallowed feeling!
Or paint the form so faultless fair,
  Enflamed my soul when first I saw thee,
Or thy mind's worth, that made me swear
  To love thee ever—to adore thee!

The miner, who 'mid ocean's roar,
  To gain the pearl each nerve is straining,
Feels he's repaid, his labour o'er,
  In the rich prize his toil is gaining;
Thus 'gainst the troubles of this earth,
  I'd strive with joyous gladness for thee,
As happy to possess thy worth,
  I'd love thee ever—I'd adore thee.

Around the oak in summer's pride,
  The ivy clings, its homage paying;
In winter still 'tis by its side,
  Nor leaves it yet, tho' fast decaying;
And thus, in poverty or wealth,
  If weal or woe is hanging o'er thee;
In pale decay and rosy health,
  I'll love thee ever—I'll adore thee.

A. M. P.

BAR AND PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

For the Olio.

The eloquence of modern times may be considered under three distinct heads, or rather, the forms under which the art may be exercised, are three, for eloquence must ever be in itself a simple excellence. The bar, the pulpit, and the senate, can all afford scope for the display of this talent; but still they do so, only in the degree that each particular sphere of action can afford room for its exercise. Thus the senate affords the orator many great advantages that the other fields for action are in want of, and at the same time it claims most of the privileges peculiar to them. It is, however, admitted on all hands; and, perhaps, it will be sufficiently obvious to the reader on a little consideration, that a debate in a popular assembly must, from its very nature, afford the orator his widest and most eligible field. With this theatre for eloquence, however, it is not our intention now to concern ourselves, or occupy our readers; but we proceed to institute a comparison between forensic and pulpit eloquence.

It has long been a famous and contested question, which of these claims the greater merit; and that we may ascertain this point methodically, perhaps it will be better to define in the first place what eloquence is:—Eloquence, then, is the art of persuasion; it is to be distinguished from that species of oratory, which attempts conviction merely, by the aid of logic; this appeals only to the understanding, and the adversaries it professes to combat, are doubtfulness and mistake. Eloquence appeals rather to the feelings, and it is that especial gift of the mind, by which we become masters of the heart, as well as understanding of others, and are thus enabled to influence them to our purposes. True it is, that conviction is one avenue to the heart, and that we must convince before we can persuade; and yet conviction and persuasion are not only terms of very different import, but they produce different effects; a man may be convinced it is his duty, but not prevailed upon to do it. This is well illustrated by the poet:

'Video meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.'

So also St. Augustine says, "Non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris;" the import of which plainly is, "Though your arguments may convince my reason, they shall not determine my resolution."

Having thus settled what eloquence means, it may be seen at a glance that the pleader has in reality little or no opportunity for its exercise; conviction is his great object, and it is not his business to persuade his hearers to what he may consider advisable, but only to point out to them what is true; beyond an attempt to convince he is not permitted to go, and any appeal to the feelings of the judge or judges would be both useless and absurd; passion moreover is not roused so easily, for the speaker is not merely heard more coolly, but he is watched more narrowly, and he would be only exposing himself were he for a moment to attempt that eloquent and impassioned tone, which is only suited to a mixed assembly. On the other hand, the preacher's appropriate and peculiar business is to make this appeal to passion, and to persuade his hearers to act conformably to truth; persuasion must ever be his ultimate object, and all his instructions it must be remembered, are to be of the practical kind, for he does not ascend the pulpit to unravel some abstruse argument, but with a view of making his hearers better men. The eloquence of the pulpit then is popular eloquence, and it must be brought home to every man's heart; to this end he is at liberty to make use of all the engaging manœuvres of oratory he can put forth, and indeed his subject is such that it admits of the highest embellishment in describing, as well as of the greatest warmth in enforcing it. The very strength of eloquence lies, as the great master of it has told us, in this excitement of the feelings; "for who does not know," says Cicero, "that the great power of eloquence consists in awakening the soul to anger, to grief, to hatred; or to recall her from these affections, to gentleness and pity." It may be remarked here by the way, that this great orator employed in his pleadings all the arts of popular eloquence; the customs of the day allowed and approved it, and indeed occasionally most extraordinary and even theatrical appeals were made to the feelings of the judges; thus in his treatise "De Oratore," we find the same orator exclaiming in raptures of that pleader who produced an aged general before the court, and pointed out to the judges the scars upon his body! In short, with the ancients, eloquence, rather than jurisprudence, was the study of a pleader, and strict law was so much less an object of attention than it is at present, that a term of three months was considered sufficient to qualify a man to become a civilian; with us on the contrary, the same number of years scarcely suffice. The barrister's reputation must be laid solely in a profound knowledge of his profession, as we have before had occasion to remark; and should that knowledge be but superficial, he will be neglected, though his abilities as a speaker be ever so eminent; to know what is law, and speak to the point, is the only rhetoric approved or indeed suffered in a modern law-court.

The second distinguishing property of eloquence is, that its foundation must be good sense; natural abilities do indeed require art to perfect an orator, but no art whatever can qualify a man for a speaker, unless he has a fund of good common sense, and that everyday knowledge which the generality of hearers can appreciate and be interested with. In short the orator must be natural as well as artificial, and he must be careful to deliver what he has to say in the most unaffected manner, for of all the vices injurious to eloquence, affectation is the worst. We have the authority of the great master of eloquence for saying this, for he tells us expressly that "eloquence consists in the most obvious principles, and in a knowledge of common life, and the habits and conversation of mankind. In other arts, he who excels is the man who strikes deepest into a road, the most distant from the knowledge, and the most impervious to the capacity, of the ignorant; whereas in eloquence, the most dreadful blunder that can be committed, is to deviate into abstruse expressions, and out of the beaten track of common sense." (Cicero de Oratore.) Now we may reasonably ask, do the dry abstract questions of law come within this description? Are they interesting, — are they (in the absence of all study) even intelligible to the general ear? We know on the contrary that this field of oratory is both complicated and confined, that the imagination of the speaker is fettered down by the very nature of his thesis, and that the statute-book is the rampart, beyond which he must not pass! But consider the pulpit on this head; the subject matter of the preacher is noble indeed, but at the same time it is sufficiently common, and it is intelligible as well as dignified; for the topics of his discourse are subjects upon which his audience must have often thought, and in which, at all events, they are equally interested with himself.

But the last and grand distinguishing feature of eloquence, that in fact which makes it eloquence, is sincerity in the speaker; for to become a persuasive orator it seems to have been a first principle with all who have handled the subject, that a man must firmly believe both the truth and importance of whatever he would inculcate on others; he must speak the language of his own conviction, and utter only his real sentiments; for never can a man be eloquent, but when he is thus in earnest, and his simplest auditor would be able to distinguish counterfeit warmth from genuine emotion. That all high eloquence must be the offspring of real unaffected passion was the favourite maxim of Demosthenes, for he advises that "the principal aim of a good orator should be, to appear to his audience the very man he wishes they should take him for. It would be needless to inquire whether the pleader can stand in such a situation as this ; it is perceptible in a moment that he never can, for the reader must be aware that one half of our lawyers plead on the bad side of a cause, and on that side which, from their acknowledged acuteness, they must generally know to be the bad one. As to sincerity in a pleader, there can be nothing but the semblance of it ; for sincerity can scarcely be felt by men, who hurry from cause to cause, and are eternally occupied in transacting the affairs of utter strangers.

But as to sincerity in the preacher, its existence there is clearly more probable, for not only his worldly but his future interest is concerned ; and though we may occasionally see an absence of it, charity would incline us to believe that for the most part it is not only apparent but felt ; and that in all ages of the church, the general habit of our clergy have been consonant with their maxims, and illustrative of their professions.

It cannot be denied for a moment that the pulpit confers great and exclusive privileges, and that where success is wanting the preacher turns very peculiar advantages to a very moderate account. His audience have assembled before him purposely to be addressed on the truths of a religion, sublime beyond all the speculations of philosophers yet in all its most important points simple, and of the easiest apprehension ; in short, the most elevating, the most touching, the most interesting of all topics is to be the subject matter of his address, and this address is to be directed to persons sufficiently versed in them and assembled solely from the desire they feel to hear them handled. Independant, however, of his subject, the preacher has advantages of a kind not enjoyed by the pleader : he speaks with the most complete preparation ; he is obliged to no replies or extemporaneous efforts ; he speaks in the most profound silence, secure from all interruption and without the slightest contention to ruffle him, or distract his audience ; he chooses his theme at leisure, and he comes before the public with all that assistance which the pages of divinity can afford, and which the most accurate premeditation can give ; above all, he speaks as from a lofty eminence, not soliciting but commanding attention ; not discoursing as man to man, but delivering a divine message ! It may be inquired here, " How is it then that sermons produce so little effect ?" We reply that their want of effect must be attributed not to the speaker but to the hearer ! and it is lamentable enough that the same speaker who is heard with indifference from the pulpit, might be listened to with enthusiasm from the hustings. The reason of this is obvious ; that excitement is wanting to a religious discourse, which is easily created by a present interest, and such is the grovelling nature of man, that he is ever disposed to feel more strongly those appeals, which are made to him on matters before his eyes, than those which refer to the period when " Time shall be no more !"

In conclusion, we cannot but assign, the palm of real eloquence to the pulpit, and as to forensic eloquence, there seems to us a sort of antethesis in the very words : there have been indeed illustrious men who have flourished at the British bar, and eloquence of the richest vein is to be found in the pleadings of a Curran. This great man, however, it should be remembered, trespassed on forbidden ground ; he travelled boldly, but without sanction, out of the beaten track of his predecessors and his cotemporaries, and candour will not allow us to consider such eloquence as his, as a specimen of the ordinary speechifying of a modern lawyer !

Any encomium on the oratorical productions of our well known and eminent divines would be both officious and superfluous, but we cannot but feel proud in closing this short essay, in directing attention to the writings of a Hooker, or the unrivalled, faultless eloquence of a Jeremy Taylor ! F.

CHARACTER OF SHERIDAN.

The source of Sheridan's misfortunes was ambition, or an insatiable appetite for display. At the outset of his career, he adopted a style of living, the expenses of which far exceeded his limited means ; and he plunged headlong into debt, to keep up an appearance equal to that of his opulent associates. His pride, and increasing desire to shine in superior society, prevented him from attempting to retrieve his independence, by abandoning the course which he had thus rashly adopted; had he done so, when he began to discover its manifofd inconveniences, his future progress in life would perhaps, have been more happy and more honourable, but, in all probability, much less brilliant; for the same vice which ultimately led to his ruin, was also the cause of his celebrity. His ruling passion prompted him, by dint of intense application, to aim at achieving extraordinary reputation as a dramatist; he succeeded, but was not satisfied. The supreme controul of one of the great theatres then became the pinnacle of his aspiring views: by some miraculous means he attained it; but, cloyed with possession, and eager to distinguish himself in a more important station, he formed expensive political connexions, with the view of obtaining a seat in parliament. His wish was again gratified: he became a member of the House of Commons; and, at length, one of the leaders of his party. But his success as an orator tended to accelerate his ruin. To maintain his political eminence, he devoted his attention to public affairs; his private concerns were consequently neglected. The emoluments which he might, perhaps, have acquired, by a sedulous attention to his business, as a stage-proprietor, were considered as dust in the balance, against the congenial society, the entertainment, and flattering applause, which he met with in parliament. Intoxicated by his reputation for eloquence, he beheld, with indifference, his respectability vanish, his pecuniary resources diminish, and his liabilities enormously increase. Privileged from arrest, and gifted with an extraordinary power of appeasing the most clamorous creditor, debt, in his opinion, appeared to be no disgrace, and scarcely an inconvenience. He frequently so infatuated his victims, that, many who called upon him for payment, were cajoled to lend him more money, or furnish him with more goods. Selfishness was a predominant quality in his character. With an apathy, evincing a lamentable want of principle, he borrowed and squandered away what he had no prospect of repaying; and thus reduced to beggary, several who had the strongest claims on his gratitude. Although affected even to the shedding of tears, at the profanation of his person by the touch of a bailiff, he appears to have been contemptibly callous to the distresses of those on whom he had entailed misery, and, in some cases, absolute want, by his carelessness and extravagance.

Amid the struggles of party, and all the feverish, but to him, delectable excitements of political life, the drama still possessed some of its original fascination. He shamefully neglected, but would not, until absolutely compelled by circumstances, altogether abandon his theatrical pursuits, incompatible as they were with his political avocations. His finances were suffered to fall into ruinous confusion; while, in return for the devotion of his talents and time to public affairs, he obtained little but fame; his party, though able and energetic, having but rarely and briefly enjoyed the sweets of office. His debts rapidly accumulated; his intellectual powers gradually diminished; and the more nearly he approached towards poverty, the more grossly did he abandon himself to sensual indulgences. In the course of his career, he had made numerous enemies, many admirers, but few friends; and, at length, he found himself, not only destitute of health, but,—partly, it must be confessed, by calamity, but principally through his own imprudence,—of credit, influence, reputation, and almost the means of existence.

Although patriotism, as a public character, may be no atonement for the injuries he inflicted on many of his fellow countrymen, by his reckless profligacy as an individual, it is due to his reputation to state, that he was, eminently, to the best of his judgment, the friend of his country. His conduct in parliament appears to have been, invariably, conscientious. Few politicians have been assailed by stronger temptations; yet it has been justly said of him, that he never would sacrifice his principles to his pocket, and that when most embarrassed he was most incorruptible. At a period, fertile beyond precedent, in eloquence, he rivalled as an orator, the most exalted of his cotemporaries. His figure was manly; his contenance expressive; and his voice singularly flexible, rich, and sonorous. His style was generally pure; his sentiments liberal; and his embellishments exquisite. *Georgian Era*, Vol. 1.

AMERICAN ASSIZES.

The first matter that occupied the attention of the court was the marshalling of the grand jury, to whom the usual charge was delivered. This office was assigned by the court to one of the members of the bar, a young practitioner, who did not fail to embellish the summary of duties, which he unfolded to their view, with a plentiful garniture of rhetoric. Notwithstanding the portentous exaggeration of the solemnity of the occasion, and the multitudinous grave topics which were urged upon the grand inquest, it seems that this quintessence of the freehold dignity was sadly puzzled to find employment in any degree commensurate with the exaltedness of its function. It is said that the jurors revolved in their minds the whole list of national grievances. One party suggested the idea of presenting the established mode of electing the president of the United States as a grievance to the good people of the country; another thought of a formal denunciation of the tariff; a few advocated an assault upon the supreme court; but all were happily brought into a harmonious concurrence in the design of presenting a mad-cap ragamuffin, by the name of Jemmy Smith, for disturbing the peace of a camp meeting, by drinking whiskey, and breeding a riot, within the confines of the conventicle. Accordingly, after an hour's deliberation upon these various suggestions, they returned to the court room with a solitary bill, made out in due form, against Jemmy; and this matter constituting the sum total of their business for the term, they were thereupon discharged, with the thanks of the court for the able and vigilant administration of their inquisitorial duties. Jemmy Smith had anticipated this act of authority, and was now in court, ready to stand his trial. He had already selected his counsel—a flowery and energetic advocate, whose strength lay, according to the popular opinion, in his skill in managing a jury. The name of this defender of Jeremy's fame was Taliaferro (pronounced Tolliver) or, as it was called for shortness, Toll Hedges, Esq.; a gentleman whose pantaloons were too short for him, and whose bare legs were, consequently, visible above his stockings. Toll's figure, however, was adorned with a bran-new blue coat, of the most conceited fashion, which, nevertheless, gave some indications of having been recently slept in, as it was plentifully supplied with down from a feather-bed. He was conspicuous also for an old straw hat, that had been fretted at the rim by a careless habit in handling it. This learned counsel had apparently been keeping his vigils too strictly the night before, for his eyes were red, and his face inflamed. His frame had all the morning languor of a sedulous night-watcher; and, altogether, Toll did not appear to be in the best condition to try his case. However, he had now taken his seat at the bar; and close beside him sat his client, Jemmy Smith, an indescribably swaggering, saucy blade, who had the irreverence to come into court without coat or waistcoat, and to shew a wild, grinning, disorderly countenance to his peers. Whilst the gentleman who conducted the case for the commonwealth was giving a narrative of Jemmy's delinquencies to the jury, and was vituperating that worthy's character in good set terms, Toll was, to all appearance, asleep upon his folded arms, resting upon the desk before him. When the charge was fairly explained, one witness was called to support it. This individual was pretty much such a looking person as Jemmy himself. He was rather downfaced and confused in his demeanour before the court, and particularly shabby in his exterior; but he told a plain straightforward story enough, in the main, and his evidence went the full length of all the traverser's imputed enormities. The truth was, Jemmy had certainly broke into the camp, and played some strange antics, considering the sanctity of the place. But during all this time, Taliaferro Hedges, Esq. maintained his recumbent position, except now and then, when Jemmy, feeling himself pinched by the testimony, would recline his head to whisper in his counsel's ear, which act would rouse him enough to bring upon Jemmy a rebuke, that was generally conveyed by pushing him off, and an injunction to be quiet. At length the whole story was told, and bad enough it looked for Jemmy! The attorney for the commonwealth now informed Mr. Hedges that the witness was at his disposal. At this Toll completely roused himself, and sitting bolt upright, directed a sharp and peremptory catechism to the witness, in which he required him to repeat the particulars he had before detailed. There was something bullying in the manner of the counsel that quite intimidated the witness, and the poor fellow made some sad equivocations.—At last, said Toll, after admonishing the witness in a very formal manner, that he was upon his oath, and explaining to him the solemnity of his obligation to speak the truth—"I will ask you one question—answer it categorically, and without evasion—When you and Smith went down to camp-meeting, hadn't Smith a bottle of whiskey in the bosom of his shirt? Tell the truth." The attorney for the commonwealth objected to the question, but the court overruled the objection. "Why, yes, he had," replied the witness.—"Didn't Jemmy buy that bottle himself, and pay for it out of his own pocket? On the oath you have taken."—"Why, yes, he did."—"Well, now tell us; didn't you drink some of that whiskey yourself, along the road?"—"Why, yes, I did. I tell the truth, gentlemen."—"More than once."—"Yes, several times."—"After you got down to camp?"—"Oh, yes! certainly—I don't deny it."—"Did you and Jemmy drink out of the mouth of the bottle, or out of a cup?"—"Certainly, out of the mouth of the bottle. You will not catch me in any lies, lawyer Hedges."—"Really, Mr. Hedges," interrupted the attorney for the commonwealth, "I don't see what this has to do with the question. I must apply to the court."—"Oh, very well," said Toll, "I see how it is. Gentlemen of the jury, I don't insist on the question, if the gentleman does not like to have it answered. But you can't help seeing the true state of the case. Here's this fellow, who has been all along drinking out of the very same bottle with Jemmy Smith and Jemmy's own whiskey too—and now he comes out state's evidence. What credit can you attach to a cock-and-bull story, told by a fellow who comes to swear against a man who has been dividing his liquor with him? For the honour of the Old Dominion, gentlemen!" cried Toll, concluding this side-bar appeal to the jury, with an indignant gesticulation, and a look of triumph in his face, that might be said to be oratorically comic. The look was a master-stroke; it took complete effect, and Jemmy was acquitted, in spite of the facts. As the crowd broke up, Toll, on leaving the court-room, walked up to the witness, and slapping him on the back, said, "Come, let us go take something to drink;" and off the two went together to the tavern. Hazard remarked to Hedges afterwards, that it was a little odd, as he had completely triumphed over the facts of his case by undermining the credit of the witness, he should be on such good terms with this person as to bring him down to drink with him. "Ah!" replied Hedges, "if the jury knew that man as well as I do, they would have believed every word he said; for there is not an honester fellow in the county. But I know how to work these juries."

. . . . .

As the evening waned, the disputants began to leave the field: and Hedges being thrown by chance into the bar-room, alone with his good-natured host, addressed him very seriously upon the subject of the countenance he had given to certain heresies that had been uttered in his presence, and seemingly with his concurrence. "Lord, Mr. Hedges," said he, in a quiet tone, and looking round to see who was within hearing, "you know my ideas long ago about all that matter! It isn't my business to break with customers, or to be setting up against them. What signifies opinions this way or that! But," he continued, erecting his figure to its full height, and putting on a look of extraordinary determinaton, "sentiments is another thing! Let any man ask me my sentiments—that's all. Thar's no flinch in me, you may depend upon it."

Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in Virginia.

THE EMERALD RING.

FOR THE OLIO.

An ancient superstition has attached a magical property to the emerald, which is supposed to lose its colour (particularly when a love token) as the faith of the giver wavers until it at length becomes perfectly pellucid.

Ancient Treatise on Gems.

The ring—the ring of emerald
  On her slender finger shone,
As she sat beneath the moonlight
  Alone—alas, alone!
A wasting thought had faded
  Her cheeks transparent bloom;
And her girlish beauty saddened
  With a deep and shadowing gloom.

Her parted hair was braided
  From her brow with orient pearls;
But down in amber glory,
  Its soft and silken curls,
In the rich and bright profusion
  Of their thousand ringlets fell,
O'er the soft and swanlike beauty
  Of her virgin bosoms swell.

As it heaved above the pearling
  Of her boddice rich and rare—
Alas! alas that sorrow
  Should dwell in aught so fair!
She sat beneath the shadow
  Of the ancient trysting tree,
While the moon looked thro' the branches—
  But her lover—where was he?

Alas! for Ladye Lillian!
  Alas, thas hearts should range:
Or that knights so gay and gallant,
  As her plighted one should change.

Still on her slender finger,
  His charmed token shone—
But its green light had departed,
  And she wept—alone, alone!

E. S. CRAVEN.

MEMOIRS OF TOM JONES.

Heard by the late Mr. Colquhoun from the lips of Miller the Bookseller.

Fielding, having finished the manuscript of "Tom Jones," and being at the time hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second-rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children or others men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety, both to know at how high a rate his labours were appreciated, as well as how he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends, to whom he had shown his MS.. that it should, at least, produce twice that sum. But, alas! when the bookseller, with a significant shrug, showed a hesitation as to publishing the work at all, even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes had buoyed up his hopes seemed at once to close upon him at this unexpected and distressing intimation. "And will you give me no hopes?" said he, in a tone of despair. —"Very faint ones, indeed, Sir," replied the bookseller, "for I have scarcely any that the book *will move*." —"Well, Sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it, and little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it.' —"Why, Sir," returned our bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your 'Jones,' and, in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it;—the book will *not move;* it is not to the public nor do I think any inducement can make me offer you more than twenty-five pounds for it."—"And that you *will* give for it," said Fielding, anxiously and quickly.—"Really I must think again, and will endeavour to make up my mind by to-morrow."— "Well, Sir," replied Fielding, "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the twenty-five pounds; but these must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am pressed for the money, and, if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript."—"I will see what I can do," returned the bookseller: and so the two parted.

Our author, returning homewards from this unpromising visit, met his friend Thomson, the poet, and told him how the negociation for the manuscript, he had formerly shown him, stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his headstrong bargain, conjured him if he could do it honourably, to cancel it, and promised him in that event, to find him a purchaser, whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment the next morning, with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain, as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy, the ignorant trafficker in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the MS. very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went, in company with him, to Mr. Andrew Millar, (a popular bookseller at that day). Mr. M. was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading, but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore, left with him, and some days after, she having perused it, *bid him by no means let it slip through his fingers.* M. accordingly invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee-house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson, at last, suggested, "It would be as well if they proceeded to business." Fielding, still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving him for his work. "I am a man," said Miller, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than *two hundred pounds* for it." —"What!" exclaimed Fielding; "two hundred pounds!" — "Indeed, Mr. Fielding," returned Millar, "indeed, I am sensible of your talents; but my mind is made up." — "Two hundred pounds!" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment; *two hundred pounds*, did you say?" — "Upon my word, Sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit; but my mind is made up, and I cannot give one farthing more." — "Allow me to ask you," continued Fielding, with undiminished surprise, — "allow me, Mr. Millar, to ask you—whether—you—are *se—rious?*"—"Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings, or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford you more than two hundred pounds for your novel." — "Then, my good Sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And, waiter," continued he, "bring us a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died, he had cleared *eighteen thousand* pounds by "Tom Jones;" out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents at different times of various sums, till they amounted to 2000*l*. And he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

New Works.

The Shaksperian Forgeries.[*]

Mr. Ireland has issued a new edition of the drama of Vortigern, accompanied by a singularly curious preface, which we recommend to the perusal of every person interested on the subject of Shakspeare. Mr. Ireland attacks his opponents, Messrs. Warton, Parr, Boaden, &c. with great spirit, and most satisfactorily exposes the conduct of the late J. P. Kemble, in regard to the failure of the piece. We annex the following lines as a sample of the production, forming part of the soliloquy selected by Mr. Kemble to impede its success, the line in italics being that whereon the peculiar emphasis was laid. A fac simile of the spurious writing accompanies the drama, tracing the speech above alluded to.

———— O sovereign death!
That hast for thy domain this world immense
Church-yards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces;
And, when thou would'st be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
O! then thou dost ope wide thy bony jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;
And when this solemn mockery is o'er,
With icy hand thou takest him by the feet,
And upward so, till thou dost reach the heart,
And wrap him in the cloak of lasting night.

Knowledge for the People.[†] *Parts* 15 *&* 16.

This is a very useful little work, and reflects great credit upon the editor for the mass of general information he has brought together. We extract the following:—

"*Why is the barometer absurdly called a weather-glass?*

"Because, by it, certain persons attempt to establish rules, by which, from the height of the mercury, the coming state of the weather may be predicted. Hence we find the words, 'Rain,' 'Fair,' 'Changeable,' 'Frost,' &c. engraved on the scale attached to common domestic barometers, as if, when the mercury stands at the height marked by these words, the weather is always subject to the vicissitudes expressed by them. These marks are, however, entitled to no attention.

"Thus, two barometers, one near the level of the river Thames, and the other on the heights of Hampstead, will differ by half an inch; the latter being always half an inch lower than the former. If the words, therefore, engraved upon the plates were to be relied on, similar changes of weather could never happen at these two situations. But what is even more absurd, such a scale would inform us that the weather at the foot of a high building, such as St. Paul's, must always be different from the weather at the top of it.

"*Why is the height of the column comparatively unimportant?*

"Because, it is observed that the changes of weather are indicated, not by the actual height of the mercury, but by its *change* of height. One of the most general, though not absolutely invariable, rules is, that when the mercury is very low, and therefore the atmosphere very light, high winds and storms may be expected. The following rules may generally be relied upon, at least to a certain extent:

"Generally the rising of the mercury indicates the approach of fair weather; the falling of it shews the approach of foul weather.

"In sultry weather the fall of the mercury indicates coming thunder. In winter, the rise of the mercury indicates frost. In frost, its fall indicates thaw; and its rise indicates snow.

"Whatever change of weather suddenly follows a change in the barometer, may be expected to last but a short time. Thus, if fair weather follow immediately the rise of the mercury, there will be very little of it; and, in the same way, if foul weather follow the fall of the mercury, it will last but a short time.

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[*] Joseph Thomas, Birchin Lane.

[†] S. Low, Lamb's Conduit Street.

"If fair weather continue for several days, during which the mercury continually falls, a long continuance of foul weather will probably ensue; and again, if foul weather continue for several days, while the mercury continually rises, a long succession of fair weather will probably succeed.

"A fluctuating and unsettled state in the mercurial column indicates changeable weather.

"The domestic barometer would become a much more useful instrument, if, instead of the words usually engraved on the plate, a short list of the best established rules, such as the above, accompanied it, which might be either engraved on the plate, or printed on a card. It would be right, however, to express the rules only with that degree of probability which observation of past phenomena has justified. There is no rule respecting these effects which will hold good with perfect certainty in every case.—*Lardner.*

"*Why are fogs more dense about London, and probably all other great cities, than elsewhere?*

"Because the vast quantity of fuliginous matter floating over such places, mingles with the vapour, and renders the whole so thick, that a noonday darkness is sometimes produced, and at other times the foggy darkness may be described as awful. A correspondent of the 'Magazine of Natural History,' in noticing such a day, about 2 P. M. on Jan. 27, 1831, says, 'this extraordinary appearance is, however, caused by a very ordinary accident, viz. a change of wind; and which may be accounted for as follows:—The west wind carries the smoke of the city to the eastward in a long train, extending to the distance of twenty or thirty miles; as may be seen in a clear day, by any person on an eminence five or six miles from the city, and looking across in the direction of the wind; say from Harrow-on-the-Hill, for instance. In this case, suppose the wind to change suddenly to the east, the great body of smoke will be brought back in an accumulated mass, and, as this repasses the city, augmented by the clouds of smoke from every fire therein, it causes the murky darkness alluded to. It is to be observed, that the cause of fogs is also the cause of the smoke floating near the earth; of course, where there is much of the latter, the former is doubly dense.

"By accurate observation of the height of the fog, relatively with the higher edifices, whose elevation is known, it has been ascertained that the fogs of London never rise more than from two hundred to two hundred and forty feet above the same level. Hence, the air of the more elevated environs of the metropolis is celebrated for its pure and invigorating qualities, being placed above the fogs of the plain, and removed from smoky and contaminated atmosphere. The height of the Norwood hills, for example, is about 390 feet above the level of the sea at low water, and thus enjoys a pre-eminent salubrity."

Table Talk.

THE BAYONET.—No troops in the world can contend with the bayonets of the English, say our countrymen; and this cannot be denied. Some military men will tell you that when two parties meet to try the struggle with the bayonet, that struggle cannot last long; one or the other must give way. If this be true, the present race of men are sadly deficient in personal courage, or all accounts of battles of a hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, are monstrous falsehoods. We read in many authors of those days that soldiers contended obstinately at "push of pike" for a long time. Perhaps, however, the examples of the captains and lieutenants at that period were more encouraging. A. M.

CHARLES JAMES FOX. — Had it not been for his privilege as a member of the house of commons, he would scarcely ever have been in the enjoyment of his personal liberty. One day, shortly after a dissolution of parliament, while in the company of his friend, "the witty but dissipated Hare,' who, like himself, was in hourly expectation of being arrested, a couple of bailiffs suddenly made their appearance. "Well, gentlemen," said Fox, to them, "are you *Hare*-hunting or *Fox*-hunting today?" It is worthy of remark, that notwithstanding his devotion to the senate, the table, the dice-box, and the toilet, he found time to cultivate the acquaintance of such men as Johnson and Gibbon; to increase his knowledge of the Greek writers; and even to indulge, occasionally, in poetical composition. His vivacity often exposed him to animadversion; for there was sometimes a recklessness in his gaiety, which seemed unseasonable and unfeeling. Thus, when his brother's house was in flames, he offered to bet the noble owner which beam, which partition, or which chimney would first give way.

Georgian Era, vol. I.

Ingenuity of Walpole.—On the death of George the First, Walpole appears to have expected a dismissal, but still to have felt confident that his exclusion would not be of long continuance; under this impression, he said to his friend, Sir William Yonge, "I shall certainly go out; but let me advise you not to go into violent opposition, as we must soon come in again." He passed the two days, however, which immediately followed the accession of George the Second, in great agitation, and held several conferences with his friends, at Devonshire-house. Scrope, secretary to the treasury, who was admitted to one of these meetings, described the whole company as absorbed in gloom and consternation. But affairs soon took a favourable turn: Sir Spencer Compton, the intended minister, (for whom Walpole had, it appears, as an act of kindness, drawn up the king's speech to the council,) having proposed £60,000 per annum, as the amount of the settlement which it would be proper to make on the queen, Walpole, with whom she had been previously offended, secured her majesty's powerful interest in his behalf, by privately pledging himself, that if he were continued in office, the amount of her jointure should be £40,000 per annum above the sum proposed by Sir Spencer. She laboured assiduously to remove the king's prejudices against Walpole, and, at length completely triumphed.

Meanwhile, the door of Sir Spencer Compton's house was besieged by persons of all ranks, who came to pay their court to him. As Walpole was passing in his carriage, he said, to a friend who with him, "Did you observe how my house is deserted, and how that door is crowded with carriages? To-morrow the scene will be changed: that house will be deserted, and mine will be more frequented than ever." As his continuance in office was the work of the queen, it was through her that it was first made known to the public. Lady Walpole presented herself at her majesty's first drawing-room; but as Sir Robert was supposed to be in disgrace, no one made way for her; until the queen motioned her to advance, saying, "There, I am sure I see a friend." Instantly the whole company drew back; the queen spoke to her in the most gracious manner, and in returning, Lady Walpole said she might have walked upon their heads, so eager were they to pay their court to her.

Wilkes' Antipathy to the Scotch.—Wilkes constantly abused the Scotch with extraordinary bitterness; and, at length, antipathy to their northern fellow subjects became a prevalent feeling among a large portion of the people of England. Wilkes never lost an opportunity of expressing his contempt for "the land o' cakes." "Among all the flights," said he, during a discussion with Johnson, on the genius of Shakspeare, "among all the vagaries of that author's imagination, the boldest certainly is that of Birnam wood being brought to Dunsinane;—making a wood where there never was a shrub! A wood in Scotland! Ha! ha! ha!"

The Earl of Chatham.—In 1764, he greatly distinguished himself by his opposition to general warrants, which, with all his accustomed energy and eloquence, he stigmatized as being atrociously illegal. A search for papers, or a seizure of the person, without some specific charge, was, he contended, repugnant to every principle of true liberty. "By the British constitution," said he, "every man's house is his castle! Not that it is surrounded by walls and battlements; it may be a straw-built shed; every wind of heaven may whistle round it; all the elements of nature may enter it; but the king cannot; the king dare not!"

Sheridan's Maiden Speech.—His first speech was relative to a petition presented against his return: the house heard him with particular attention but his success does not appear to have equalled the expectation of his friends. After he had spoken, he went into the gallery and asked Woodfall, the reporter, with great anxiety, what he thought of his first essay. Woodfall replied, "Oratory is not in your line, you had better cleave to your literary pursuits." Sheridan was dumb-foundered for a few moments, and then exclaimed, with great energy, "It is in me, however, Woodfall; and, by heaven, I'll have it out!"

Richard the Third's Bed.—Richard slept at the Blue Boar Inn, opposite the Grammar School, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field, and the bedstead whereon he is supposed to have lain is still preserved, and its history is thus handed down:—In 1613, Mrs. Clarke, keeper of that inn, was robbed by her servant-maid and seven men, and the relation is thus given by Sir Roger Twisden, who had it from persons of undoubted credit, who were not only inhabitants of Leicester, but saw the murderers executed:—When King Richard III. marched into Leicestershire against Henry Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., he lay at the Blue Boar Inn, in the town of Leicester, where was left a large wooden bedstead, gilded in some places, which after his defeat and death in the battle of Bosworth, was left either through haste, or as a thing of little value, (the bedding being all taken from it,) to the people of the house; thenceforward this old bedstead, boarded at the bottom (as the manner was in those days), became a piece of standing furniture, and passed from tenant to tenant with the inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this house was kept by one Mr. Clarke, who put a bed on this bedstead, which his wife was going to make hastily, and jumbling the bedstead, a piece of gold dropt out. This excited the woman's curiosity; she narrowly examined this antiquated piece of furniture, and finding it had a double bottom, took off the uppermost with a chisel, upon which she discovered the space between them filled with gold, part of it coined by Richard III., and the rest of it in earlier times. Mr. Clarke concealed this piece of good fortune, though by degrees the effects of it were made known, for he became rich from a low condition, and in the space of a few years Mayor of the town; and then the story of the bedstead came to be rumoured by the servant. At his death he left his estate to his wife, who still continued to keep the inn, though she was known to be very rich, which put some wicked persons upon engaging the maid servant to assist in robbing her. These folks, to the number of seven, lodged in her house, plundered it, and carried off some horse-loads of valuable things, and yet left a considerable quantity of valuables scattered about the floor.—As for Mrs. Clarke herself, who was very fat, she endeavoured to cry out for help, upon which her maid thrust her fingers down her throat, and choaked her, for which she was burnt; the seven men who were her accomplices were hanged at Leicester some time in 1613.

Fidelity and Maternal Attachment.—A celebrated preacher, named Bucholz, who resided at Hasmark in Hungary, had occasion to go to the village of Eperies, distant about twenty English miles from his own place of abode. He travelled on foot, and took with him a small terrier bitch, then in the last week of her pregnancy. After having been detained several days at Eperies by floods, he was compelled to return home without his dog, which in the mean time had brought forth a litter of five puppies. He had not been in the house an hour when to his surprise the bitch came in bearing a puppy in her mouth, which she carefully placed upon the mat where she ordinarily lay, and immediately rushed out of the house again on the road to Eperies. In the space of twenty-four hours, she went and returned four times more; on each occasion bringing home a puppy in her mouth. It is hardly necessary to state that the puppies were quite dead as the mother brought them into the house. As the poor creature laid the last puppy upon the mat, she could scarcely stand for weariness; she whined and trembled, looking pitifully upon her dead puppies; and after walking once or twice round the mat she laid herself down beside them, and died in a few minutes. In twenty-four hours the animal had run about 180 miles.

Character of a Gentleman.—A lawyer, at a circuit town, in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn.—He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room, he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, sir, you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a ten pound note." "Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is." "Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you." "No, sir, I want no reward for being honest;" but, looking at him with a knowing grin—"wasn't it lucky none of the *gentlemen* found it?"

How Eggs are Boiled.—Mr. Lightfoot Lee was exceedingly particular in boiling his eggs, which he was accustomed to say required more discretion than any other branch of the great art of cookery. The preparations for this critical affair were always made with due solemnity. First, Mr. Lee sat with his watch in his hand, and the parlour-door, as well as all the other doors down to the kitchen, wide open. At the parlour-door stood Juba, his oldest, most confidential, servant. At the end of the hall leading to the kitchen, stood Pomp, the coachman; at the foot of the kitchen stairs stood Benjamin, the footman; and Dolly, the cook, was watching the skillet. "It boils," cried Dolly: "It boils," said Benjamin: "It boils," said Pompey the great: and "It boils," echoed Juba, Prince of Numidia. "Put them in," said Mr. Lee: "Put them in," said Juba: "Put them in," said Pomp: and "Put them in," said Dolly: as she dropped the eggs into the skillet. Exactly a minute and a half afterwards, by his stop watch, Mr. Lee called out "Done;" and "Done" was repeated from mouth to mouth as before. The perfection of the whole process consisted in Dolly's whipping out the eggs in half a second from the last echo of the critical "Done."

George the Second and the young Pretender. — The young Pretender is said to have visited this country on more than one occasion, during this reign, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of public feeling in his favour. The king, it is related, one day asked Lord Holderness, then secretary of State, where the Pretender was?—"Upon my word, sire," was the reply, "I don't exactly know; I suppose in Italy; but I'll consult my last despatches."—"Poh, poh! man," said the king, "don't trouble yourself about despatches; I'll tell you where he is: he is now at No. ——, in the Strand, and was last night at Lady ——'s rout. What shall we do wi.h him?" Lord Holderness proposed calling a council; but the king said, "No, no; we can manage the business without a council. Let him stay where he is at present; and when the poor man has amused himself with looking about London, he will go home again."

Adulterated Flour. — When you are about to try the quality of flour, proceed as follows:—Grasp a handful, give it a sharp squeeze, and set the lump on the table. If it holds together and preserves the form of the cavity of the hand, the flour is good; but if the lump soon falls down, the flour is adulterated. When the adulterant is ground bones, or plaster of Paris, the lump soon falls down immediately; but when whiting or pipe clay is present, the lump keeps its form a little longer. The presence of much bran is detected by the colour and feel of the flour; but in this case also the grasped specimen soon crumbles. Genuine flour retains the fine impressions of the grains of the skin much longer than any which is adulterated. Rub a little of the flour between the palms of your hands when they are moist; if you find any resistance, the flour contains whiting.—Moisten the fore-finger and thumb with a little sweet oil, and rub a small quantity of the flour between them. If the flour is pure, you may rub it for any length of time without its becoming sticky and adhesive; the flour in the meantime becomes nearly black. But if whiting be present, the flour will soon be worked up into the consistence of putty, which will retain the original white colour, or nearly so. Mix a little flour with water in a tumbler, then drop a little numatic acid into the water. If any chalk or whiting be present, an effervescence will be produced by the discharge of carbonic acid gas.

The Romance of War. — A French soldier who accompanied the armies of Russia, concealed a small treasure at the entrance of a village near Wilna, with the view of taking it with him on his return. After the defeat of Moscow he was made prisoner, and sent to Siberia, and only recovered his liberty about three years since. On reaching Wilna, he remembered his hidden treasure, and after tracing out the spot where he had hid it, he went to take it away. What was his astonishment to find, in the place of his money, a small tin box, containing a letter addressed to him, in which a commercial house was mentioned at Nancy. where he might receive the sum buried, with interest. The soldier supposed this was all a hoax; he went, however, to the house pointed out, where he received his capital with twelve years' interest. With this sum he established a small business in Nancy, which enables him to live comfortably; but he has never yet been able, though he has taken pains, to ascertain how his money was taken away and restored to him.

Means of rendering the Vine more Productive. — A foreign Journal, for the purpose above stated, recommends four ounces of alum to be mixed with four pellets of clay, by means of a sufficient quantity of water, and, the roots of the vine being uncovered on a fine day towards the end of the winter, they are to be moistened with this mixture, and the earth then changed, so that what was previously uppermost shall be undermost. It is asserted that through this operation a vine produces a great additional quantity of grapes.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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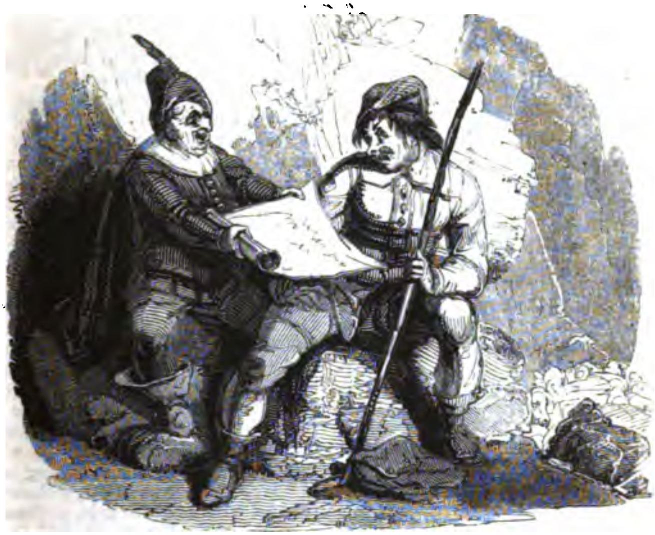

See page 98.

Illustrated Article.

CARL SCHWARTZEN THE NEATHERD

A TALE OF THE HARTZ.

For the Olio.

THE last crimson tinge of the sun's departing glory, which faintly illumined the western horizon, gradually faded away, and gave place to the sombre shades of evening, as Carl Schwartzen, a neatherd, in the service of the Count Fiestenberg von Waxchlunger, trudged his way homewards through the wild vicinity of the Hartz. Carl was one of those dissatisfied mortals who are always grumbling at the hardness of their lot, and murmuring against the wise dispensations of Providence.

"Verily I am weary of this monotonous kind of life," quoth he, as he sauntered along, "tending upon the lazy herd from morn till night, and all the reward I get is coarse food, (and that scanty enow, heaven knows), a bed of dirty rushes, and a hearty drubbing whenever the count (may the foul fiend rive him), happens to cross my path; I fain would live like the count, my master, who walloweth in his wealth and luxury. Oh that the mountain spirit would vouchsafe to bestow riches on me! I then perchance might have the power to revenge me on the count, for the many cudgellings that I have received at his hands; but woe is me, unhappy wretch that I am, there is no such good fortune in store for Carl Schwartzen."

After this strain reasoned he with himself as he pursued his rugged steps, till he sank exhausted and fatigued on a projecting fragment of rock, beneath a clump of tall dark pines, which were gently undulating in the cool evening breeze, to rest his wearied limbs; and finding himself an hungered, unstrapped his wallet, and took therefrom the last remaining crust. "Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than an house filled with sacrifices with strife;" saith the proverbs of the wise man, to which Carl by no means assented; his meal was therefore rendered doubly wretched, by his discontented disposition.

"Goodly fare this same, for a man who hath toiled from the rising to the setting of the sun," said he aloud. "An the Count von Waxchlunger were to pass a few days after this manner, belike he would vouchsafe to amend the condition of his dependants; would that I had a flask of his highness's old hock, that his cellar is so well stored withal; for I wax marvellously dry after my day's labour."

"An thou wilt partake with me, thou shalt be right welcome," said a voice near him.

Carl stared with stupid astonishment, on beholding at his elbow, seated on the self-same rock on which he himself had just taken up his position, a rotund figure, clad in an antique habit, of dark pea-green, thickly studded with silver sugarloaf buttons, sad-coloured hose, his legs were encased with monstrous boots of tanned leather, a large black Spanish cloak was thrown over his shoulders, and his dumpling-shaped goodnatured-looking phiz was surmounted by a thrum cap, in which was stuck by way of ornament a single cock's-tail feather. Whether he dropped from the clouds, or rose from out the earth, Carl could not possibly conjecture; all he knew of the matter was, that there sat his worship, beyond all matter of doubt.

"Here is liquor that will put the best wine o'the count's cellar to shame," said he, "drink man, and tell me if thou didst ever taste better."

Carl took the proffered flask, his mouth instinctively opened, and he applied thereunto that of the flask, while the cool delicious liquid gurgled down his capacious gullet.

"By my Halidame, thou hast swilled wondrously well, my master," said the stranger, as Carl returned to him the empty flask, "how likest thou the wine, Carl Schwartzen?"

Carl having taken a long heavy respiration to regain his breath, replied, "'Tis the bravest liquor that I have tasted this many a day; but I fain would know by what means thou hast my name so readily, for I do not remember to have seen thee before."

"That matters not," said the stranger, "I would do thee a service; thou saidst but now, or I grievously err, that thou wouldst fain live after the fashion of the count, thy master, didst thou not?" he enquired.

"I did," replied Carl.

"And thou wouldst become rich?" continued his companion.

"Even so, fair sir," said Carl, "but canst thou put me in the way of obtaining wealth?"

"Ay, an thou wilt," answered the other.

"Then heaven bless thee," exclaimed the delighted Carl.

"Bah!" said the stranger, evidently displeased, his features contracting into a frown; "I want not thy thanks; all I require of thee, is to subscribe thy name at the foot of this scroll."

Carl glanced over the parchment, and discried a numerous assemblage of characters, the meaning of which he was totally unacquainted with, not having been initiated into *the art and mysterie* of reading; he therefore requested that the contents might be made known to him; a few words at the commencement, however, sufficed. "Der Duyvel," shrieked the affrighted neatherd, and away he flew as fast as he could lay legs to the ground; his heart bumped hard against his side as he heard the heavy tramp of the stranger close at his heels; panting, and breathless, he turned the sharp angle of a rock, when to his infinite horror he encountered the same figure, whose eyes now resembled two flaming coals.

"Wilt thou sign the parchment?" said he, with a hellish grin, at the same time thrusting the scroll full in the teeth of the terrified Carl, who answered not, but dashed down the hill with the velocity of a terror-stricken fawn; he had not proceeded far, when he beheld at a short distance ahead, his former companion, who had coolly seated himself on a large stone, awaiting the approach of his victim; he would have turned, and fled in another direction, but as the timid squirrel falls into the jaws of a rattle-snake, petrified by its gaze, even in a like manner was Carl irresistibly led on, by the fascinating glare of the demon's eyes, which were steadily fixed on him; his impulse was again to rush past him, but for the life of him he could not budge an inch, but stood fixed and immovable, as a leaden statue, confronting his arch enemy: the scroll was again thrust forth.

"Have mercy, good duyvel!" groaned poor Carl; "have mercy, and never again will I be dissatisfied with my lot, or call for thy assistance."

"Of a verity, thou art a fool," returned the other, "to drag on thy miserable way of existence, while riches and power are offered thee; which thou refusest, rather than perform the simple office of subscribing this parchment;

nevertheless will I give thee yet another opportunity, even will I display before thine eyes the inexhaustible treasures that thou despisest, and if thou neglect to avail thyself of my terms, beware of the doom of those who call on me for assistance in vain."

The night had grown dark, and clouds of pitchy blackness overspread the heavens, indicating the approach of a tempest. A light vapour now enveloped the form of the stranger, which by degrees expanded, and became more and more dense; suddenly it burst forth into a brilliant vivid glare of red light, glooming like a furnace; the crimsoned clouds rolled suddenly away, and discovered to the wondering eyes of our hero the gigantic form of the mountain fiend, in *propria persona;* his sinewy herculean limbs were covered with glittering scales, a helmet of gold covered his swarthy brow, from beneath which the coal-black flaky locks flowed, and uniting with a grizzly beard, fell on his breast; his meteor-like eyes, gleamed on the shuddering frame of Carl as he took him in his hand, and spreading forth his broad shadowy wings, soared aloft in the murky air. Away he shot "swifter than an arrow from the Athenian's bow," winging his flight high over the rugged mountain peaks, and deep hollow glens; he now descended towards the earth, and plunged with his victim headlong into a deep pool, like a cormorant darting on its prey; downwards they went with incredible velocity, and seemed as if diving to the earth's centre. Carl was rendered insensible; when animation returned, he found himself in a stately hall, the magnificence of which it had never before entered into the imagination of our worthy to conceive; the walls thereof were alabaster, on which curiously wrought devices were emblazoned with diamonds, emeralds, and various other precious stones of inconceivable size and beauty; the pillars that supported the silver fretted roof, were of porphyry and topaz, and the pavement pure gold, studded with innumerable gems; heaps of jewels lay scattered in every direction, as if worthless. Carl was struck with wonderment and admiration on beholding the vast treasures that were disclosed to his glistening eye, of which he might become the possessor; but as the price thereof was nothing less than the eternal damnation of his soul, he could not comply with the terms of the demon.

"These are not the millionth part of what I possess," said the fiend, "follow me, and I will shew thee yet greater treasures than these."

They now passed through sumptuous apartments and galleries, which far surpassed that from which they had just departed; heaps of the glittering treasure were piled in countless profusion; now they entered a grotto composed of rugged gold, besprinkled with jewels which glittered like the innumerable stars of the firmament, from which they emerged into a scene which exceeded all that Carl had yet witnessed. Here he beheld silvery torrents, flashing and foaming over rocks of porphyry, sardine, and chrystal, flowing in a majestic stream across the foreground of this fairy landscape, and ultimately setting itself in a mirror-surfaced lake. On the other hand stood the splendid palace, where the countless riches of the demon had been displayed; it was formed of the purest marble, its gates were of adamant; numberless other palaces and pavillions of like beauty varying in size, and intermingled with groves of trees, on which ripe delicious fruit of every description hung in rich clusters, extended in a vast amphitheatre until lost by the imperfection of vision; fountains spouting molten gold, in the air fragrant, aromatic odours were emitted by the plants and flowers, which sprang up in spontaneous luxuriance around, while the ear was enchanted by the melodious warbling of the feathered tribe, of the most brilliant and beautiful plumage. They were instantly surrounded by myriads of little grotesque figures, some emerging from cavities of the rocks, others from the lake, while some came floating on the liquid air.

"I have now shewn thee," said the fiend, "as much as will enable thee to judge of the immensity of my inexhaustible treasures; thou seest yonder palaces, each of which contain as much as that through which thou hast past but now; thou shalt possess as much thereof as thy heart can desire, if thou wilt now, ere it is too late, sign the scroll."

"I cannot, I dare not," groaned forth Carl.

"Spirit of my will," exclaimed the demon, his eyes flashing with indignation, and his huge form quivering with rage, "Spirit, I say, away with the mortal to his doom."

Instantaneously the scene of enchantment fled from before the eyes of

Carl, and he stood in a dark gloomy cavern; the ground was covered with loathsome reptiles, and a dark noisome vapour hung on his brow; his limbs were entwined with serpents, and bats flapped in his eyes their leathern wings; he scampered through a subterranean passage, followed by the fiendish crew who pursued him; he was kicked, and cuffed, and lashed by ten thousand imps, while a diabolical hubbub rang in his ears; he was now dragged upwards by irresistible force, his flesh being torn by the sharp-pointed rocks; at length he breathed the fresh air of the upper world, he stood on the brink of a precipice, over which a cataract dashed and foamed to a considerable depth below; the hurricane raged fearfully, the dark waving pines groaned under its violence, some were even torn up by the roots; the forked lightnings gleamed through the heavens, and the loud and continued thunderclaps reverberated along the mountains.

"Once more, and for the last time, wilt thou subscribe the parchment?" ejaculated the fiend.

"I will not," shrieked Carl.

"Then meet the fate of those who trifle with the fiend of the Hartz;" exclaimed the demon in a voice of thunder, and twining his long claws in the dark locks of Carl, with the full swing of his giant strength whirled him aloft in the air, while a fiendish yelling, ha, ha, ha, ha! resounded through the rocks, until he came in contact with the earth, when he received *instanter* a hearty kick on a certain part, which on the present occasion shall be nameless, the loud laughing chorus still ringing in his ears.

"Cease to torment me," said he, "and I will subscribe the parchment."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" roared the Count Fiestenberg von Waxchlunger, "of what in the devil's name has the fool been dreaming?" At the same time twining a marvellously long whip round the loins of the unfortunate Carl, (who was born to be persecuted) which instantly aroused him from his lethargy. He awoke; judge of his amazement and terror on beholding, not his friend the demon, but his lord and master, the count, standing over him, flourishing the before-mentioned whip in the air; verily, and of a truth, the group would have furnished no contemptible subject for the limner's pencil.

"Get thee up, thou lazy hound," said the count, "or I will subscribe *thy parchment* with such a signature as thou wilt not relish, I trow, and which thou shalt not erase for some length of time. An thou ever lettest me catch thee tending thine herd again after this manner, I will lash thy carcase till thou bellowest like a galled bull, in the hands of a Spanish mattadore."

Carl had been basking in the meridian sun, when he fell asleep, and dreamed the horrible dream we have just been relating. The count, who had been on a hunting expedition, happened to pass by the spot where Carl lay snoring, while his herd were straying no one knew whither; he immediately ordered his attendants to roll him off the bank on which he lay, and on his coming to the ground, he saluted him in the manner aforesaid. Tradition saith, that Carl was never again caught napping in the noon-day sun.

WILLIAM HENRY.

THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

I cannot close my weary eyes,
From yonder bed such sounds arise,
And banish sweet repose;
Then let me to beguile the time,
Accompany with tuneful rhyme,
My neighbour's tuneful nose.

All is at rest about the house,
Not even the scratching of a mouse
Is heard amidst the gloom;
Nought save the sounds that struggle out
From that unintermitting snout,
And echo through the room.

What sweet amusement this!—to note
From that incorrigible throat
What various noises pour;
In loud smooth breathings now they gush,
And now the mingled discords rush
In one tremendous roar.

Oh! horrid sound!—I'd sooner far
List to a three-string'd crack'd guitar,
By tuneless mortal play'd;
Or, warbling in the lofty gutter,
I'd sooner hear a tom-cat utter
His tender serenade.

Worse than the voice of fish-wife Nell,
Worse than the dustman's jangling bell,
Worse than knife-grinder's wheel;
Worse than a score bag-pipers playing,
Worse than a score jack-asses braying,
Is that discordant peal.

Grant, oh! ye gods! if e'er I wed,
I may not lay my aching head
Beside a snoring wife;
No—let me rather live, unbless'd
With all the joys that lend a zest
To matrimonial life.

But hark! a pause!—the noise has ceased!
Though but, I fear, with power increas'd,
Soon to renew the strain;
Then let me, ere it re-commence,
Strive to knit up my weary sense
In slumber's flowery chain.

EPIGRAM ON MONEY.

Money, 'tis said, is Evil's Root,
Yet justly we may doubt it;
Can we expect good thriving fruit,
From any Stock without it. G.K.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

MISS GRISELDA THISTLETHROAT was a respectable lady of unblemished reputation, whose unwilling celibacy had diffused an unhappy acidity over a countenance which would otherwise have been, if not excessively lovely, strikingly interesting and genteel. The lips were pursed up; the nose was puckered in; the teeth had grown out from the gums to an ogreish length; but still there was a certain twinkle in the lady's pale grey eye that betokened a breast of softer mould than her ossified appearance might seem to warrant. This twinkle was carefully observed and shrewdly speculated upon by a lusty, laughing, rosy-cheeked gentleman, who having served his country in the Peninsular war, had been left by the peace with a Waterloo medal, the title of captain, a wound over the left nostril, and a pension of somewhat about 180*l*. per year. Now, Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was in earlier life but moderately provided for; but having been housekeeper to a gouty uncle and companion to an asthmatic aunt, she had managed so to wrap up the legs of the one and to lollypop the throat of the other as to wheedle a pretty little trifle out of each, which, having been left at compound interest in the Consolidated Funds, had been so compounded and consolidated as to produce a capital amounting to nearly 40,000*l*., and some houses in the neighbourhood of Clapham. "The value one sets upon a thing is very much regulated (says Dr. Johnson) on the pains bestowed upon its production or acquisition;" and the various sittings up late and gettings up early, the sympathizing groan at a twinge, or the melancholy sigh at a cough, with which and by which her little competency had been acquired, added in no slight degree to Miss Griselda's estimation of the aforesaid 40,000*l*., of which she thought it impossible, therefore, to speak or feel too much.

"How are funds to-day, Captain?" would she say on entering Mr. Hewit's circulating library at Leamington, "and how are the Portuguese Bonds? And now, pray, Captain, you who have been in the Peninsula, and of course know all about these things, pray do you think Spanish Scrip cheap at 15?" To all of these queries the captain would reply with a placid smile and a profound air, and at each answer Miss Griselda Thistlethroat thought him a very sensible and comely man; and, then, the captain's uncle was an attorney, so that law, if he were her uncle also, might be had for nothing—no trifling consideration considering her present dispute with John Stanston, Esq., relative to her right to the three willow-trees, and with Tim Thomson for the repairs of a pigsty, and with Anne Scrubemout for the recovery of two shifts and a pair of worsted, under worsted, stockings, which deponent fully declared and made oath had been sent to the said Anne Scrubemout's laundry, and never returned therefrom. All these considerations, and the Captain's plump and rosy cheeks, strongly disposed Miss Griselda towards returning the gentle squeeze with which he matinely and afternoonly handed her into the pale green fly which she had hired for the season. Captain Makepeice himself had sought the waters partly in the hope of getting quit of his rheumatism, and partly in the hope of getting hold of a wife—of a wife who would garnish his purse as well as smooth his pillow; for though he was fully sensible of what a single man who wore dickies, and used brown soap, and knew the best ordinaries, and had no female expenses, might do with 180*l*. per annum, still stout people are generally luxuriously-minded people, and the Captain was fond of old Port wine, cast a longing eye on a stout bay cob and a splendid red-wheeled gig, the properties of a dashing brewer at the Spa, and would have been glad, moreover, to give an extra half-crown or five shillings to his washerwoman now and then, who was a buxom lady with round arms, and a neck and bust that might have done honour to a Venus of the Western Isles. Miss Griselda Thistlethroat was no beauty—let the fact be acknowledged!—but she was of a thin, and, therefore, genteel figure; her voice was loud and shrill to be sure, but then that loudness and shrillness gave a commanding tone to her conversation, such as completely overpowered all her library-room rivals, with the exception of one, indeed, who, though now a land-agent's wife, had in early youth been remarkable for her vocular powers in crying "fish." Miss Griselda's temper, it was reported, was neither completely calm nor perpetually sweet, but as a set-off to any little disagreeability of this kind in the lady herself, was to be considered the escape, which might fairly be reckoned upon, from a nurseryful of squalling brats, to which there was little probability of the gentle Thistlethroat's giving birth. In short, when the match was talked of, the gentleman most concerned hailed it as a d—d good thing, and the lady professed no objections; insomuch that, in spite of the various efforts of Miss T.'s and Captain M.'s friends, who, to do them justice, laboured all they could to produce a misunderstanding between the parties, the question was put,—the consent given,—and nothing remained but the lawyer's settlements and the parson's benediction. To the first there were some demur,—though the lady was assuredly smitten by the Captain's manly conformations and the euphonious appellation of Mrs. ———; still neither the one nor the other was dearer to her than the 40,000*l.* Consolidated, and the sundry cottages at Clapham. The Captain on the other hand, dear as Miss Griselda's sylphid figure and silver-trumpeted voice might be to him, and fair the expectancy of quiet domestic bliss with so prudent and well-managing a partner, was not quite content with the idea of placing his corporal advantages in Miss Griselda's hands unless she placed some of her pecuniary ones in his. The lady sobbed, and said that all that the Captain wanted was—her money. The Captain grumbled, and feared that Miss Griselda doubted—his honour. "The cruel, perfidious man! did he not think it would be the happiness of her life to contribute to his comfort." "The cold-hearted, distrustful woman! did she think that a gentleman and a soldier was to be kept in a state of connubial dependence?"

Great hopes were entertained by Colonel Stubbs and Mrs. Sobersides that the foolish match would go off; but, alas! if the match should go off, so must the Captain,—for the last three months he had drank wine instead of malt liquor, which his doctors had formerly recommended him; his hair and his whiskers had been curled every morning by the very first professional artist in Leamington; four new shirts, with fine cambric fronts; and a new green coat, with brass buttons, on which was embossed (it gave a landed property air) the head of a fox; and a light sky-blue coat (very becoming with white pantaloons); and two pair of boots and one pair of pumps, besides his reading-room subscription, all, we say, and each of these—*remained to be paid for*. Now, people in the world are so worldly, that so long as Miss Thistlethroat was seen on Captain Makepeice's arm, for the Captain to talk of paying anything was absurd—quite out of the question. "Oh, Sir, let it stand, pray let it stand, for another time; there is no hurry, Sir,—no hurry, Sir, I assure you." But now, no sooner had the first whisper of a misunderstanding been circulated, than all the persons the Captain had ever been trusted by seemed, of a sudden, smitten by some strange calamity—a partnership was broken up—a little account was unexpectedly obliged to be settled—all the bottles of jasmine perfume and Russia oil, all the pairs of kid gloves and the pots of cold cream, and the tweezers and scrapers and cutters, which some little compliment on the smell of his pocket handkerchief, the gloss on his whiskers, the whiteness of his hands, the clear redness of his cheeks, and the nicety of his nails, had induced him to admit to his toilette table, now rose up in—what his creditors threatened to procure—*judgment against him*. Nor was this all; Leamington might be flown from, but where was the place to fly to?—London, that Paradise for half-pay captains, was banned and barred, for a bill was yet unsettled at the Adelphi—Cheltenham contained a dun in a duellist—and all the persons whose debts at play remained unsettled for, monopolized Calais and Boulogne. The half-year's pay, on which at other times he might have retired to Wales or the Palais Royal, had been paid, for sundry rubbers lost at whist, two weeks before, to an Irish Counsellor, who had seen the hopes of too many suitors defeated to feel sure of the fulfilment of Captain Makepeice's. In short, the proposition once admitted, that a man must live,—and the Captain never doubted or disputed it,—the natural *sequitur* was, that he could only live by making Miss Griselda, even on her own terms, Mrs. Captain Makepeice. He vowed then it was not the filthy lucre that he had required—no; he had been shocked by what he feared was a want of his dear Griselda's affection; and when she gave him her hand to kiss, of that affection he protested himself so assured that he would not—if she implored and entreated him—he would not accept the settlement of a sixpence. This Miss Thistlethroat fully believed, and therefore did not uselessly press him on the subject. On the next Sunday the marriage took place, and in the evening the happy pair strolled through the ruins of Kenilworth,—the Captain calling Miss Griselda "his Elizabeth," and she fondly telling him that he only wanted a tuft on the chin to be the very image of Leicester.

We throw a veil over the mysteries of the honeymoon. The only observation made on which by Mrs Makepeice herself was, that, after all, she found nothing so extraordinary in marriage as she had expected. During the honeymoon, however, the Captain's debts were paid, Mrs. M. resting satisfied with the assurance, that nothing but love could have made him so extravagant; so far, then, he was a richer man. He was doomed, moreover, to a life of greater quality. A large house, from which the estate had been sold off, was to be purchased a great bargain, in the least salubrious part of Essex—ten acres were attached to it, which wanted draining, certainly, but which, when drained and planted would be quite a different thing from what they were. Mrs. Makepeice's man of business, who had a debt upon the estate, not to be paid off until a purchaser was found, strongly recommended "the hall" to her as a valuable investment. Coaches went by it every day; "Now, Captain Makepeice, a place on the outside is not more than five shillings and sixpence, and sixpence to the coachman—six shillings there, and six shillings back: here are twelve shillings, and I do beg you will go this very evening—such things are not to be met with every day; and when one marries a beggar, one really must not lose the opportunity of a bargain." Captain Makepeice, who had now been married three months, and who being of an indolent, lazy disposition, shuddered at the effect of a quarrel, had for the last fortnight been affected with a marvellous deafness, and now humming the tune of 'Nancy Dawson,' and saying, "Yes, my dear, we'll have the roast duck for dinner, if you please, and a bottle of your late uncle's old port: capital wine that, my love," proceeded very leisurely towards the door, from which (having no inclination to sit for four hours in a dusty dogday on the top of a coach, to be broiled and peppered like a mutton-chop) he astutely meditated escape. "Duck and port wine," said the lady—"I would like to know, Captain Makepeice, whether you would have been talking of duck and port wine if you had not made me a miserable woman? Nothing but eating—eating, drinking, guzzling the whole of my property away, that's all you think of; and then, if one wants you he creatures to do anything you are good for, there are as many difficulties and disputes in the way.... and I do so hate disputes—I'm not used to them, Captain Makepeice! this comes of marrying a beggar; but you shan't break my heart, you wicked wretch: no, that you shan't;" and the whole of Miss Griselda's delicate form was convulsed with hysterical weeping. "Well, well," said the captain, putting his thumbs to his ears, and forgetful of his deafness—"well, well, my love, don't jaw so—I will go to this confounded place if you wish it; but on the outside of the coach such a day as this, I'll be d——d if I go."—"On the outside of the coach, and when did you see the inside of a coach, I should like to know, before you married me, Captain Makepeice. This comes of marrying a beggar—always willing to spend other people's money. I suppose you want a coach and six to carry that heavy, lumbering body along—Mr. Weazle would never have used me so — that he wou'dn't." At length the matter was compromised—"The inside going, my dear," in a soft sweet lisp, said Mrs. Makepeice, arranging her cap and her kerchief, "but the outside, remember, coming back."

The captain returned, as well, indeed, he might, with a gloomy account of the intended purchase. "Ah! that's always how it is, Captain Makepeice, if I set my heart upon anything. But I'll go myself—that I will." And after wading, ancle-deep, through the lawn, tearing a white dimity gown to pieces in scrambling through the garden, and carrying off a whole colony of spiders and earwigs on her bonnet from the best bedrooms, Mrs. Makepeice declared 'the hall' a charming, romantic place; and on finding the figure of a crane (the supposed crest of the Thistlethroats) carved on one of the chimney-pieces, pronounced it "very extraordinary," and determined forthwith on the purchase. "To have such a place, and not to live there, was as much out of the question," said Mrs. Makepeice, "on the ground of economy as of comfort." The scrubbing, cleaning, and cobweb-brushing of the interior of the mansion would be a little amusement to herself, and the superintending the workmen out of doors would be a useful occupation to the captain, and give him a taste for rural pursuits. "But, my dear, the place is a perfect swamp—a marsh; and you know that ever since my expedition to Walcheren, that cursed rheumatism"—"Pho! fiddle-stick about the rheumatism. But I know what you'd be at, Captain Makepeice; you have got some trollopping slut you wish to see at one of those filthy watering-places—you have, you know you have. Well, go there—I don't hinder you—go there, Sir! but you sha'n't go with my money, you nasty, dirty, extravagant man! This comes of marrying a beggar."

To be concluded in our next.

ON LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
  We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
  Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
  Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
  Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
  Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
  To things that die?

We toil,—through pain and wrong:
  We fight,—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
  Stone-dead we lie.
O Life! is *all* thy song
  "Endure and—die?"

From Songs by Barry Cornwall.

THE THUNDER-STRUCK.*

In the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects—some of which latter form the subject of this chapter—will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature were trembling and cowering beneath a coming shock. To use the exquisite language of one of our old dramatists, there seemed

——"A calm
Before a tempest, when the gentle air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to listen
For that she fears steals on to ravish her."

From about eleven o'clock at noon the sky wore a lurid threatening aspect that shot awe into the beholder; suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "labouring air" mischief was working to the world. The heat was intolerable, keeping almost everybody within doors. The very dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood everywhere panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation, diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say, (and thousands will recollect the circumstance,) it had been for sometime confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful JUDGMENT was at hand! Though not myself over credulous, or given to superstitious fears, I own that on coupling these fearful predictions with the unusual, or rather unnatural, aspect of the day, I more than once experienced sudden qualms of apprehension as I rode along on my daily rounds. I did not so much communicate alarm to the various circles I entered, as catch it from them. Then, again, I would occasionally pass a silent group of passengers clustering round a street-preacher, who, true to his vocation, "redeeming the time," seemed by his gestures, and the disturbed countenances around him, to be foretelling all that was frightful.

By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt in a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children, and a young visitor, were all together in the parlour, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously—and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visitor just alluded to, was a Miss Agnes P—, a girl of about 21, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow, (with no other child than this,) resided in a village about fifty miles from town—from which she was expected, in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P— was without exception the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly shadowed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression about her features, that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest style of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but *felt* their gaze—had seen them—now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark lashes—and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ecstasy—"Star of your sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various—and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted" were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming, in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth!" No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay, than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to enquire after my health, and that of my family!—Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly enquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P—'s expectations!" During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P— surrendered her affections—(to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives)—to the quietest, and perhaps worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple: she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation—as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another, acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions—and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter: and, for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a *little* coldness—yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked about by Agnes but the coming 10th of July: and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind—she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking!

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* Abridged from the "Diary of a Physician," which appears in Blackwood's Magazine for the present month.

To return from this long digression—which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose, among other things, of making those entries in my Diary from which these "Passages" are taken—but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk lost in a reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still—how motionless—was every leaf! What sultry—oppressive—unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest 'sough' of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life!—I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collars—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two on the gloomy aspect of the sky—I once more settled down to writing; and was dipping my pen into the ink-stand, when there blazed about me a flash of lightning with such a ghastly, blinding splendour as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a *glimpse* merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed, at scarce an instant's interval, with a crash of thunder as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere, and was rending asunder!—The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses. I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlour in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavouring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first—and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows—in fact the whole house, quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

"Kneel down! Love! Husband!"—she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees—"Kneel down! Pray—pray for us! We are undone!" After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance—but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children.—"Wait a moment, love," said I, "and I'll fetch you a few reviving drops!"—I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some phials of drugs,—and poured out a few drops of sal volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P— was not in the parlour I had just quitted. *Where* was she? What would *she* say to all this? God bless me, where is she?—I thought with increasing trepidation.

"Edward—Edward," I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing; "where's Miss P—?"

"Miss P—, sir!—Why—I don't—oh, yes!" he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, "about five minutes ago I saw her run very swift up stairs, and haven't seen her since, sir."—"What!" I exclaimed, with increasing trepidation, "was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?" — "Yes, it was, sir!"—"Take this in to your mistress, and say I'll be with her immediately," said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, "Agnes! Agnes! where are you?" I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bed-room lay. The door was closed, but not shut.

"Agnes! where are you?" I enquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

"Agnes? Agnes! For God's sake, speak!—Speak, or I shall come into your room!" No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw!—Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes!—She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended, as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression—of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare on me. Oh, language fails me—utterly!—Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak—but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of night-mare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round—and for a moment or two I lost all consciousness. I revived. *There* was the frightful thing still before me—nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P—. It was the tremendous appearance—the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive anything more dreadful! Miss P—continued standing perfectly motionless; and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming, "Agnes—Agnes!"—and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eye-lids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her—but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing, showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning—but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted it all to a statue!—I rang the chamber-bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their presence. "Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—"Has the lightning struck her?" I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room—whither I called a servant to attend to her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy—it was not apoplexy—a swoon, nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this; that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, *they retained, for a short time, their new position.* If, for instance, I moved her arm—it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but, the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was sometime in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances,—which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, "She's possessed! she's possessed!—Satan has her!" convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with CATALEPSY; that rare mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death—presenting—so to speak—life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that extreme terror operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm — especially the fierce splendour of that first flash of lightning which so alarmed myself—apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her—that of one ARRESTED in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me—had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so—for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, and fixed. I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ears, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the regions of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments.

On returning to my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed—her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My wife sate beside her, grasping her right hand—weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o'clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eye-lids, and passed and re-passed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eye-lids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine—having for a moment displaced my wife—and found it damp and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my penknife upon the flesh at the root of the nail, (one of the tenderest parts, perhaps, of the whole body,) but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears, but with similar ill-success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points—discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P— in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining in the morning to send off for Miss P—'s mother, and Mr. N— from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend Dr. D—, and hear what his superior skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P—'s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. "Beautiful, unfortunate creature!" thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. "What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life—both lying upon thee at once! Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last! How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee may not claim thee! Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!" I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and after kissing her lips, hurried up to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P—. I dare say I shall be easily believed when I apprize the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. I did not so much sleep as dose interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek, or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P—'s room. It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing-gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing-room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead-room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it, with long streaming white hair, and her eyes, bright as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up—pulled off the sheet that had covered the coffin—pushed aside the lid—plucked out the body of Miss P—, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me, and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again!

I rose from bed in the morning feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried to Miss P—'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local effects without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks: and I fancied there was an expression about her mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued throughout the night motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them? What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful—if not fatal lethargy?—While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia, which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt, also, was as unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action: and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress, with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient, the more feasible it appeared:—it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder!—I ordered one to be sent for instantly—and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast.

To be continued.

THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL
(Rev. VI. 12—17.)
For the Olio.

——————— Then I beheld,
And lo! a mighty Earthquake shook the land;
The moon grew red as blood; th' extinguish'd sun
Sackcloth of hair resembled; and the stars
Left their ethereal vault,—as when we see
A fig-tree shedding her untimely fruit,
So earthward fell the stars, and left their orbits;—
The Heavens departed like an earthly scrawl,
That man might roll together. Then I saw
The kings of this world, and the rich, the mighty,
And the chief-captains of the earth come forth,
Each bondman, and each freeman, hid themselves,
And cried out to the mountains "Fall on us!
Hide us, oh hide us from the face of Him
That sitteth on the Throne,—from the dread wrath
Of the eternal Lamb!—Behold, the day,
The great day of his wrath at length is come!
And which of us shall stand? Φ.

NEW AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

The most interesting armament ever dispatched from the shores of Britain has just been equipped at the expense of a few princely merchants of Liverpool. Its objects are to explore and to open a commercial intercourse with the heart of Africa, by means of the mighty waters of the Niger, a river which has occasioned the loss of more ink, and of more lives, to ascertain its course, than any stream that geographers have attempted to delineate. Richard Lander however, an unlettered menial servant, at length discovered the Niger to have its termination by several mouths in the Atlantic! This most important discovery has "at one fell swoop," with pitiless certitude, annihilated a thousand elaborate theories. Interesting as must be the result of the expedition now on its way to Africa, yet it is quite amazing how little public notice has been bestowed upon the subject. A few fugitive paragraphs in the newspapers, indeed, announced that the squadron had sailed; but no detailed account has yet appeared respecting either its objects or its efficiency; and we are mistaken if the empire at large will not feel indebted for a communication so important.

It has already been observed that R. Lander, an obscure and uneducated, but interprising and intelligent, Cornish servant of Captain Clapperton, at length ascertained that the Niger below Boussa, after wandering for four or five hundred miles through the heart of western Africa, and receiving the contributions of many navigable streams, empties itself into the ocean, by several embouchures, in that immense bay of the Atlantic called the Gulf of Guinea. The Nun River, by which Lander and his brother descended to the sea, disembogues its waters near Cape Formosa, a promontory separating the Bight of Biafra from the Bight of Benin. From our settlement at Fernando Po, to the Nun River, does not exceed one hundred and fifty miles, so that the importance of our maintaining a footing upon that island is manifest; for in all probability the Nun is the principal embouchure of the Niger, though this point is not yet decided. This much, however, appears certain, that, entering by this channel, the Niger is navigable for the whole four or five hundred miles between Boussa and the sea; that though above Boussa, the channel is obstructed by a barrier of rocks, yet little doubt exists of its having a communication with Timbuctoo; and, which is of greater consequence in a commercial point of view, that, throughout its whole majestic course, the Niger rolls through a fruitful, cultivated, and thickly populated country, studded with towns and villages, hitherto unvisited by Europeans; and having no other trade with civilized nations than such imperfect barter as could be carried on across burning deserts, by the agency of slave-dealers and periodical caravans. What a field is here displayed for mercantile adventure! What an opening for extending the trade of Great Britain!—What a market for our languishing manufactures! What a means of striking at the heart of the slave trade, by introducing civilization and industry across the very route of the principal Caffilas! What a harvest for geographical and other sciences in exploring the Niger and its many tributary streams! What an opportunity for our missionaries to spread the light of the gospel in the focus of idolatry and superstition! What a glorious chance of converting myriads of heathen nations, and of substituting for ignorance, cruelty, and barbarism, the blessed doctrines of peace, good will, and eternal salvation!

It was with prospects like these, and with a view to secure the advantages in question for our own country, that proposals were made to his Majesty's Government to take immediate possession of Lander's newly-discovered river. Why this project was not eagerly adopted it is difficult to determine. Is it that our nation is now ruled by that miserable kind of economy which, placing a farthing over each eye, is prevented from seeing a guinea at a distance? Be this as it may, it is clearly our best policy that a strongly fortified settlement should instantly be formed at some commanding point in the healthy country above the swamps of the Delta, to prevent intrusion of vessels not under English colours. We should thus hold the keys of Africa in our grasp; and its vast resources would be open to us alone. If we neglect this, the prize will soon be snatched by America, France, Spain, Portugal, or some other nation less supine than Great Britain. Surely, should even the ministry persist in their incomprehensible apathy, this matter must soon attract the notice of parliament, since no subject of greater national importance could occupy its consideration.

Finding no disposition on the part of government to assist in appropriating the commerce of Africa, Mr. Laird and some other merchants of Liverpool determined to fit out an expedition at their own expense; and so little encouragement did they receive that the Treasury actually refused to permit the vessels, on their return, to land their cargoes duty free. Yet no sooner had Mr. Laird, junior, accomplished the equipment of his squadron, than the Admiralty requested permission to send out a surveyor of their own to take observations, determine latitudes, longitudes, &c. Fortunately for the nation at large, Mr. Laird did not object to this appointment, and Lieutenant Allen, R. N., was selected by the Admiralty hydrographer; an officer whose conciliatory, amiable, and gentlemanly manners soon secured him the personal regard of Mr. Laird, and of every person on board. Every thing being at length prepared, and Mr. Lander having promised to accompany the expedition, the three vessels composing it assembled in Milford Haven as follows: *Quorra* steam-vessel. Having on board Mr. Laird, jun., of Liverpool, as director and supercargo of the squadron. Sailing commander, Mr. Harries, Master of the Royal Navy, an officer well acquainted with the coast of Africa. Lieutenant Allen, surveyor, furnished with various instruments for observing the dip, latitudes, longitudes, &c. Richard Lander, African traveller and discoverer of the termination of the Niger, acting as guide, adviser, and partly as interpreter to the expedition. Also a gentleman of ability who has volunteered to accompany the squadron as surgeon and naturalist. The *Quorra* is 115 feet in length over all; breadth of beam 16 feet; depth of hold, 8 feet; draught of water, with every thing on board for ascending the Niger, 4 feet 2 inches; tonnage, 146, including the engine-room. One engine of 40-horse power, to be used only in calms, or in ascending rivers. Constructed to burn either coal or wood as may be required. *Alburkah.* So named from an African expression, signifying *blessing*. A small steam-vessel, built entirely of iron, by Mr. Macgregor Laird, director of the expedition. Fitted with one steam-engine of 15-horse power, constructed to burn coal or wood. Vessel 70 feet in length over all; breadth of beam, 13 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 6½ feet; draught of water, when launched, only 9 inches. With engine in, and boiler full, drew 2 feet 6 inches; drew 4 feet 6 inches on leaving Milford Haven, having provisions and water for 12 men for 50 days, besides 10 tons of coal. Bottom of the vessel ¼ inch thick; sides 3-16 inches thick. Gross weight when built, and wooden decks laid, 16 tons; tonnage 56, including engine-room. Schooner-rigged, like the *Quorra*. Commanded by Mr. Joseph Hill. The greatest interest has been excited about this diminutive vessel, as it is certainly a bold undertaking to navigate the Atlantic in so small a boat built entirely of iron. She is intended to explore the Tschadda and other tributary streams of the Niger. *Columbine.* Merchant brig of 176 tons. Commanded by Mr. Millar. This vessel conveys a considerable cargo of coal, and a very curious investment of goods for trading with the natives. Her bill of lading would, indeed, have furnished a most ludicrous assortment of articles, from a penny whistle to a kingly crown.

ARMAMENT.

Quorra.	24-pounder swivel gun	1
	18 do. do. . .	1
	4 do. do. . .	8
Alburkah.	9 do. swivel gun	1
	Swivels	6
Columbine.	6-pounder carronades .	4
	Total . . guns	21

Besides musquetoons, firelocks, boarding pikes, cutlasses, pistols, &c.

The expedition was detained at Milford several days waiting the arrival of Mr. Lander, but as the wind blew steadily at north on the 24th of July, Mr. Laird dispatched the *Columbine* and *Alburkah* for Port Praya, in the Cape de Verds, that being the first place of rendezvous. A day or two after Lander arrived in a fishing-boat from Ilfracombe, and in an hour the *Quorra* put to sea, bearing with her the hearty good wishes of every spectator.

It is Mr. Laird's intention to proceed in the first instance to Port Praya, where he hopes to meet with the Commander-in-Chief of the African station, who has orders to render him assistance. From thence they go to Cape Coast to take on board some Kroomen negroes to cut wood in going up the Niger. Finally, they enter the Niger and dash on at once to Boussa, opening communications for a trade in gold dust, palm oil, and ivory by the way. The *Alburkah* will explore meanwhile all the principal tributaries of the Niger, and it is not altogether beyond possibility but she may find a way through the Tschadda, Shary, or some other water into Lake Tschad, in the centre of the African continent; nay, some flatter themselves with the dream of being able to penetrate into Abyssinia and the Red Sea, by rivers running out of Lake Tschad in an easterly direction. What would be the astonishment of the good people at Bombay should this cockle-shell of a vessel—not larger than the boiler of Whitbread's brewery—and built of iron, force her way through the centre of Africa, and so on by the Red Sea and Straits of Babel Mandeb to Socotra and the coast of Malabar! Let this vision terminate as it may, the attempt deserves success; and that the whole of the spirited individuals by whom it has been undertaken will be rewarded by the fullest realization of their most sanguine hopes, is the sincere prayer of one who with difficulty restrained the desire to quit wife, family and friends to embark with the wanderers composing the *African expedition!* *United Service Journal.*

SONNET.

Oh no!—be false—be froward—or be kind,
I cannot love thee less, or love thee more,
For with my soul thy soul I do adore.—
Impulse and inspiration of my mind!
The heaven within us shall not be resigned,
Or left to perish on earth's barren shore;
But with th' eternal spirit it shall soar—
And leave the dim walls of the world behind.
And thou with me; for thou art unto me
Part of the brighter part that shall not die:
Sweet minion of the time that is to be,—
My love,—the shadow of Eternity!
Blest muse of thought, let all things pass away,
Thou, in my wretched bosom, ever stay.

New Monthly Mag.

MR. WHITFIELD AT A SCOTCH EXECUTION.

Mr. Whitfield's eloquence was of a peculiar cast, and well adapted to his auditory, as his figures were drawn from sources within the reach of their understanding, and frequently from the circumstances of the moment. The application was often very happy, and sometimes rose to the true sublime; for he was a man of warm imagination, and not wholly devoid of taste. On his first visit to Scotland, he was received in Edinburgh with a kind of frantic joy, by a large body of the citizens. An unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was to be executed the day after his arrival. Mr. Whitfield mingled in the throng, and seemed highly pleased with the solemnity and decorum with which the most awful scene in human nature was conducted. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day, being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women, and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree; and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake. I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased therewith. It has given me a very favourable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenance, and reflected the greatest credit on your hearts; particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside, and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was this, when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross—the Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink; not one of all that witnessed his pains, turned the head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, there was one, that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his bright face, and sailed on in tenfold night."

A SENSIBLE HAT.

A needy beggar swept the streets for bread;
All weathers beat on his defenceless head.
Sam saw the wretch, and, pitying his state,
Gave him a hat to shield his naked pate.
Pleased with the gift, the beggar made a bow,
And cried, "This hat has got some sense in
now!"

Varieties.

Scolding.—I cannot forbear citing, (says a lively law authority,) two odd cases I have discovered in the history of a manor in Somersetshire—*Seaborough*:—In the third year of the reign of Richard III., two women, Isabella, the wife of William Pery, and Alianore Slade, were presented for common scolds and fined one penny each, with two pence were the whole perquisites of the Court. And at the same time, an order of the court was made, that the tenants of the manor should not scold their wives, under pain of forfeiting their tenements and cottages. Now this was all very well and extremely fair, as apparently binding upon both parties. But see the mischief of it; at least of the last order of the Court. In the 23rd year of Henry VII. the immediate successor of Richard the Third, I find another order made that the tenants' wives should not scold (their husbands of course) under the penalty of a six and eight-penny fine, half to go to the repairs of the Chapel, and half to the Lord of the Manor.—So that in fact, it would appear, that by the restraint laid upon the husbands in the third of Richard, the wives gained such an advantage over them, as in the 23rd of his successor, (*i. e.* only 22nd years afterwards), to render it absolutely necessary to raise the fine for female scolding from one penny to six shillings and eight pence! Was ever any thing like it? I am entering now, I am aware, upon one of the most hacknied topics of banter and ridicule, in the whole history of male and female foibles. Scolds and hen-pecked husbands have supplied food for the satirists, essayists, journalists, poets, and prose writers, of all ages, (that is, if we may believe the Jews,) for the latter, it seems, have discovered that of all the hen-pecked husbands in the world, Adam was not only of necessity the first, but the worst; having not merely (as the common belief is), been hoaxed or beguiled into submission, but absolutely scolded and beaten into it. 'For,' says a certain Jewish Rabbi upon Gen. iii. 12. 'by giving him of the tree is to be understood a sound rib-roasting; that is to say, in plain English, Eve finding her husband unwilling to eat of the forbidden fruit, took a good crab-tree cudgel, and laboured his sides till he complied with her will.'

Relief by Perspiration.—A candidate at Surgeon's Hall, London, after a variety of questions, was thus interrogated:—"In such a case, sir, how would you act?" "Well, sir, if that did not operate!" "But if *that* did not produce the desired effect, what remedy have you left?"—"Why, gentlemen," said the worried student, "if all these should fail, I would direct the patient to be brought *here* for *examination!*"

Important to Tea-Drinkers.—A small quantity of carbonate of soda put in upon the tea, softens the water when added to it, and increases the strength almost one-half, in cases where the water is particularly hard.

George I. and Dr. Lockier.—The following curious circumstance, with regard to church preferment in this reign, has been related: The king was very partial to Dr. Lockier, and seeing him one day at court, desired the Duchess of Ancaster to ask him to join his evening party. The doctor, however, declined the honour, sending his duty to the king, and hoping he might be excused just then, as he was soliciting preferment from the ministers, and feared it might do him harm, should it be known that he had the honour of keeping such good company. The king laughed, and said, he thought he was right. In a few weeks, Dr. Lockier kissed hands for the deanery of Peterborough; and, as he rose from kneeling, the king, good-humouredly, whispered in his ear, "Well, now, doctor, you will not be afraid to come in the evening, I hope."

EPITAPH ON AN OLD PYE-WOMAN.

Beneath in the dust, the mouldy old crust,
Of Moll Batchelor lately was shoven,
Who was skill'd in the arts of pies and tarts,
And in every device of the oven.
When she'd liv'd long enough, she made her
last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised;
And here she doth lie, and makes a dust pie,
And hopes that her crust may be rais'd. G. K.

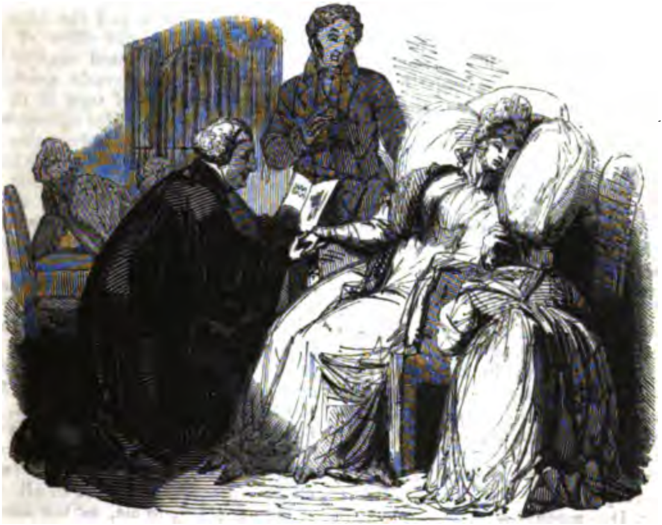
To Correspondents:—"True Tale," by E. L.—"The Rebel"—"M.P.'s Daughter," and several lighter pieces are under consideration. "The Deserted Wife"—Stanzas "on the Lyre," by Miss H. S.—Lines "on Hope." by H. T., with "Pleasures of a Country Life," by T. E. are inadmissible.

New Works intended for immediate notice, and articles from Correspondents, are requested to be forwarded in the early part of the week.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VIII.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Sept. 22, 1832.*



See page 117.

Illustrated Article.

THE THUNDER-STRUCK.

(Continued from p. 108.)

As soon as I had dispatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N— at Oxford, and to Miss P—'s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D—'s. whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally, in spite of the most anxious and combined efforts of the *elite* of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted—most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism, if Miss P— should not be relieved from the fit before the evening—when he promised to call, and assist in carrying into effect what he recommended.

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?" he enquired, suddenly.

"The same—the same!" I replied with a sigh.

Dr. D— continued silent for a moment or two.

"Poor creature!" he exclaimed, with an air of deep concern, "one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly"——

"We'll try it!" he replied briskly, with a confident air—"We'll try it! First, let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism, and then try the effect of your organ."

I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be. In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted, I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly.

On returning home from my daily round—in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited—I found no alteration whatever in Miss P—. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and, finding it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. She was, therefore, obliged to resort to other means of conveying support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, from which I had expected so much, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament. Good God! was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death? What would become of her lover! of her mother! These considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain anywhere but in the chamber, where, alas! my presence was so unavailing.

Dr. D— made his appearance soon after dinner; and we proceeded at once to the room where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement: for "poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible!" The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilespy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sate upright, but with a blank absent aspect that was lamentable and unnatural. Her arms, when lifted and left suspended, did not fall, but *sunk* down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture; and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P—! Her colour went and came—her eyelids and mouth started open—and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sate up suddenly, leaned forwards towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak!

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak! but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forwards, and folding my arms round her. Alas, she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in bed in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me, in the case of Miss P—. The last subject on which I had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed malefactor; and the associations revived on the present occasion were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left? While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. —— laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming—"Well! what *is* to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! * * * Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?" he enquired.

"No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had."

"Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?"

"Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. *Such* seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!"

"Do you think the lightning itself has affected her?—Do you think her sight is destroyed?"

"I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy."

"Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world's destruction on Tuesday?"

"No—I don't think she exactly *believed* it; but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or at least, a fearful degree of uncertainty."

"Well—between ourselves—there was something *very* strange in the coincidence, was not there? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!"

"It *was* a dreadful day! One I shall never forget!—*That* is the image of it," I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer—"which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr. N—, her lover—to whom she was very soon to have been married. He will be here shortly to see her."

"My God!" exclaimed Dr. D—clasping his hands, eyeing Miss P—, with intense commiseration—"What a fearful bride for him!—'Twill drive him mad!"

"I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do!—And, then, there's her *mother*—poor old lady!—her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!"

"Why—what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting *you*!"—said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

"Well!"—he continued—"I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and besides, I am most pressingly engaged: but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way."

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping—though faintly—that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I kneeled down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the mortal thraldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bed-side as usual, and her, in no wise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my description should fatigue the reader—what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me?

While I was sitting beside Miss P—, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age,—and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P—'s—her "own sweet pet"—as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P—, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. "Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy—get up!"—he cried—"Papa say, 'tis time to get up!—Do you sleep with your eyes open? —Eh ?—Cousin Aggy?" He looked at her intently for some moments—and seemed frightened. He turned pale, and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go—and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed—and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast time in great apprehension—expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt that I took out of the servant's hands, a letter from Mr. N—, for poor Agnes! —For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P—? Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford, when it arrived?—The latter supposition was corroborated by the post mark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain—unusually gay for N—; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire, to his cousin's wedding—where he was very happy—both on account of his relative's happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation: but the postscript most affected me.

"P.S. *The tenth of July*, by the way—my Aggy!—Is it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa?—Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall seal my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you! Remember, you parted from me in a pet, naughty one!—and kissed me rather coldly! But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence;—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had a little recovered from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N—, and directed it to him in Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P—'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then, it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor—poor Agnes!" —and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P—'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every enquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of ——, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not yet tried the effect of *music*—of which you say she is so fond! Do not you intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused.—"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated —and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness; and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, that I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of poor Miss P—. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of Heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment—our forlorn hope, failed—we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home, late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons; and heart breaking, I learnt, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions, that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shewn at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P—; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure) had snatched Miss P—'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P—'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs. P— that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P— herself had never experienced anything of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P—, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half-past seven, Dr. D— arrived, pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visitor at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock, the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table on which lay a Bible and Prayer-Book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P—. I thought her paler than usual, and that er cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P—, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruffled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight — made her look rather a corpse than a living being! As soon as Dr. D— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P—. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if *this* one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P—, dropped upon one knee, held her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took

her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway.*"

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion!

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long-continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes — and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued, almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes — endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N—, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"AGNES! — Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

"Mr. N—? what are you about? For mercy's sake, be calm! Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained!" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"AGNES!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P— lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The Venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better a reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P— out of the chair, and compressed her in his arms with frantic force, while a delirious laugh burst from his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arms gradually relaxed—he muttered, "Music! music! a dance!" and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P— had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics; and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive; her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

To be concluded in our next.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

Concluded from page 104.

IT was about a year after this — last winter, in short — that wandering through that part of the world, I thought of paying Makepeice, an old fellow-officer of mine, a congratulatory visit, having heard of nothing among our common acquaintance for the last twelve months, but his uncommon good fortune. I wrote a letter to him then from an adjoining inn; and as we had been great chums in our day, said that I would look in upon him about his dinner hour. Accordingly, a boy was sent on with a small bundle of clothes, to dress for the evening, and I sallied forth on a snipe-shooting expedition, for which I had visited that part of the country. About five o'clock, completely wet through, excessively hungry, and not triflingly fatigued, I wended my way through some long, dank grass, the road to the house being only half completed, to my friend's mansion. My ring at the bell, I soon perceived, was the cause of no slight discomfiture. I heard the hurrying tramp of steps—the raised tone of voices; while the glimmering of lights, passing from one window to the other, gave me a cheering prospect of the bustle that was made for my reception. "How kind, how friendly," I murmured, "and how sorry I am to give all this trouble." At last two men, one out of livery, who looked like a gardener, and the other in livery, who bore a strong resemblance, in his finery, to a chimney-sweep on May-day, came to the half-opened door. "Is Captain Makepeice come in yet? has he received my note? and is my bundle come?" To these three interrogatories which I made, carelessly entering, the two domestics, gaping and staring, answered, "Yes, no, yes, no," in quick succession, to which I paid but little attention; and giving my gun to the footman, with the charge to remember it was loaded, I asked the man who was not a footman to show me to my apartment. "You can't come in here, Sir," said the fellow, staring, "Mistress says she can't receive none of you." "But the gentleman is to come in, though," said my liveried friend; "master told me he was." "Ay," said I, "there's some mistake—I am the gentleman your master said he expected, and not the gentleman," turning to the other, "whom your mistress said she would not receive;" and taking a hand candlestick off the hall-table, "Come," said I, "quick! shew me my room, for I shall be ashamed to appear before Mrs. Makepeice in this fashion." Still there was staring and irresolution; I got out of patience. "Go you," said I to the man who had spoken about his master, "and tell Captain Makepeice that I, Major Elyot, have come; and give you," said I to the other, "my compliments to your mistress, and say I would come myself, even as I am, to pay my *devoirs* to her, but that I have heard too much of her taste and fashion, not to wish to make myself first a little more decent."—"Doors," said the chap, "there are no doors to pay for, that I'm certain, for my mistress always pay all ready money." Just as this answer had reduced me to despair, I heard a low whisper behind a door to my right—"Well, I think the man is a gentleman; now he is come, Captain Makepeice (you're always bringing people here,) it will be proper, I suppose, to relieve him, but you must tell him we *have* dined—he can take a little tea with us in the evening. There, go now; don't stand here like a fool," And the door was opened suddenly, and my friend pushed through, whose rheumatism easily losing him his equilibrium, he fell into my arms at once.

"How do you do, my dear fellow," said I. "Ha," said he, "how d'ye do—how are you—you must be tired—won't you sit down?" I could not help laughing, since we were in the hall without a sign of any convenience for putting his request into execution. "And where shall we sit down?" said I. "Ha! ha!" said he, faintly, "a devilish good joke, isn't it? where *shall* we sit down, by-the-bye?" After some murmuring between me, two servants, and their master, and an appeal to the upper housemaid, who was below stairs, and who first visited the back parlour, from which my friend the captain had burst upon me, I got introduced into a garret, and procured my bundle, and some warm water in a cracked, blue jug, with which I contrived to make my ablutions.

With jaws aching with hunger, and with some faint symptoms of that aguish disorder which my sport was not unlikely to produce, I descended the oaken staircase, trembling at every step for my neck, which its polished surface put into evident jeopardy, and was shewn into a largish, square, dark, panelled room, most faintly illumined by two thin mould candles. One small, dying bit of wood might be discovered between two old-fashioned brass dogs, that served as a fire-grate. Mrs. Makepeice, whose face, figure, and fair accomplishments, I have described, was sitting by a square table, covered with a loose, green-baizé cloth. The captain, one-half of whose face I now discovered to be frightfully red and swollen, while the other had shrunk into utter thinness and cadaverousness, sat twisting his thumbs by her side and farthest from the fire; a chair was placed for me opposite. Without being a great adept at Lord Chesterfield's maxims, I had quite sufficient tact to compliment my friend on his wife, and his wife on her property and mansion; and this, perchance, procured me the offer of some cold beef with my tea, which I thankfully accepted; and complaining of cold in my stomach, at which my friend murmured something about Mrs. Makepeice's late uncle having some excellent Port, the lady assuring her husband that he was "a horror," and thought of nothing since he had escaped from a state of starvation but of ruining his health by luxurious living, very kindly offered me a little rhubarb in peppermint water: which she said was what she always took for any pain in the stomach; the Captain, the faint twinkling of whose best eye shewed that he had not yet lost all relish for a joke, made some pun upon raising the wind, which it is not worth while to repeat. "Come, none of your vulgar jokes, Captain Makepeice; the Major, I am sure, won't understand you, and I really have not been used to it; but this comes, Major Elyot, of marrying a beggar. My poor aunt, whenever her asthmatics would let her speak, used always to say how it would be; she, poor dear thing, was the pink of gentility — you don't know, Major Elyot, if she could have thought—but who could have thought? Oh, you awkward wretch—(as the Captain rather maliciously turned his hot cup of tea over an unfaded grey silk gown)—you mean to kill me, to ruin me, I see you do; and who is to buy me other gowns, I should like to know? — this comes of marrying a beggar!" — and the lady flounced out of the room, leaving my friend and me to our various soliloquies and a bottle of "the late uncle's Port," which, when the lady was fairly gone to bed, the Captain, who had a *fac simile* of the key of the cellar, contrived to produce.

I must confess that, poverty-stricken as I am, I thought my poor friend the most miserable of mortals, until I was awoke in the night by the information that Mrs. Makepeice had got the cholera — she was taken at two in the morning, and was dead by twelve at mid-day. The whole of her fortune was left to the Magdalen. "And so much," said my friend, rubbing the rheumatic side of his face very dolorously — "So much, my dear fellow, for marrying for money!" *New Monthly Mag.*

SAM SCRAPES.

For the Olio.

Sam Scrapes he was a barber gay,
And hair-dresser by trade,
And, like his razor, was pronounced,
A keenish sort of blade.

He served his time in famed Cheapside,
But, tired of brainless blocks,
He *bolted* soon from Mr. *Barr's*,
In spite of all his *locks*.

At length, commenced the world himself,
Sam was upon the whole
A wonder—for his fame soon spread,
Like light—from *poll to poll*.

But then, of course, such brillant parts
As his must needs prevail;
He'd please some with a well-dress'd head,
And others with a *tale*

His *soaping*, too, had such effect,
On either friends or foes,
That all forgave his faults, although
He took them by the nose.

For politics, it was his boast,
He did not care a fig;
Though he a Tory's head could *turn*,
And then make him a *Whig*.

In making fronts or good peruke,
There never was his match;
If partly bald his fingers *itch'd*
To give your head a *scratch*.

He did not like aquatic sports,
And yet 'tis strange to say,
He kept a *cutter* in his shop,
And handled *sculls* all day.

He never wed; yet girls 'tis known
In raptures would declare,
His sparkling eyes *eclipse the sun*,
As Sam *he clips the hair*.

At length grown old, the tyrant Death
At once, with fatal aim,
Deprived poor Sam of *hair* and breath
Oh! what a *barbarous* shame!

G.T.E.

LORD BYRON'S ADVENTURE WITH AN ITALIAN GIRL.

A FEW days ago, a gondolier brought me a billet without a superscription, intimating a wish on the part of the writer to meet me either in my gondola, or at the island of San Lazaro, or at a third rendezvous, indicated in the note. "I know the country's disposition well,"—in Venice "they do let heaven see those tricks they dare not show," &c. &c.: so, for all response, I said that neither of the three places suited me; but that I would either be at home at ten at night *alone*, or be at the ridotto at midnight, where the writer might meet me masked. At ten o'clock I was at home and alone (Marianna was gone with her husband to a conversazione,) when the door of my apartment opened, and in walked a well-looking and (for an Italian) *blonda* girl of about ninteen, who informed me that she was married to the brother of my *amorosa*, and wished to have some conversation with me. I made a decent reply, and we had some talk in Italian and Romaic, (her mother being a Greek of Corfu), when, lo! in a very few minutes in marches, to my very great astonishment, Marianna S**, *in propria persona*, and, after making a most polite curtsy to her sister-in-law, and to me, without a single word seizes her said sister-in-law by the hair, and bestows upon her some sixteen slaps, which would have made your ear ache only to hear their echo.

I need not describe the screaming which ensued. The luckless visitor took flight. I seized Marianna, who, after several vain efforts to get away in pursuit of the enemy, fairly went into fits in my arms; and, in spite of reasoning, eau de Cologne, vinegar, half a pint of water, and God knows what other waters beside, continued so till past midnight. After damning my servants for letting people in without apprising me, I found that Marianna in the morning had seen her sister-in-law's gondolier on the stairs; and, suspecting that this apparition boded her no good, had either returned of her own accord, or been followed by her maids or some other spy of her people to the conversazione, from whence she had returned to perpetrate this piece of pugilism. I had seen fits before, and also some small scenery of the same genus in and out of our island; but this was not all. After about an hour, in comes —who? why, Signor S**, her lord and husband, and finds me with his wife fainting upon a sofa, and all the apparatus of confusion, dishevelled hair, hats, handkerchiefs, salts, smelling bottles—and the lady as pale as ashes, without sense or motion. His first question was, "What is all this?" The lady could not reply—so I did I told him the explanation was the easiest thing in the world; but, in the mean time, it would be as well to recover his wife—at least, her senses. This came about in due time of suspiration and respiration. You need not be alarmed—jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice, and daggers are out of fashion, while duels, on love matters, are unknown—at least, with husbands. But, for all this, it was an awkward affair; and though he must have known that I made love to Marianna, yet I believe he was not, till that evening, aware of the extent to which it had gone. It is very well known that almost all the married women have a lover; but it is usual to keep up the forms, as in other nations. I did not, therefore, know what the devil to say. I could not out with the truth, out of regard to her, and I did not choose to lie for my own sake; besides, the thing told itself. I thought the best way would be to let her explain it as she chose (a woman being never at a loss—the devil always sticks by them) —only determining to protect and carry her off, in case of any ferocity on the part of the Signor. I saw that he was quite calm. She went to bed, and next day—how they settled it, I know not, but settle it they did. Well—then I had to explain to Marianna about this never to be sufficiently confounded sister-in-law; which I did by swearing innocence, eternal constancy, &c. &c. * * * * But the sister-in-law, very much discomposed with being treated in such wise, has (not having her own shame before her eyes,) told the affair to half Venice, and the servants (who were summoned by the fight and the fainting) to the other half.

Letters and Journal of Lord Byron.

THE FATAL LETTER.

For the Olio.

The following narrative is taken from a singular occurrence during the confinement of Charles the First, at Hampton Court, when a speedy settlement between that unfortunate monarch and the parliament was daily expected, and propositions to a like effect had been already advanced by the latter.

It was in the dusk of the evening, when three troopers, who had proceeded at a rapid pace from Windsor, arrived at the "Blue Boar" in Holborn. The goodly citizens had been too long inured to the grim visages of parliamentarians to feel alarm at their appearance, however sudden or mysterious. In the present case, therefore, the arrival of these troopers elicited but few remarks either from byestanders, or the inmates of the Blue Boar. But their mission was one of higher importance than seemed attached to it, and deeply concerned the individuals engaged in it. On dismounting they gave their horses to the care of the ostler, having previously taken their pistols from the holsters, and secured them in their belts. One of them, apparently the superior in rank, advanced briskly to the inn, and demanded quarters for the night; at the same time adding, that as he and his comrades had learnt to suffer hardship and privation in the support of the parliament, and the furtherance of the *Great Work*, they would not incommode others should there be any difficulty in finding room, but would put up with a night's lodging in the stable, and keep company with their horses, who had done a good day's work.

"I thank thee, good belligerent," replied the host, "and avail myself of thy condescension, for be assured I have but one bed vacant in the whole inn, and that but a sorry one; mayhap, therefore, you and your comrades will prefer the hayloft to a garrett, which has not been slept in these five years."

"Be it so," said the soldier, and seemingly satisfied, he joined his companions.

The soldier we have thus shortly introduced was a robust and muscular man, of middle stature, and while conversing with his companions seemed with a single glance to penetrate the innermost thoughts of the one he interrogated, or in turn listened to. Their conference had not lasted long ere it was interrupted by the ostler, who begged to know, since it was their pleasure to sleep in the stable, what stall would best suit them.

"Methinks that yonder corner one," said the soldier we have described, "would afford the better accommodation," and at the same time approaching it, he bade the ostler conduct their horses thither. His orders were promptly executed, and having stowed in a good allowance of hay for the horses, and a triple quantity of straw to supply the want of beds, the ostler returned to his work elsewhere. "Now then, to business," said our soldier, who was no other than General Cromwell, accompanied by Ireton and a trusty trooper, "to business," said he, drawing a letter from his pocket, then turning suddenly to his *ironside*, "Haste thee, Ford," he exclaimed, "and that our actions may conform to our present guise, bring quickly from the inn three cans of beer, and seek us where we now stand."

Ford readily withdrew, and the general having carefully perused the contents of his letter, replaced it in his pocket, and commenced an extravagant eulogy upon the writer.

"Pray," said Ireton, "what ecstatic tidings does the letter of your worthy informer convey? the design of our visit here I can well comprehend, but not the means of executing it, for you have not yet deemed it necessary to particularize."

"This letter," answered Cromwell, "I received this evening at Windsor, from one of my spies, who is of the king's bedchamber. Therein he informs me, that our final doom is settled this very day; that he could not possibly learn what it was, but we might discover it if we could but intercept a letter sent by the king to his queen, where he informs her of his resolution. This letter, continues he, will be sewn up in the skirt of a saddle; and the bearer, whom he suspects to be a disbanded trooper of Rupert's horse, will come with the saddle upon his head, about ten o'clock to-night to this very inn, where he takes horse for Dover early to-morrow morning. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, you are aware that I searched you out, urged the necessity of instantly repairing to this place, informing you that by so doing, we might get into our hands an important communication of the king to his queen, whereby we should be enabled to direct our future plans. I said there was no time for questioning me, but proposed that we should take one trusty fellow with us, and set off immediately in these habits to the inn appointed. Our journey hither was too speedy to admit of conversation, so whatever then remained to be told, I have fully disclosed now. Thus far we have prospered; it now wants an hour of the time specified."

"All is well at present," said Ireton, "but regarding the bearer of this letter I should like to know more; does he come armed?"

"It is not improbable," said Cromwell, "for the times render some weapon of defence very necessary."

"Is he conscious himself that he bears the letter, concealed in the saddle?" enquired Ireton.

"Ay, there's the difficulty," said Cromwell, "my informant gave me no clew on that point; we must be careful how we devise our schemes, or the success of our enterprize will be doubtful."

"He may know nothing of the concealed billet," said Ireton, "and have other letters to convey to the same home; if so, we shall have but little trouble."

"Or as is just as likely," said Cromwell, "he may be in possession of the whole secret."

While they were forming these conjectures, Ford, who had been despatched for the beer, had scarcely entered the inn and given his orders, when the tall figure of a man he fancied he had seen before issued from an inner apartment, and glancing at him a look of recognition, and then half opening the door of the room he had just quitted, beckoned him to follow. Ford scrupled at first to obey the summons, but as the gesture of the man by no means indicated hostility, he at length consented.

"Take a seat," said the stranger, in a good-humoured tone, "and help me to finish this bowl of sack."

"I have other business in hand," said Ford in reply, "and were I at liberty, should be loath to confide too freely in thee, on so short an acquaintance."

"What! don't you know me, then?" said the stranger; "you knew me once, and should not have forgotten me, considering the nature of our last interview."

Ford stared in amazement, and asked him to explain. He said nothing, but walked to the cupboard, unlocked it, and took out an unsheathed rapier, the blade of which was sufficiently hacked to prove it had not been idle in the late commotions.

"Look to the hilt," said the stranger, presenting it to Ford, "the letters rudely impressed there, may perhaps aid thy memory."

"Why, this was my sword," exclaimed the soldier in astonishment. "I carved the initial letters of my name on the hilt, when first I joined my Lord General Cromwell's standard; how came you by it?"

"Perhaps you can recollect how you happened to lose it," said the stranger, "it is your's, doubt not."

"I lost it in battle," said the soldier, emphatically; "it served me well through many frays until we fell in with a strong corps of cavaliers, not far from Horncastle in Lincolnshire, headed by one malignant Sir John Henderson. We fought at fearful odds, it is true, but the words 'Truth and Peace,' given by our Lord General Cromwell, came home to every heart, and assured us of our own invincibility; as we pressed onward, a volley from the enemy's line brought down our general's horse, but he sprung up, and fiercely encountered on foot a sturdy, thickscull cavalier. But he was scarce a match for his antagonist, and truly was in danger, when I who fought hard by the spot, spurred my horse forward to his assistance, but was only just in time to see him felled to the ground by a tremendous blow of his enemy's broadsword."

"Would that he had followed up his victory," said the stranger, "and run the traitor Cromwell through the heart."

"What, fellow!" said the round head indignantly; "speak you so irreverently of the Lord General? But no, he was preserved for greater achievements, and I became the humble instrument of his preservation."

"Humble you may well say," exclaimed the stranger, "for you soon measured your length beside your general."

"And what of that?" said the round head, "by my interposition I warrant I saved the life of our David; for when the cowardly foe seemed like to have smitten him again when lying insensible on the ground, he found other employment; foaming with rage, he dealt a heavy blow upon my steel cap, but his sword meeting harder substance than anticipated, shivered to atoms."

"Well, sir, proceed," said the stranger, smiling.

"I then prepared to strike in my turn, but the fiery foe uttering a fearful oath grappled me, and wresting this very sword from my hand, hurled me with terrible force to the ground."

"But he took no advantage of thee when on the ground, though he would not have been so lenient to Old Noll," said the stranger. "Remember, no quarter that day."

"That's very true," said the soldier; "I think he would soon have settled me; but, fortunately, our General recovering from the stunning effects of his blow, dismounted one of his troopers, and shouting to his men, who had recoiled on seeing him struck to the earth, soon turned the fortune of the day. On we rushed, and away they flew, like chaff before the wind, nor once stopped till they reached the gates of Lincoln."

"You won the day, I must confess," said the stranger; "but when horses are blown and——"

"You seem to know as much of this affair as I myself do," said the soldier, interrupting him; "mayhap you were among the vanquished that day."

"I was indeed," said the stranger, not a whit ashamed of his retreat after the execution he had done in the fight;—"and avow myself to be the very cavalier who claims the honour of having dealt Old Noll his first knock down blow. You seem to wonder at my knowing you again—but who the devil could ever see your stumpy red hair, and not remember you!"

"A truce to your ribald jests," said the republican, and was about leaving the room.

"Nay, don't go," cried the cavalier, "stay, and take a cup of sack for old acquaintance sake—I have a friend coming to join me here to-night at ten precisely, so, you see, we could have a merry night on't."

"I have duty to attend to elsewhere; and, furthermore, I reprobate debauchery," said the soldier.

"Oh, as you like it," said the cavalier—"but don't leave your old rapier."

"I thank you—but I'm well provided," answered Ford, pointing significantly to his pistols, and abruptly departed.

We may easily conceive that Cromwell's patience was well nigh exhausted by the long absence of Ford; and when he at length did return with the long expected beer, Cromwell eagerly demanded to know the reason of such delay.

"Why, craving your Excellency's pardon," said Ford, "when I reached the inn, I chanced to be recognised by a certain malignant, who claimed acquaintance with me on the score of having encountered me in one of our victorious fights. He asked me to stay and join company with another of his kind, whom he expects at ten to-night."

"At ten!" said Cromwell.

"Just so, my lord."

"You refused, I suppose?"

"I did," said Ford, "and told him I had other duties to attend to."

"Thou wert right," said Cromwell, "and hast proved thyself worthy of the trust I repose in thee." Then placing his hand upon Ford's shoulder, he said to him in a low tone of voice, "Go, watch steadfastly at yonder wicket gate, and when a man whom I expect here to-night makes his entrance at it, instantly give me notice. But, mark me, you cannot mistake him for yon malignant's companion, for he will come bearing a saddle upon his head. You understand?"

"Truly I do," answered Ford.

"Then first drink," said Cromwell, raising a can, "and then haste to thy post—we shall remain here."

Ford took a copious draught, and was soon at his station. Cromwell, from what Ford had said, concluded that the king's messenger was the identical person whom the cavalier within expected. It was now quite dark, and the hour of ten was fast approaching. Ample justice was done to the host's beer by Cromwell and Ireton; they continued drinking and conversing, until a shrill whistle from their sentinel announced the arrival of the messenger. From the stall which they occupied, they could indistinctly see his figure advancing to the inn door, clearly enough, however, to distinguish through the shades of night their object, which the messenger, on entering the inn, shifted from his head to his arm. Ford bustled up to them, and was instantly ordered by Cromwell to watch the movement of the man, and ascertain which room he retired to. He did so, and soon returned to inform them that he was the expected friend of the cavalier, whom he had joined in his apartment.

"Where did he leave his saddle?" eagerly enquired Cromwell.

"He took that with him," replied Ford.

Cromwell led Ireton aside, and said, "Force you see may incur risk, and that may endanger the prize. This messenger, methinks, must well know the importance of his office, since he keeps his eye so closely to the saddle."

He then stood deeply immersed in cogitation, at length he proposed to Ireton the following plan:—That Ford should immediately repair to the cavalier's room, and tell him that he accepts his invitation, having been unexpectedly released from the duty which would otherwise have prevented his so doing. That he should continue drinking there, until he found both his companions well nigh inebriated, and then propose a stroll about the town. "This," he added, "will not be difficult to effect, as he can easily counterfeit a love of liquor himself, and cavaliers are too fond of it by nature to require any spurring to an exorbitant indulgence in it. They will readily accede to his proposal for a revel among the fair dames of the town, and in their absence we can easily get possession of this saddle, which it is not likely the messenger will carry with him."

"But how?" enquired Ireton.

"I'll tell thee—Ford must be mindful to unbar the window of the apartment ere he leaves it to join them in their pranks. Every facility will then be afforded, for the window is easily gained."

Ireton entirely approved of the project, but suggested the possibility of Ford's rejection by the cavalier.

"That is not likely," said Cromwell: "in the first place he has already invited him, and, in the second, admittance is always easily obtained to a cavalier's table." So saying, he summoned Ford, gave him full instructions on every point, and bidding him be sure to unbar the window, hurried him away.

"Now," said Cromwell, "we must wait here two hours, peradventure three; but at any rate we must not be remiss in our watching, or yon malignants may escape our notice when they make their egress."

While thus stationed in the stall, of which they grew heartily sick, they were in no danger of falling asleep, for the continued shouts of the uproarious cavaliers within were sufficiently loud to stun every inmate of the Blue Boar. At length, about the hour of one, the three bacchanalians left their table, and were let loose into the street by the host, who, extremely indignant at having his repose disturbed to perform the office of door-keeper, vowed, when he found he had got rid of them, they should never again enter his premises. Cromwell and Ireton, who had watched the departure of Ford and the two cavaliers, stole to the back of the house, and soon discovered the room whence the noise had so lately proceeded. The window was not elevated above four feet from the ground: they opened the casement, and tried the shutter—it gave way to a slight push, and Cromwell, leaving Ireton to keep a sharp look-out, leapt into the room. By the expiring embers of a fire, which had been lighted for the cavaliers to make their favourite potation by, he could discern what was lying around him. The table and floor were strewn with fragments of broken glass, and a pair of pistols belonging to Ford were carelessly deposited on a chair; but the saddle he was unable to find. After a strict search in every corner of the room, he chanced to open the cupboard which contained Ford's discarded sword, and therein he discovered the object of his scrutiny. Committing it to the hands of Ireton, who eyed it with no small satisfaction, he sprung from the window, closed the shutter and casement, and returned with Ireton to the stall. Cromwell instantly ripped open the skirt of the saddle, and found the letter he looked for. He placed it carefully in his pocket, reserving the perusal of it for the morning. Ireton concealed the saddle amongst the straw. At the earliest dawn they prepared their horses, paid handsomely for their night's lodging, and bidding the ostler inform their comrade, when he returned, which road they had taken, set off full speed, and soon reached Windsor. Here they opened the mysterious letter, in which the king acquainted his queen "that he was courted by both factions—the Scots, the Presbyterians and the army: that those which bade the fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close sooner with the Scots than the other." He also said (in reply to the hopes she had expressed that no terms would ever be granted to murderers and rebels), "that she might trust to him the task of rewarding his *new friends* according to their deserts."

Cromwell and Ireton, on reading this, were flushed with indignation, for as they had proposed conciliatory measures to the king, they, even in the event of the rejection of them, which they deemed almost impossible, had considered their own security the *smallest* requital that could be made them. They speedily came to a conclusion, and, as they saw no likelihood of obtaining good terms with the king, from that time vowed his destruction. That vow they strictly adhered to, and performed; and to the disclosure of this letter we may attribute the perpetration of a deed which is an indelible stain upon the records of British history! H.C.B.

Varieties.

Mitchell the notorious Pirate.—Never, perhaps, has there been a more atrocious villain than Mitchell. His conduct puts rather a strong negative on the proverb which teaches that "there is honour among thieves."—Having remained at his encampment upon the island of Cuba till he had obtained, in adventures of daring piracy, money sufficient to load the sixteen oared boat to the water's edge, he then determined to leave off his piratical career, and pass into the United States; he now thought, however, that a boat load of money, though a good fortune for himself, or even for himself and his lieutenant, would make a small figure when divided amongst the entire gang of twenty men. The lieutenant was of the same opinion, and thought that on a calm day Captain Mitchell and himself might easily carry the sixteen oared boat and the boxes of money to the Florida shore without any assistance from the gang, and moreover it would be quite as well to cut off pursuit, lest these fellows, when disappointed of their share of the booty, should revenge themselves by turning evidence against them: "but, on the other hand, dead men," said the lieutenant, "tell no tales." The two officers then determined upon destroying the whole gang, and by ordering them in various detached parties for pretended purposes of bringing wood, water, and other supplies to the camp, Mitchell and the lieutenant actually murdered them all. They then set off with the boat, and reached the coast of Florida, whence they coasted along to the Mississippi river, for the purpose of ascending to the city of New Orleans. Here, however, their golden dreams were suddenly dashed to pieces; for the strange appearance of a sixteen oared boat, loaded with boxes, and navigated with only two hands, attracted observation from the banks of the river, and when Mitchell and the lieutenant landed for supplies at a village a few miles below New Orleans, the boat was suddenly filled with a body of police, and the two worthies were glad to leave their ill-gotten treasure, and escape into the neighbouring wood.

The long Nails of the Pacha.—When Mahomet Ali, the illustrious restorer of civilization to Egypt, first sent out his army, modelled after the European fashion, to attack the Wahabees in the interior, every where they marched they were looked upon with pity, both by the natives and the outposts of the enemy. Instead of being mounted on richly caparisoned horses, loaded with all the finery of the Osmanlees, and armed with a scymitar, the men marched on foot quietly in files, dressed in coarse red jackets, and all the arms they appeared to possess was a musket with a long nail at the end of it. On coming up and forming a position on a plain in front of the Wahabees, the latter considered that these poor wretches had delivered themselves up for slaughter; rushing down the hill, therefore, with the usual impetuosity of Turkish cavalry, and with the intention of surrounding the Egyptians, they were dreadfully staggered in their career by receiving a well-directed fire from the lines. Surprised and daunted by the shower of balls which fell among them, and emptied scores of saddles at every volley, they were obliged to retreat, pursued by the grenadiers and light companies, who hunted them through their fastnesses, at every step letting them feel the use of the long nails on the muskets, until they retired into an inner part of the country. When the news of this first engagement of his new troops reached Mahomet Ali, he bounded from his divan with joy; and ever since, the dread of the close rank and file, and above all, the bayonet, has favoured every military movement of the Pacha.

THE PRESENT KING OF PRUSSIA.—The routine of the King's day is, perhaps, the best portraiture of Frederick's character. He sleeps in summer at Potsdam; in winter at Charlottenberg. I will not say he dwells, for, as the greater part of his time is spent on the road between those places and his capital, he lives more on the high road than anywhere else. Potsdam is six leagues from Berlin; Charlottenberg two; and yet he will always make two journeys in the day, from the former place twice during the day, and, perhaps, four or five from the latter. Two hours of the morning are always devoted to his Ministers, who are stationary in the capital, and he never fails to come in for these two hours. Then he returns, and then comes back again to Berlin in the day, to go about the town, attend parades, reviews, inspections—and then be off again for Potsdam in the evening. One of his singularities is, that his entire family follow him in this eternal succession of comings and goings. Princes, Princesses, Chamberlains,—all form a *queve* after him, the old Dowagers and the young children not excepted. It would be the highest affront for one of the family to remain behind; and even the Princesses, in an inconvenient stage of pregnancy are not exempted. What is still more odd, the entire culinary establishment of the Monarch follows himself in the day backwards and forwards. The Court kitchen is on wheels; cooks and saucepans, fires and spits are whirled along in rapid accompaniment to Majesty; and the King's dinner roasts in close attendance upon him. Wherever, therefore, hunger overtakes him, food is ready. At Potsdam, Charlottenberg, or Berlin, the word "dinner" instantly produces it. And the plan has this advantage, that, in case of war breaking out, the King's kitchen and its inhabitants are so trained, that a campaign need not derange or diminish a dish of the King's table. Frederick himself frequents the theatre in the evening. He stays but a very short time—never more than two hours—without the variety of a gallop either on horseback or in caleche, it being impossible for him to spend more in one place. Yet even whilst at the theatre, tea and cakes make their appearance in the Royal box, and supper awaits him at Charlottenberg. I should say that it awaits him at the theatre door, for there stand and smoke his supper and his kitchen, enclosed in an ample *berline*, ready to accompany him back to be served on his arrival.

A NEW DANCE.—At the festivities, lately, at Gunton Park, the seat of Lord Suffield, a new dance was introduced, after quadrilles, waltzes, gallopades, and reels, and which far eclipsed them all. It bears the old name of cotillon, but is totally new and unequalled in spirit and effect. It begins by some six or eight couples waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the centre in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up, and presents each of the other gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retires behind the chair; but when "the right man," as the old saying goes, arrives, she springs up, the tone and ascent of the music are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected—the rest seizing their partners, and the circle is continued. All in turn go through the process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers, who importunately solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and the waltzing is resumed. A gentleman is then seated in the centre chair, hoodwinked, and a lady takes the place on each side. In this perplexity of choice the Tantalus of the minute remains, till by a sudden resolution he decides for right or left, uncovers his eyes, and waltzes away with the chance-directed partner; followed as before by the rest. The chairs are next placed triangularly *dos a dos*, and three ladies are thus seated. The youths pace round them in a circle, till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each, but to one alone is given, a ring; and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches made by the extended arms of the gentlemen, till each seizes his partner, and once more swings round the circle.

John Wesley—In his seventy-eighth year he wrote thus: "By the blessing of God, I am just the same as when I was in my twenty-eighth; in 1769, I weighed a hundred and twenty-two pounds; in 1781, I weigh not a pound more or less." When eighty, he declared that he was no more infirm, than during the vigour of manhood. Four years afterwards, he says, "I am not so agile as I was; I neither run nor walk so fast as I did; my sight is a little impaired; I find also some decay in my memory; yet I feel nothing like weariness, either in travelling or preaching." On his eighty-sixth birth day, he observes, "I am now an old man:" and, in 1790, he says, "I am decayed from head to foot. However, blessed be God! I do not slack in my labours: I can preach and write still." About the middle of the same year, he finally closed his cash book with the following remark, written so unsteadily as to be almost illegible: "For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction, that I save all I can, and give all I can,—that is, all I have." In a letter, which he wrote to his friends in America, early in 1791, he expressed his conviction in the language of his father, when under similar circumstances, that his end was approaching: "Time," said he, "has shaken me by the hand, and Death is not far behind." He shortly afterwards preached his last sermon, and died on the 2nd of March, in the same year. He had said, during his illness, "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin, into the chapel, without any pomp." Notwithstanding this request, on the day before its interment, his body was absurdly exhibited, at his chapel in the City-road, clad in his gown, cassock, band, and clerical cap, and having a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other!

Charles Edward Stuart.—His wife, by whom he had no children, according to Dutens, whose narrative we shall abridge, soon became disgusted with his conduct. He often beat her; and at length, driven to extremities by many revolting scenes, she determined to free herself from his tyranny. But to escape was difficult, for he rarely permitted her to quit his presence, and when compelled to lose sight of her, he invariably locked her up. A scheme for procuring her freedom, was, however, eventually devised by Alfieri, the poet, who had long been attached to her, which was executed by two of her friends, the Signor Orlandini and his wife. The latter, who, as well as her husband and Alfieri, were intimate with Charles Edward, persuaded him one morning to take her and the princess to see the works of the nuns in a neighbouring convent. Orlandini met them, apparently by accident, and escorted them up a flight of steps to the entrance door, which, by a preconcerted arrangement, they were permitted immediately to enter. Orlandini then returned to meet Charles Edward, who came panting up the steps after his wife. "These nuns," said the signor, "are very unmannerly: they shut the door in my face, and would not let me enter with the ladies." "Oh! I will soon make them open it," replied the prince. But he was mistaken. On reaching the door, he knocked for a long time without effect. At length the abbess came to the grate, and told him that his wife had chosen that place for her asylum, and could not be disturbed. His rage at this intimation was boundless: but his clamours were of no avail, and he was soon compelled to withdraw.

George the Second.—The king felt very indignant at being opposed, as he frequently was, by his ministers, and sometimes obstinately persisted in having his own way Perceiving that the name of a general, whom he admired, was omitted in a list of promotions, his majesty inquired for what reason that particular person's name had been so unaccountably passed over. "The man is mad," replied the minister. "Oh! is he?" said the king, "then let him be advanced and employed, so that he may have an opportunity of biting a few of my other generals."

Charles James Fox.—Lord Holland having resolved to take down the wall before Holland-house, and to have an iron-railing put up in its stead, it was necessary to use gunpowder to facilitate the work. He had promised Charles James that he should be present whenever the explosion took place. Finding that the labourers had blasted the brick-work in his absence, he ordered the wall to be rebuilt; and, when it was thoroughly cemented, had it blown up again, for the gratification of his favourite boy; at the same time advising those about him, never, on any account, to break a promise with children.

Extraordinary Curiosity.—Thenét, a man of learning in France, was one morning taken out of his bed and carried off to the Bastile. The lieutenant of police went next day to examine him. "Sir," said Thenét to him when he entered, "will you have the goodness to tell me why they have shut me up here?" "You have a great deal of curiosity indeed!" exclaimed the lieutenant of police, and retired. J.D.N.

Avarice.—All the strong passions abandon men at their death, except avarice, says Mad. de P. The governor of —— had a long sickness. On the point of dying, he said to his physician, who had assiduously attended him for six months, that he was desirous to recompense him for his good services,—at the same time drawing from under his pillow a *sack*, from which he took three pounds, and gave them to him. The physician, surprised at the smallness of the sum, asked him if it was on account? — "On account, sir!" exclaimed the dying man—"no, sir, the sum appears to me reasonable enough for your attendance." The physician remonstrated, upon which the governor answered: "I see clearly you are not contented, there's a shilling more." The physician could no longer refrain from laughter, but refused to accept it.—When we have read the "Miser" of Plautus and that of Moliere, we are tempted to think that the traits which characterise him are exhausted; yet here is one which, though less energetic, is not less true than many which have been employed by those great masters. The conversation turned upon the subject of a grateful man: some one present who owed him an obligation, said—"Yes, he is a very good kind of man: he is poor, but that does not prevent him from doing a good office. I have known him forty years, and he has never asked a halfpenny of me!"

Princess Amelia Sophia. — Her manners and dress were exceedingly masculine. It was her custom to pass much time in her stables, particularly when any of the horses were ill. She wore a round hat, and a riding habit in the German fashion; and if any credit may be attached to the following anecdote, her appearance, at one period of her life, must have been extraordinary for a person of her sex and rank:—George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, in order to illustrate an observation which he had made, that men frequently obtain credit for good deeds which they had never even thought of performing, stated, that one day he was accompanied, in a drive to Bagshot, by Lord Clermont; who, as it was rather cold, wore a white great coat and a kind of flannel hood, to protect his ears and neck; and that, thus arrayed, several persons on the road, mistaking his lordship for the Princess Amelia, exclaimed, "What a good young man the prince is, thus to be the companion of his father's deaf old aunt, during her morning drives!" It appears that she was extremely short-sighted, as well as very deaf; but her conception was so quick, that she appeared to see and hear even better than other people.

Civility.—A young gentleman being found asleep in the streets at an unseasonable hour, was brought before a magistrate, when he confessed he had been tipsy. "Young man," said the magistrate, "you should be very sorry." "I am sorry."—"You must be fined." Handing over the money, "I am fined."

LIFE.

Cling not to earth—there's nothing there,
However loved, however fair,
But on its features still must wear
The impress of mortality.

Cling not to earth—as well we may
Trust Asia's serpent's wanton play,
That glitters only to betray
To death—or else to misery.

Dream not of friendship—there may be
A word, a smile, a grasp for thee;
But wait the hour of need, and see,
But wonder not—their fallacy.

Think not of beauty—like the rest,
It bears a lustre on its crest;
But short the time ere stands confess'd
Its falsehood—or its frailty. F.B.

To Correspondents.—The following have been received:—"Lost Daughter" by C. J. Junior; "The Flask of Schedam," by T. F.; Poetry, from J. D. Newman, and "Wintil Froyd," a Tale by Zinio.

New Works intended for immediate notice, and articles from Correspondents, are requested to be forwarded in the early part of the week.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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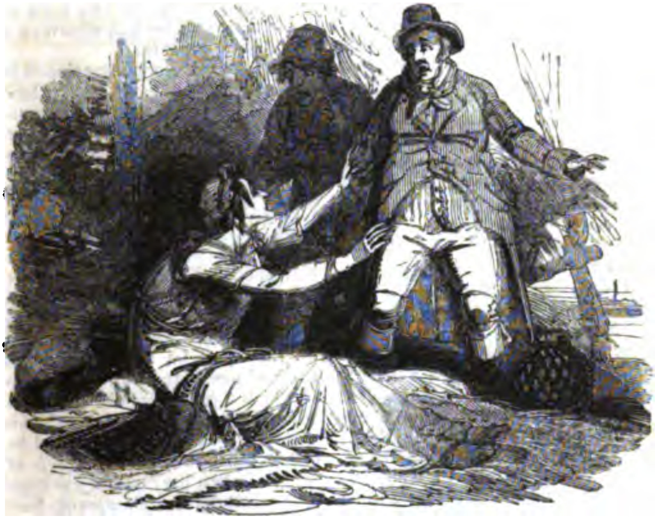

See page 131

Illustrated Article.

THE LOST DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF NORFOLK.

For the Olio.

On a clear frosty night in January, a man, on a sturdy brown horse, was leisurely jogging on the road leading from the city of Norwich, where he had been transacting business, to Caston, his resident village. The traveller appeared past the meridian of life, but his limbs were evidently still hale, and his figure stalwart and somewhat bulky. This latter characteristic was, doubtless, exaggerated by the ample and many-caped surtout in which he was encased, and by the thick warm shawl which folded "once and again" round his neck, enveloped his mouth and chin, rendering the turning of his head (without a corresponding movement of his body) a matter of difficulty.

The sharp north-east wind blew gently, yet keenly, across the open country, through which Mr. Pilmore was proceeding; and the bright beams emanating from a full-orbed moon, clothed with a mild and chaste radiance the face of nature, causing the leafless and rime-covered branches of the trees, which were here and there straggled along the road, to stand out with a bold relief from the indistinct scenery beyond. But the almost impenetrable clothing of our traveller prevented him from feeling in any great degree the frosty air; while the deep reverie into which he had fallen rendered him indifferent to the imposing prospect around. His imagination was roaming to the bye-gone days of his adversity, in which he had endured much affliction and many privations; for fortune had not always smiled on him: times were when, thro' ruinous losses, and the harsh conduct of his landlord, he had been reduced to a state of almost utter destitution; and had been compelled to remove from a neat and pleasant little farm to a miserable hovel; and to submit to the veriest drudgery, and the most servile employment, in order to procure the merest necessaries of life for himself and family. It was during this period of misfortune that his dear and only daughter, who ought to have been the comforter and helpmate of her parents in those times of perplexity, had eloped with a young man of low condition, and in poor circumstances, to whom she had become obstinately attached. Every possible search and enquiry was made after her by the afflicted parents, but all in vain—no tidings of their beloved Mary could be gained, and at length all hopes of recovering her were banished. The conduct of his daughter evidently preyed more upon Mr. Filmore's mind than did all his pecuniary troubles; for hitherto, even in his lowest state of poverty, he had preserved somewhat of that urbanity and cheerfulness for which he had ever been remarkable; but this domestic affliction seemed at once to envelope his mind in an impenetrable gloom, and to plunge him into the deepest despair: he became reserved and melancholy, never hearing mention of his Mary without shedding tears. "Rather than this should have happened," he would say, "how willingly would I have followed her to the grave!"

Some time subsequent to the above affair, the worldly prospects of Mr. F. suddenly and unexpectedly brightened. A distant and rich relative, whom he had not seen for years, and to whom he had thought it useless to apply for relief in his pecuniary difficulties, had died, and bequeathed him a legacy sufficient to secure his future ease and independence. Great was the joy and gratitude of that family when informed of this event. Once more they prepared to change their place of abode—but, oh! with what different feelings did they quit the hut they had occupied to those with which they had entered it! Then they were exchanging the comforts of life for destitution and poverty—now poverty was, in its turn, to be displaced by comparative affluence. Their benefactress had resided at Caston, in Norfolk, at a delightful little seat called Ivy Cottage, and having no wish to remain in the county of Suffolk, where he had seen so much trouble, Mr. Filmore purchased his late relative's cottage, and settled there with his family.

Nothing now seemed wanting to complete their happiness but the society of the long lost, but unforgotten Mary; for often, when seated with his wife and son at the well supplied table, Mr. Filmore would exclaim—

"Oh! that my Mary were but here to share our comforts!—then would my happiness be complete! But, alas! perhaps she is even now living in infamy, or dying in misery."

For several years no material change took place in Ivy Cottage. Mr. Filmore amused himself by turns in his parlour, his garden, and in occasional rides to the city of Norwich, in order to collect the rents of some houses which he had purchased there. It was from one of these trips that he was returning at the opening of our tale.

The sudden gloom occasioned by the high hedges of a rural lane, which the faithful horse (who needed no guide in the homeward road) had just entered, aroused our traveller from the reverie into which he had fallen. Starting as if from a dream, he beat his hands together (for the cold had penetrated to them, spite of his thick gloves), stroked his horse's neck, looked upward at the star-spangled sky, and was about to relapse into his meditations, when a rustling in the hedge to his left arrested his attention. Fixing his eye intently on the spot, he almost mechanically grasped one of the well-loaded pistols, of which a pair were always in his belt when he travelled that lonely road at night. All was again silent, and he had almost relinquished his grasp of the weapon, when the rustling was repeated, and instantly a man sprang from the hedge towards him, seized the horse's rein, and presenting a pistol to Mr. Filmore's breast, demanded, in a trembling voice, his money or his life. Our traveller, however, had no great inclination to resign either, but instantly withdrawing his hand from under his capes, the robber saw the lock of a pistol gleaming in the moon-light. Dreading lest instant death to himself should be the result of his firing, the villain hesitated, when Mr. Filmore thus addressed him—

"Young man, our lives are at this moment in each other's power, and though to take thine would only, on my part, be an act of self-defence, yet I have no desire to do so, but am willing to let you depart in peace, provided you cease to molest me."

"Sir," answered the robber, in an agonized tone, "to take the life of a fellow-creature cannot be more repugnant to your feelings than it is to mine; but when a man sees the woman of his love starving in a wretched hovel, with scarcely a rag to defend her from the cold! and hears his innocent children piteously crying for the bread which he possesses not to give them, it drives him to a pitch of frenzy, and he is urged to the commission of a deed, from which, under ordinary circumstances, he would shrink with horror."

Mr. Filmore had known what destitution was, and his heart and hand were ever ready to relieve the wretched.

"Where is your family?" he enquired, thrusting his left hand into his pocket, but keeping his pistol arm still extended, naturally suspicious of his companion.

"A few fields from hence," answered the robber, "is a shed, which, I suppose, was formerly occupied by cattle, but now abandoned as not affording them sufficient shelter. 'Tis there my wife and children lie at present."

Had not the high hedges enveloped in partial gloom the spot where they stood, the robber would have seen a tear of sympathy steal down the manly cheek of Mr. Filmore; but although he observed it not, he saw what pleased him better—the left hand of the traveller extended towards him, containing several silver coins.

"Take that for the present," said Mr. F., "and to-morrow I will bring over some necessaries for your family."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the softened man, "how can I sufficiently thank you for your present and promised kindness! May Heaven's blessing rest on you and yours, for you will probably be the means of preserving the lives of four perishing creatures!"

Our traveller was too much affected to speak—he waved his hand to the robber, put up his weapon, and proceeded homeward.

The well-known sound of her husband's horse was heard with pleasure by Mrs. Filmore, who had become very uneasy respecting his rider, seeing that his usual time of arrival had long been past. He had scarcely reached the gate when the door opened, and the feeble rays of a candle darted into the frosty air.

"My dear, how late you be!—Ar'nt you very cold?—George, lad, go and put the horse up," were the rapid exclamations of the good woman, as her husband dismounted and ascended the steps.

Having thrown off his travelling garments, warmed his hands at the fire, and sat down to the supper-table, Mr. Filmore related to his wife his adventure with the robber. She shuddered to think of the peril in which his life and property had been placed, but entirely sympathised with the sufferers, and cordially promised to "look up" some articles for them on the following day. Having given a tolerable good specimen of supper-eating, and deposited in a place of safety the property he had brought home with him, Mr. Filmore retired to rest, with almost tearful gratitude to Heaven, that he was not then as he had once been, and as thousands then were.

The morrow's sun had not attained its meridian altitude, when the master of Ivy Cottage was seen to issue therefrom, unattended, with a large bundle, and to direct his steps towards the lane in which the night before he had been stopped by a robber. On reaching the spot where the rencontre took place he hesitated, and was looking round, uncertain which way to proceed, when he saw a man approaching, and as he drew near, our hero recognized the wan, downcast features of the highwayman, for they had been indelibly impressed on his mind. The unhappy man remembered his benefactor again, and touching his hat, was requested by Mr. F. to lead the way to his family.

"Heaven reward you for your kindness, sir," said the robber, as they walked along—"but it comes too late to benefit my little girl, who died last night of cold and hunger."

"How many children have you?" enquired Mr. F., endeavouring to stifle a sigh.

"Only two boys now, sir, who are wan and sickly."

By this time they had reached a ruinous something, that might once have been a shed.

"This is our dwelling place, sir," said the man, smiling bitterly.

Mr Filmore inwardly shuddered as he entered the miserable hovel. In one corner lay the lifeless girl, and in the other the mother and boys, huddled together for warmth. But when his gaze fell on the mother, his eye became as it were death-locked—an ashy paleness pervaded his healthy countenance, and his lips became deadly white and quivering; for there, exposed to every wind that blew, and every storm that descended—there, in the most heart-rending state of wretchedness, with scarcely a rag to cover her emaciated person—there, with one child dead by her side, and two others starving in her bosom, lay the daughter of his love—the long lost Mary! She did not at first recognise her father; but as she saw him stand before her motionless as the sculptured marble, she fixed her gaze intently on him—her dull eye became bright even to wildness—she started up, as if with supernatural strength, from the straw on which she was lying, and shrieked, "My father!"

So hollow, yet piercing, was her voice, that it aroused Mr. Filmore from his paralysis. Rushing franticly towards her—

"My Mary!" he exclaimed, "my own Mary! restored to me thus after so long bereavement! Starving in wretchedness and misery, while thy parents possess all things richly to enjoy! Well! Heaven be praised for thy restoration even thus!" Then tears came seasonably to his relief.

It was a fearful thing to hear how wildly that hapless woman addressed her father!—To hear her tell him in an incoherent manner of the miles they had travelled—the privations they had endured—and, oh! the crimes they had perpetrated! —To hear her enquire hurriedly, and without waiting for reply—whether her mother still lived?—what had caused their change of fortune?—and where did they then reside? But the bewildered father stayed not to answer her; telling the husband to clothe his wife and children in what few garments he had brought, he darted swiftly across the fields to his own house—threw his wife into a paroxysm of joy by informing her that he had tidings of his daughter—went into the stable, and, saddling his horse, proceeded again to the hovel, in order to remove his daughter to a comfortable habitation.

The meeting of the mother and daughter was an affecting scene! They remained for some moments locked in each other's arms, and mutually weeping. Then Mary told of the miserable existence she had dragged on since the base desertion of her parents. How they had wandered over the whole kingdom, her husband endeavouring to support his family by hay-making and reaping in summer, and by robbery and fraudulence in winter — how, a short time since they had visited her native village, where she made every enquiry for her parents, in order to crave their forgiveness and assistance; but could gain no other tidings of them than that they had become "great folks," and had long since left that place; and that, reduced to the lowest state of despair, she had that morning lain down on the straw, praying she might soon be as the lifeless girl beside her!

There was no particular disease on either Mary or her children; it was mere destitution that had reduced them to the weak condition in which they had been found; and now, enjoying every comfort that affection could devise, they gained strength apace.

Shortly after this there was a great feast given at Ivy Cottage, for the master said—"It is meet that we should be merry, seeing that this my child was dead, and is alive again—was lost, and is found." C. J. Junior.

THE THUNDER-STRUCK.

Concluded from page 118.

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N—, happened to bear on the outside the words "special *haste!*" which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N—. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant in a post-chaise and four; but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D—accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D—, the Dean of —, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

"Well, my friend," said he to me, "she is in the hands of God! All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence!"

"Ay, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear!" replied Dr. D—.

"How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?" enquired the Dean.

"I cannot say," I replied with a sigh. "She *must* sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant's meal!"

"I have an impression that she will die suddenly," said Dr. D—; "possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!"

"Alas, I fear so too!" * * *

"I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this," said the Dean. "I hope in Heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct." I made no reply—my emotions nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

"Do you know," said Dr. D—, with an apprehensive air, "I have been thinking latterly of the awful possibility, that, notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her mind may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!"

"Why—why"—stammered the Dean, turning pale—"what if she has—has heard all that has been said!" *

"Ay!" replied Dr. D—, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, "I know of a case—in fact a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman"— There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D—'s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, "Great God!" and on turning round I saw the Dean moving from the bed his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?

The moment before, I had left Miss P— lying in her usual position, and with her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken! The trance over!—I implored Dr. D— to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P—. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P— was a long deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed—again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea-spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. "How are you, Agnes?" I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly—but gave me no answer.

"Do you feel pain anywhere?" I enquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly-recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Dean had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D—'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P—.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly one o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see their increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognise me. "Kiss me!" she whispered, in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I *did* kiss her; and in doing so, my tears fell upon her cheek.

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* In almost every known instance of recovery from Catalepsy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them.

"Don't cry!" she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lilied fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion; and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if any change took place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P— had taken a little arrowroot in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently; and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about *heaven*—as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was—in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she enquired, looking towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. —," (my wife,) "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then, no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads!"

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no—is all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And is it quite over, and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I enquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked, without regarding my question.

"Why—certainly it was very alarming."

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor?" she continued, with a mysterous air—"I—I—saw—yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning"—

"Come, child, you rave!"

—"They seemed coming towards the world"—

Her voice trembled, and the colour of her face changed.

"Well—if you *will* talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"Tell N— to come to me to-day—I must see him. I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her, and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how could she conjecture that he was within reach? I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N—'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quiting the room, when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I must see N— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N—, whom I found in a very weak state, but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest enquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P—'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice-repeated request she had made.

The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheeks to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied. * * *

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N—, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but—it looks very—very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal *may* be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P—, making my usual enquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when, with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

"*Remember!* N—— MUST be here to-night!"

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N—. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

. . . .

It was evening,—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful, and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love!—How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let we look at it!" replied Miss P— faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—"He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But, Agnes, why do you wish to see him?"

She sighed, and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D— should accompany Mr. N— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door

"N— is come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shewn in at once?" I enquired.

"No—wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D— and Mr. N—.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D— slowly entered, with N— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss P—. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it it to his lips, without uttering a word. My eyes were rivetted on the features of Miss P—. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right!—We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eye was fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone;—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N— followed her; and, to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P—, **Prepare**!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

TO MISS ELIZ. HEMMINGS.

For the Olio.

Fair as the rosy blushing morn
 That decks the eastern sky;
No foreign aids thy face adorn,
 To fix the wandering eye.

But modesty and meekness fair,
 With innate grace combined,
Beauty and innocence are there
 In every feature join'd.

Thy bosom, like the snow-drop, pure,
 No sorrow shall oppress;
Envy herself could not endure
 Such virtue to distress.

Myrtilla every art essays
 To lure the unwary breast,
And every wanton look displays
 To rob the youth of rest;

But tell the vain, deluded fair,
 Virtue alone hath charms!
Virtue alone can ease our care,
 And baffle love's alarms.

Continue, then, ah! gentle maid,
 This heavenly path to run;
Let no frail thoughts thy breast invade,
 But female follies shun.

Beauty's but a vernal flower,
 The blossom of a day,
That serves to deck an eastern bower,
 And then to fade away.

But virtue always paints the face
 With *everlasting* hue,
And gives the form that pleasing grace
 Which now appears in you.

J. D. Newman.

THE FLASK OF SCHEDAM.

FOR THE OLIO.

"Yaw! ugh! ugh! a murrain o' these fogs—they'll be the death o' me," quod Mynheer Von Donderdonc, of the goodly city of Amsterdam, who was shuffling along one cold wintry night on the Stancen yatcht, through an opaque mist. A long pull at a portly flask followed the ejaculation, and the sturdy Hollander drew his mantle tighter around him, and trudged along with amended pace. A full moon that had long been struggling with the dense fog, was now beginning to describe her circle somewhat more distinctly, and threw a grim and hazy light over the profound black masses of shipping that lay in the canals. Von Donderdonc made his way towards a flight of wooden steps that led down to the water's edge, and giving a signal, a boat put off from the opposite side, took up the bulky Hollander and rowed away.

"A cold night, Mynheer," said one of the boatmen, shrugging his shoulders, and looking wistfully at the flask, which was again resorted to.

"Yaw!" replied the Hollander,—smacking his lips, and returning the bottle to his pocket.

"A drop of Schedam is no bad companion in such a night," said the boatman, endeavouring to entice a dram.

"Humph!" responded the other.

"And would counteract the fog—Hugh—ugh! it has entered my stomach woundily."

"Donner welter," cried Von Donderdonc angrily, "get on with the boat."

"Ho! ho!" quoth the boatman—"Ho! ho!" said another—and "Ho! ho!" responded many more in succession.

They now emerged from the crowd of shipping whither they had been progressing for some time, and proceeded in silence dowm the river. The fog appeared to be clearing away, and the moon became more and more brilliant; but the more the air brightened, the more intensely grew the cold, until it got to such a pitch that Mynheer shivered from head to foot, and his nose looked like burning brimstone. The flask was applied to, and squeezed to his quivering lips again and again; but in vain—every drop, every particle was consumed; and it was only now that Von Donderdonc deigned to survey his companions, to see if aught of comfort could be extracted from them, for the cold increased instead of diminishing. With this design therefore the Hollander upraised the front rim of his slouched beaver, and peered forth his little grey piggish eyes, and the personage on whom they first fell was the boatman whom his angry exclamation had silenced. This worthy sat immediately fronting Von Donderdonc, whose miserable plight he had been eyeing with malicious satisfaction.

"A cold night, Mynheer," said he, with a most saturnine grin, and resting his oars, he took a vigorous pull from a flask of about thrice the bulk of the Hollander's, and returned it to his pocket. Immediately a flask was raised with one accord as it were to every other lip in the boat.

"A bottle of Schedam is a right pleasant companion in such a night as this—the water freezes beneath us."

And so in sooth it did, and the ice seemed to crackle and break before the keel, the air darkened too, and it began to snow.

"Donner and blitzen," roared Mynheer, "this is horrible."

"Ho! ho!" quoth the boatman; and "Ho! ho!" responded the rest.

The Hollander stared with might and main, and tried to discern the faces of his companions; but it was impossible, so shrowded were they to the nose and eyes in their huge shaggy mantles and tall peaked broad brimmed hats; and, then, the hazy moonlight was at their backs. How he envied them their cosy comfortable appearance!—they seemed to revel in all the warmth of summer, while he himself was comparatively an iceberg. He saw the flask just peeping out of the boatman's pouch, and reached forth his hand to grasp it, but the other struck it aside, and pushed him back into his seat with a chuckle of infinite delight, wherein he was immediately echoed by the rest. At this moment the boat rounded a bit of a peak or jut in the water, and their course changed in a manner that the moon was brought to shine upon their faces. The Hollander was now able to scrutinize their appearance, which in sooth was unearthly enough, and filled him with the most dismal forebodings.

The boatman nearest him was a thick-set, squabby personage, with a huge grisly head protruding from shoulders that arose like two great bulwarks on either side; it was covered with a tall peaked hat, under the broad brim of which two little rounded eyes were glowing like burning coal; his nose was long and sharp, and tiped with a bright blue. This malignant looking being was attired in a greenish jerkin and breeches of enormous capacity, both of which were fastened about him with laces, and studded nearly all over with brass bell buttons. His comrades, six of whom sat behind him, presented the same bizarre appearance; but what most surprised and terrified Von Donderdonc was the mysterious badge which they each wore upon the breast. It was a skull and cross-bones, the same insignia that he remembered to have heard identified the terrible flying Dutchman.

Here was a climacteric for the poor Hollander to undergo. What would now become of him was his first consideration? he would doubtless become the prey of the Demon Captain, and descend with him to —— oh! the thought was horror, what should he do, how escape?—"Quit the boat—quit the boat," whispered some one into his ear, and he was on the point of leaping over; but no sooner had the congealing water struck upon him, than he changed in a moment from burning heat to a more intolerable chill than he had yet endured, and he drew back on the instant, amid a peal of laughter from the boatmen. "Schedam! Schedam!" gasped Donderdonc, reaching forth his hands—"Ho, ho," responded the boatmen, and still rowed on. This was unbearable, the Hollander's little eyes flashed fire, and his leathern visage was evidently screwed up to some desperate venture: to bear the cold longer was impossible; he felt his legs, feet, and body chilling apace; his stomach was freezing; the very tongue in his mouth was becoming a lump of ice; he felt himself dying, and saw a remedy at his elbow. This was intolerable; it would have infused courage into the soul of the veriest coward in existence, and Von Donderdonc was reported valiant.

"Sturmwelter!" roared he, springing up and grappling the throat of his neighbour with both hands, "give me the flask, or by the fiend I will not die alone."

"Hold! Der Duyvel, what are ye mad—hold off your hands, I say."

"Mad, Hagel, I am mad—I am an iceberg—I am freezing to a mummy—the flask! the flask!"

"Fool! madman! be still—how's this—how came ye here at this hour?"

A long pause ensued—when the Hollander broke forth, "What—how—where am I then?" said he, staring and blinking like an owl, before a lantern that was held in his face.

"Where are ye?" quoth an old withered white-headed Vrow, staring him hard in the face, "A pise upon ye, Mynheer Donderdonc, why would ye go forth in the plight ye were in with your senses drowned in Schedam? There have ye been wallowing in snow and ice for I know not how long; and had not worthy farmer Dorbrecht stumbled over ye, ye might ha' perished; and, lo, how ye have bemauled him for his good office!"

"Ugh—U—u—gh, give me some Schedam, I say, or see me die."

A large hogan-mogan glass was handed him, which he instantly tipped off, another and another followed, when Mynheer expressed himself somewhat comforted, and was carried back amid the crowd that had collected around him to the Tavern wherein he had passed the day; and after a while, and under the light of day, took boat and proceeded homeward, resolving again and again within himself never more to return home by night under the influence of his favourite beverage. T.F.

MICHAEL SCOTT, THE MAGICIAN.

"The memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend," says the late Sir Walter Scott, in his Notes on the Lay of the Last Minstrel, "and in the South of Scotland any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of Auld Michael, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil." Some of the most current of these traditions are so happily described that we cannot refrain from quoting the passage. "Michael was chosen," it is said, "to go upon an embassy to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, and evoked a fiend, in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked his rider what it was that the old woman of Scotland muttered at bed-time. A less-experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly.' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador with so little pomp and circumstance of diplomacy was not received with much respect, and the king was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three towers of the palace; and the infernal steed had lifted up his foot to give the third stamp, when the king rather chose to dismiss Michael with the most ample concessions, than to stand the probable consequences.—Another time, it is said, when residing at the tower of Oakwood upon the Ettrick, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a scorceress, called the Witch of Falsehope, on the opposite side of the river. Michael went one morning to put her skill to the test, but was disappointed, by her denying positively any knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag observing, suddenly snatched it up and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house; but as it had conferred on him the external appearance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfitted wizard his own hounds, and pursued him so close, that in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own jaw-hole, Anglice, common sewer. In order to revenge himself of the Witch of Falsehope. Michael, one morning in the ensuing harvest, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent down his servant to ask for a bit of bread from the goodwife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, laid above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme—

"Maister Michael Scott's man
Sought meat and gat nane."

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise, till her husband sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision, but the charm caught each as they entered, and, losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and the chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he contented himself, with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell, which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and with his left hand take the spell from above the door, which accordingly ended the supernatural dance. * * * Michael Scott," continues the same author, "once upon a time was much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered that Eildonhill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand."

It is time, however, to return from these traditions, with which the common people of Scotland have uniformly connected his name, to the true character of Michael Scott. He lived in favour and friendship with two of the most warlike and powerful sovereigns in Europe. In a dark and ignorant age he was remarkable for his learning, and in times when to travel in search of knowledge to distant countries was a work of extreme danger, owing to the unlicensed manners of the feudal governments, he had largely embarked in the perilous adventure, and anxiously sought for knowledge in France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. He travelled, indeed, protected by the superstitious dread with which the vulgar regarded him, for he was universally reputed a magician; and many a fierce baron who would have cared little to have robbed the defenceless son of science as he passed his castle, may have trembled beneath his steel coat, when the wizard declared his far-famed name, and threatened to make him feel its power. It is pleasing to see superstition, which in later ages have been the bane of knowledge, becoming, in those earlier and darker periods, the protectress of infant science; and we shall not wonder at the universality of the belief which then prevailed, that all superior knowledge was connected with preternatural powers, when we consider that it was the interest of the men of science to encourage a belief so conductive to their personal security.

In our endeavours to estimate the talents of a sage of the thirteenth century, we must beware of looking at hi attainments through the medium of our own times. He must be compared with men of his own age: his powers must be determined by the state of science in the countries where he lived, and wrote, and became celebrated. Appealing to such a criterion, the Scottish Wizard is entitled to no ordinary rank amongst those who were then esteemed the philosophers and scholars of Europe. He was certainly the first who gave Aristotle in a Latin translation to the learned world of the West. He was eminent as a mathematician and an astronomer—learned in the languages of modern Europe—deeply skilled in Arabic, and in the sciences of the East; he had risen to high celebrity as a physician—and his knowledge of courts and kings had recommended him to be employed in a diplomatic capacity by his own government. Nor has he been cheated of his fame. If we look to older authors, he lives in the pages of Roger Bacon, of Picus Mirandula, of Cornelius Agrippa. If we ask for his historical immortality, he is commemorated by Lesly and Buchanan,—if for his poetic honours, has not Dante snatched him from oblivion, and the last of the minstrels embalmed him in the imperishable substance of his first and most romantic poem!—nay, if he seeks for more popular and wider honour, even here he may not complain, whilst his miracles and incantations are yet recorded beside the cottage fire by many a grey-headed crone, and his fearful name still banishes the roses from the cheeks of the little audience that surround her.

Fortunate, too, he was in this circumstance, that after his various travels and long residence abroad, he returned to enjoy in his native country the reputation which he acquired; that he lived to a great age, and died full of years and of honour, before he had witnessed the dark and complicated calamities which were so soon to overwhelm the kingdom. His books, we are informed by Dempster, after his death, were carefully concealed from public view: and he adds, that the common people of Scotland, even in his time, believed that these forbidden volumes, containing the spells of the magician, were protected by the invisible demons who had once been the servants of their illustrious and potent master.

From the Lives of Scotch Worthies.

THE CITIZEN.—A LA STERNE.

For the Olio.

I took a fat Citizen, and having first shut him up in his little sitting-room, I proceeded to take his picture. I beheld his body gorged with long gratification and confinement to the house, and I felt what kind of sickness of the stomach it is that arises from having eaten too much. On looking nearer I beheld him bloated and feverish; in sixty years the country breeze had not once fanned his blood, and he had seen the sun and moon but indistinctly in all that time. He was seated or rather buried in a large arm chair, which stood in the very front of a roasting fire, and which might have served either for a chair or a bed. A bundle of promissory notes lay on the table, scrawled all over, the fruits of the many dark and dismal days and nights he had spent there. He had one of these small slips of paper in his hand, and with a pen he was etching his own signature, and the day of the month, to add it to the heap. As I stood at the window, and darkened the little light he had, he lifted up an eye swimming in fat towards the door, bent his head forward earnestly to listen, and then went on with his work of delight. I heard the rubbing of his hands, when he had with difficulty turned his body round to place the note on the bundle; he gave a sigh of joy: I saw the ecstasy that entered into his soul. I burst into a laugh; I could not contain myself at the picture which my fancy had drawn!

ORIGIN OF DEAN SWIFT'S "MEDITATIONS UPON A BROOMSTICK."

Swift was in the habit of going to Lady Berkeley, his patron's consort. She was a great admirer of "Boyle's Pious Meditations," and used often to request the Dean to read aloud some portion from them. Such occupation, however, was little congenial with the Dean's humour, and soon he resolved to revenge himself upon Boyle for the irksome task thus imposed upon him. In short, he wrote a parody upon him, which he got printed, and entitled, "Meditations upon a Broomstick" This he sewed into the copy of Boyle from which her ladyship was accustomed to read. It was exactly the same paper, type, and so ingeniously inserted, that no one was likely to conjecture the deceit. So, the next time, he opened the book at "Meditations upon a Broomstick," which, with a very grave countenance he read aloud. Her ladyship, after a few lines had been read, suspected the Dean to be playing some of his facetious tricks, said, "No jesting, if you please, Mr. Dean, upon so grave a subject.'

"Jesting!" replied Swift, "I vow, my lady, I read it as I find it—Here it is"—continued he, handing her the book—"Meditations upon a Broomstick."—"So it is," said Lady B—, what a singular subject! But let us see; Boyle is so full of ideas, that I am persuaded he will make it extremely edifying, though it looks so odd."

With great gravity Swift proceeded to read a very original comparison between a broomstick and a man, and contrasting the destiny of mankind with that of a Broomstick: "This stick," he continued in a solemn tone, this stick "which you see thrown thus ignominiously in a corner, was once flourishing in the woods," &c. &c.

"Oh, excellent Boyle!" exclaimed her Ladyship, "how admirably he has drawn the moral from so trifling a subject. But whatever he touches he turns to gold."

The dean preserving his gravity, made signs of assent, as if he quite agreed with her ladyship, and then took his leave. In the evening her ladyship had a party and one of the first topics started was Boyle's excellent "Meditations upon a Broomstick,"—some of the company began to laugh.—"You may laugh," exclaimed her ladyship, "but I am astonished you should not have heard of it; it is quite worthy the pen of the great moralist." Others, however ventured to question its existence, when her ladyship, in triumph, pointed out the part, which they saw sure enough. "Have I convinced you, gentlemen; I see you are quite confounded: but to tell you the truth so was I at first. Indeed I should have still been ignorant of the fact, but for Mr. Dean Swift, who was so good as to point it out to me, only to day."—"What," cried one of the party, "was it Swift? this is one of his tricks, let us have another copy of Boyle." They went, and looked, and looked, but no "Meditation upon a Broomstick" was to be found: it was plain that the whole had been interpolated. The lady concealed her chagrin; but henceforth she never imposed upon the author of "Gulliver" the reading of these edifying lectures. W. A. R.

DUCHESS OF MONTMORENCY.

The Duke of Luxembourgh, told the following story of his mother to Charles II. at Paris. Erskine, Master of the Charter-house, overheard him tell the King. Erskine related it to a clergyman, who repeated it to the writer.

"She was a mean woman, and bred in a cabaret; yet was she handsome, portly, and court-like. She met with a stranger in the field, who perceiving her ambition, began to tell her fortune—that she should be greatly advanced, and inferior to very few in the kingdom; and this he would assure her for many years (I think he said fifty), if she would give her soul to him. She did it with solemnity. Not long after, the great Montmorency, whose fame all France—nay, all Europe, has heard of, came that way, is struck by her features and humour, and in a short time marries her, or makes her his mistress, and not long after dies, leaving her a great widow. The French historian says of him that at last he married her meanly. Long after this (it may be fifty years), there comes a man in the habit of a paysan, rapping hard and long at her gate — she lived in great splendour. The porter asks him what he would have? He replied, 'To speak with your Lady.' The porter reproves him for his sauciness, and claps the door on him. By and by, at the second gate (for there were three in all, and so many walls, before one came to the mansion-house) the paysan knocks again. 'How came you here?' says the porter. 'That's nothing to you!' he replies; 'I would speak with your Lady.'—'Send up your message,' said the porter, and claps to the door again. Ere long, a greater knocking than ever is heard at the third gate. This alarmed them all within, and the lady looking out of the window inquires what the matter was? The porter goes up to her and tells her the whole story—that a plain paysan, without a band, &c. would needs speak to her herself. Down she goes to him immediately, which made them all stare — shows great respect to him. By and by, she goes down on her knees; but he having given her a blow that killed her, vanishes away. It was supposed that she knelt to him to beg her life and farther time, for they heard at a distance some suppliant and mournful words. — Luxembourgh always wrote himself Luxembourgh and Montmorency."

Though we cannot unfold the mystery, the how or the why the mother of this Duke of Luxembourgh was got rid of, we suspect the means. This Duke was accused of holding a communion with evil spirits; it was not difficult at that time to persuade a hero, ignorant and superstitious, that he was a conjuror. A contract with Satan, signed by the Duke, was actually laid before his judges when he was imprisoned for being connected with an association of poisoners, and for having attempted the life of his lady. Modern writers have alleged that these calumnies were the cruel inventions of a faction. Be this as it may, there seems little doubt that the Duke told this mysterious story to Charles II.; nor is it less obvious that the Duke knew something more than he told, or that he believed that his mother had been fetched away by the paysan, of whose quality we can have no doubt. He gave no other reason than that her lease of life of "fifty years" had elapsed, and the whole now reverted to the black lessor. The Duke of Luxembourgh, on the whole, appears to have been resigned, and seems to have told the maternal history with great filial affection."—*New Mon.*

Varieties.

Lord Byron's opinion of the late Sir Walter Scott.—"Lord Byron," says the Countess of Blessington—"spoke in terms of the warmest commendation of Sir Walter Scott, not only as an author but as a man, and dwelt with apparent delight on his novels, declaring that he had read and re-read them over and over again, and always with increased pleasure. He said that he quite equalled, nay in his opinion, surpassed Cervantes."

Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More.—Once the potent Cardinal, irritated at the free language of the Commons, to awe the house, came down in person, amid the blazonry of all the insignia of his multiform state. To check his arrogance it was debated whether the minister should be only admitted with a few lords. More suggested, that as Wolsey had lately taxed the lightness of their tongues—"it would not be amiss to receive him in all his pomp, with his (silver) pillars, emblems of his ecclesiastical power, as a pillar of the church, his maces, his pole-axes, his crosses, his hat, and his great seal too, to the intent that if he find the like fault with us hereafter, we may the more boldly lay the blame on those his Grace brings with him." The Cardinal made a solemn oration, and when he ceased, behold the whole house was struck by one unbroken and dead silence! The minister addressed several personally—each man was a mute. Discovering that he could not carry his point by his presence, he seemed to recollect that the custom of the house was to speak by the mouth of their speaker, and Wolsey turned to him: More, in all humility, explained the cause of the universal silence, by the amazement of the house at the presence of so noble a personage, besides that it was not agreeable to the liberty of the house to offer answers—that he himself could return no answer, "except every one of the members could put into his head their several wits." The Minister abruptly rose, and departed. Shortly after, Wolsey in his gallery at Whitehall, told More, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker!" "So would I too!" replied More; and then immediately exclaimed, "I like this gallery much better than your gallery at Hampton Court;" and thus talking of pictures, he broke off "the Cardinal's displeasant talk."

Cruelty of the late King Ferdinand when a boy.—Amongst other facts recorded of him I will mention one only, committed in the chamber of his mother. The queen had a dog of extreme beauty, and Ferdinand, whilst pretending to play with him, caused him to swallow a little ball, in which were small pins stuck in various directions, and then covered them over with paste. The unhappy dog swallowed the fatal ball, when the Prince holding in his hand a piece of twine, to which he had attached the ball, began to draw it upwards. The dog uttered piteous cries. The queen ran to his aid, and the young wretch redoubling his efforts caused a portion of the intestines of the animal to attach to the pins, and drew it through his throat.—*Morn. Chron.*

Effects of Cold.—"Sir, I shall fine you for not wearing a white cravat with your academic dress," said a strict disciplinarian to an unfortunate freshman, on a raw morning in January. "Fine me! I assure you, Sir, my cravat is white."—"How can you say so, Sir? Do I not see that it is blue."—"Oh, Sir, it was white when I put it on this morning, but it looks blue from the cold."

The Wild Horses—The herds of wild horses present a beautiful spectacle when they are alarmed in their native wilds by the intrusion of an army. Instead of flying, as the deer and other timid animals, they gallop round in compact masses of many thousands, apparently for the purpose of reconnoitring the strangers; and frequently advance boldly to within a few yards of the line of march, where they halt to gaze at the troops, snorting and shewing every sign of astonishment and displeasure, especially at sight of the cavalry. These droves are always headed by some fine-looking old bashaws, whose flowing manes and tails plainly shew that they have never been subject to man's control; and in the rear the mares and colts follow.

Literary Gazette.

A **Gentleman** paying a visit one morning to a friend's, was shewn into a room, where on a writing-desk was a paper, on which a lady had begun to transcribe a song from the opera of "Love in a Village:" remarking that she had left off at the end of the two following lines:—

In love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art—

He took up a pen and completed the verse, by adding:—

'If on earth such a couple there are,
I'll be whipt at the tail of a cart!

Theological Profundity.—Every one knows that rowing is a favourite amusement with the Collegians at Oxford; and that the different boats, some with eight oars, some with six, some with four, are called by the names of the Colleges to which they respectively belong; as, "The Christchurch," "The Brazenose," "The Magdalen," &c. A young student, undergoing a public examination in divinity, manifested the grossest ignorance on the subject. At length, the examinant, a good-natured man, and a friend of the student's, anxious to save him from the disgrace of being plucked, resolved to put a question, in the answer to which no blunder could possibly be made. The question was—"How many persons are there in the Trinity?"—To this the student, without the slightest hesitation or difficulty, replied, "*Four and a steerer.*" The universal roar of laughter that followed may easily be imagined.

Animal Sagacity.—There is now in the possession of Mr. Cross, of the White Hart Inn, Widcombe, a dog of the French poodle breed, whose sagacity and intelligence are such as almost to rival the noble superior faculty of man. He will fetch any specific sum of money from the till, which he will open and shut himself; he will fetch and replace any article of wearing apparel, or other thing that is desired, from any drawer or cupboard, which he will open and close himself: he will fetch an ottoman and place it in the most proper position for his mistress's feet with great politeness and much thoughtful examination; he will put shoes, boots, and other litters out of sight upon the slightest bidding, and with a rapidity of movement that would put any domestic to the blush. It is worthy of notice that Philip (his name) is not quite twelve months old, and that he has acquired all this knowledge and usefulness without beating.

A Cambrian Magistrate.—A traveller reached late at night, one of the principal inns in a borough town in North Wales, and having acquired a pretty good appetite from the "sharp mountain air," took on board a tolerable cargo of provisions, and having stowed it all safe in the hold, he called for a bottle of wine, by way of *washing down*. On the landlord's appearance, he began to praise the excellent supper he had made, adding, "No one could have made a better." "Stop, stop," says the landlord, "You are in Wales, sir; and must not make personal comparisons, without adding, *the mayor excepted*." "No!" rejoins the other. "I'll except neither mayor nor alderman. I say no man could have made a better supper than I have done." "Will you not?" says Boniface, "Then, let me tell you, you'll be fined five shillings." "Fined or confined, it matters not, I'll except not a soul of them." The *grateful* landlord made his bow and exit; but the next morning summoned his guest before the mayor for this act of petty treason; and the fine was in consequence exacted and paid; when the traveller turning round to his landlord in open court, thus addressed him:—"I have travelled through the greatest part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and, except the identical animal that chews the thistle, I have never met with so egregious an ass as you are, landlord," and then turning with an air of profound reverence to the bench, he added, "the mayor excepted."

Power of Memory.—The following is related by Dupin of the celebrated Cuvier, whom he has just succeeded as one of the forty members of the French Academy:—"The labours by which Cuvier immortalized himself required immense powers of memory. His mind was stored not only with several thousand generic and specific names of animals of every species, but with the names and complicated genealogies of every leading family in Europe, both of times past and present. Nay, as if there were a craving after eastern luxury in this play of the memorative faculties, he could quote off hand the names and dynasties of every Asiatic prince and tribe, little as they seem deserving of the toil. He was probably the best informed scholar in Europe; and yet his memory humbled itself to the meanest subjects, and, as one who sought no other kind of scholarship, it heaped together all sorts of curious anecdotes, not forgetting the name of the parties concerned; and over and above all these recreations, faithfully husbanded the text of any lampoon, epigram, or occasional poem, which was likely to acquire historical importance."

A Regal Lunatic.—Christian the Seventh of Denmark, who died in 1808, it is well known, was long a lunatic. He knew one written document from another by its outward appearance, but seemed to delight in affixing his signature any where but on the fitting spot. Here he would decorate it with letters as large as the sheet itself, and there he would sketch all sorts of grotesque figures upon it, or subscribe some important decree of the Cabinet, like a Cockney chapman, with the words "Christian and Company." It was no rare occurrence for the stricken Monarch to labour hard at inditing his signature for an hour or two, and then, sending his pen to the furthest corner of the apartment, cry out, "We will write no more; we've signed enough to-day!" He was one day conversing with a foreign Envoy, when he suddenly stroked his proboscis, exclaiming, "If your master's nose had been pulled so long as my servants have pulled mine, his would be just as long as my own."—Those who dined at his table usually made no account of his royal presence, but chatted, roared, and amused themselves as if he had been a thousand miles from the spot. On one occasion, some ladies on either side of him having bent across him for the purpose of whispering some secret into one another's ears, he pushed each of their heads back into its proper place, then threw his clenched hands on the table, looked round with fury in his eyes, and raising his voice to its loudest pitch, roared out amidst their revels, "Suppose I should suddenly come to the right use of my senses again, what next would you expect?" You might have heard a feather drop on the ground at the posing, thundering query echoed in their ears. There was not a soul present but quaked at the proof of returning sanity; nor did his Majesty choose to relieve them of their anxiety for several minutes. At last he nodded to them, and resumed, with a good-humoured smile, "Well, my friends, we'll let it pass for this once!"

Good Neighbours.—We copy the following from a Woodstock (Vermont, U.S.) paper:—An incident occurred in this neighbourhood on the 4th instant, so praiseworthy in itself, and so creditable to the parties concerned, that we cannot avoid noticing it. The blacksmith's shop of an old man named Philip Harman, living near the North Mountain, took fire on the 3d, and was entirely consumed, together with all its contents of a destructible nature, including his account book. The next morning about forty of his neighbours assembled on the spot, with six waggons and teams, and felled, hewed, and hauled up timber enough for another shop, which they raised up before night, besides making the old man up a purse of 16 dollars, to furnish him with the necessary tools to enable him to work again.

How to answer one question by asking another. – A pleasing example of this art, in which Saunders has the reputation among his south country neighbours of being a proficient, occurs in the traditional records of the far-famed University of Auld Reekie:—A professor of what in this country is called *Humanity*, and who flourished not a hundred years ago, was not more noted for his classical attainments than for the delight which he took in exercising his wit upon such of his pupils, as he considered to be fair game, either on account of their negligence or stupidity. Amongst the latter, the learned professor seemed to think the well-known David Erskine, the amiable character of whose venerable and excellent father, might have served to shield his untalented son from the caustic wit of this gentleman. On one occasion, when Davie had been less prepared than usual, the learned professor, in a supercilious manner, thus accosted the the unfortunate pupil:—"Pray, sir, can you tell me how long a man can live without brains?" To which Davie, looking up in the face of the interrogator, and with a grin, to which his longitude of chin gave inimitable effect, promptly; but, unexpectedly replied, "How auld may ye be yoursel professor?"——*Scotsman.*

Origin of Drinking Healths.—Hengistus, General of the Saxons, had the Isle of Thanet given him by King Vortigern, for assisting him against the Picts and Scots, and also obtained as much ground as he could encompass with an ox's hide to build a castle, which being completed, he invited Vortigern to supper. After the entertainment Hengistus called for his daughter Rowena, who entered with great dignity and magnificence, carrying a golden bowl full of wine in her hand, out of which she drank, and in the Saxon language said, "Be of health, Lord King." To which Vortigern replied, "Drink health." This is the first health we hear of in history, and boasts an antiquity of more than thirteen hundred years. History adds, that King Vortigern, enamoured with Rowena's beauty married her in a short time after, and gave her father the kingdom of Kent.

Smoking Members of Parliament.—Among the standing orders of the House of Commons, issued about the middle of the seventeenth century, we find the following:—"Ordered, that no Member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House, sitting as Committees."—A Member of Parliament of the seventeenth, had not the dignity which pertaineth to an M.P. of the nineteenth century, and could, it appears, find pleasure in a pipe—a homely, though a somewhat inelegant, luxury. What a scene must St. Stephen have presented in the olden time, when probably a representative in alluding to another, would speak of the "Honourable Member now lighting his pipe," or of "the Gallant Officer with the short cut!" It must have been amusing to hear disclaimers of any intention to be personal "on the Learned Gentleman now blowing a cloud opposite," or of any wish to wound the feelings of the "worthy Member who had just emptied his tobacco-box."

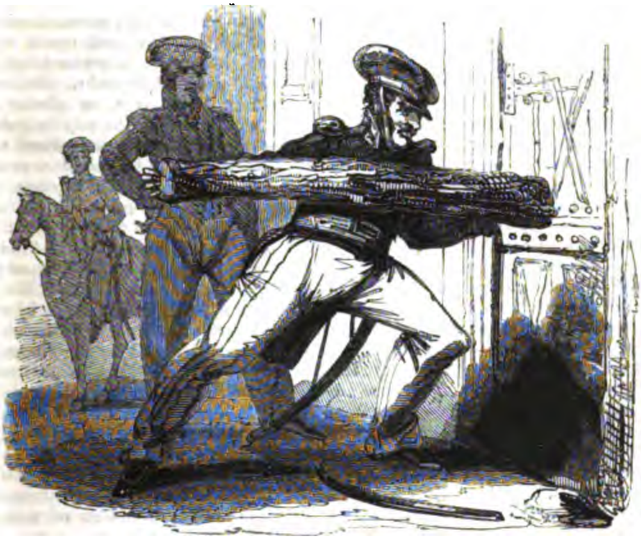
ON A YOUNG LADY'S MARRIAGE WITH MR. KINDER.

All the lovers that sued she delighted to vex:
She was rich, and they courted her pelf;
Till she married a *Kinder* than all of his sex;
And then, she was *Kinder* herself. J. A. P.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. X.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Oct. 6, 1832.*



See page 148

Illustrated Article.

THE FORGER.*

Lish'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

Byron.

At a recent period, when forgeries were so common, and so many criminals expiated their guilt on the scaffold, it was a singular fact, that the sufferers were almost invariably poor wretches, who passed small notes for a miserable sustenance, whilst the great wholesale manufacturers of the forged paper contrived to escape with impunity. This was attributed to their large capital and immense profits, which enabled them to adopt many expedients to avoid detection; and, above all, to their influence on the lower orders of the police. Whether this latter assertion be true or calumnious, certain it is, that the detection of the wholesale manufacturers and dealers in forged bank notes was very seldom, and bore no proportion whatever to that of the thriftless starving wretches, whose vices produced the misery that made them resort to such criminal means of indulging in profligate habits. A few instances, however, did occur of great offenders being brought to justice; and the following history affords perhaps the most memorable of all such examples. The names are disguised from respect to the relatives of the principal criminal, whose family was reputable in conduct, and even well descended. This disguise of name is the only deviation from the strict truth of the history.

At a place called P——y Bridge, about five miles from the great manufacturing town of B——, there had resided a farmer who, though inoffensive, and, as the people said, "keeping himself to himself," still attracted more notice than any of his equals in the county. This was, probably, of all things that which he was the most desirous to avoid.

Mr. Desfield's farm was very large, but the land was poor, and the scene around him was sterile and desolate; and consequently his rent was low, and he required a greater number of labourers in his business.

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* Metropolitan.

He was a stranger in the county; nor could provincial curiosity discover from whence he had come, or who he was, though it was usually believed that he was a native of Kent; and whilst some asserted that he had been a captain in the army dismissed for some irregularity of conduct, others, and probably with as little foundation, maintained that he had been a desperate smuggler on the coast.

Desfield was a tall, powerful man, whose turn and action of limbs, and carriage of person, not only indicated great energy, but the very reverse of vulgar, rustic, or undisciplined strength. His features were strongly marked and extraordinarily well formed; but the expression of his countenance was certainly the very reverse of prepossessing. He appeared calm and reflective, a man of unconquerable firmness; but with a nobility of brow that carried pride and self-possessed haughtiness to the extremes of repulsive severity, whilst the drooping of the corners of his mouth, which was well-formed, and arose out of a short, thick, and firm chin, was more expressive of scorn than any thing I ever witnessed.

Such was the man who had long been suspected of being the great Dagon of all forgers; and it was rumoured that he had brought more men to the gallows than all others in that iniquitous trade. But suspicion appeared to me to arise, in the first instance, from very inadequate causes. Desfield, or Mister, or Gentleman, or Esquire Desfield, as he was called in derision by his "*brother* farmers," had given great ground of offence to all his neighbours of his own class. In very difficult times, he was almost the only farmer that had paid his rent punctually, and without claiming or accepting any deductions of his landlord. He was on equally good terms with the rector, albeit disputes of the quantity had given way to discussions on the principle of tithes. He had occasioned even a deadly hatred in his brother farmers, by refusing to let any labourer in his employ receive aught of his wages out of the poor-rates; and each of them was paid from two to even five or six shillings a-week (if they had families) more than the labourers employed on the neighbouring farms.

To these substantial sources of enmity in a Christian country, were added others of almost equal heinousness. Mrs. Desfield was a plain, vulgar, hard-working woman: but then she was above going, or, what was the same thing, she did not go to market like other farmers' wives; and then her daughter, the fresh and delicate, the graceful and beautiful young Emily Desfield, not only eclipsed all girls of her station in dress on Sunday, but her father had bought her a grand pianoforte at a sale of a bankrupt-banker's furniture, and the very master from B—, who taught singing and music to the rector's daughters, likewise taught her the same accomplishments. She rode a very fine horse, not to market, but "out a pleasuring, like any lady;" and when these things were talked of, as they always were, by the farmers at the the inn dinner on market days, some kind-hearted neighbour would generally add, "Ah! no good will come of it, I'm sure;" whilst some equally kind Samaritan would add, "I'll be bound she's no better than she should be." Notwithstanding all this, Emily Desfield was a mild, unassuming girl, who always appeared pensive and unhappy; and the beauty of her father's attention to her was heightened by its appearing almost the only human sympathy of which he was possessed. Except at public places, he associated with nobody. Not a person had ever been regaled in his house. He was, of all men, the most scrupulously punctual at places of worship; for though good men may abstain from this, bad men never can; for the outward show of devotion is an indispensable muniment of the game they have to play in the world.

What, probably, hastened the determination of the police to suspect Desfield of forgery, was his unaccountable imprudence in denouncing the police officers as a set of bribed and corrupt persons; and this he never scrupled to do upon all occasions. His fate was sealed. This man's courage, boldness, and vigilance, with his extreme cunning and numerous resources, rendered it a task of no ordinary difficulty to capture him; that is to say, legally, and with the double object of securing the machinery which was to establish his guilt — if he was guilty — a thing that was, as yet, only surmised upon envy, and strengthened by the fact that the man had always the command of large sums of money.

The capture resolved upon, the mode of effecting it occasioned much discussion. The most determined and experienced police officer was entrusted with the warrant, and it was at last resolved that he should employ for his purpose a small party of the —— regiment of heavy dragoons, that was stationed in the barracks of —— in consequence of the disturbed state of the neighbourhood.

This unusual mode was absolutely necessary; for not only were Desfield's men attached to him by a long course of kindness and liberality, and therefore dangerous instruments under the command of so wily and desperate a leader; but the population was in a temper of mind that disposed them to thwart any civil force, however proper its conduct, or justifiable the object for which it was employed.

A party of eight men was selected from the regiment, and they were placed under the orders of the police officer, who, to prevent the possibility of suspicion, was disguised in a dragoon's undress jacket. The military commander, however, was a serjeant, a tall, powerful, enterprising fellow of brutal courage, who, in the campaigns throughout the Peninsular war, had given frequent and memorable proofs that, like Sylla, he had a head to plan, and a heart to execute any enterprize, however desperate.

Desfield for years had been a punctual attendant at the market of ——, where his dealings had always been correct and liberal. The market day was selected to effect his capture. It was calculated that the party, by surprising his house in his absence, could overpower resistance and overcome stratagem with sufficient promptitude, to make themselves masters of all Desfield's machinery of trade, after which the capture of the man was of less consequence, or at least of more easy attainment.

The party of dragoons, in their drill jackets, proceeded carelessly, as if exercising their horses, upon the highway, until they came to the corner of the lane which led to the house. Putting their horses suddenly upon the quickest trot, they hoped to surprise the place, which was about half a mile from the road. To their astonishment, they found every gate locked, and every impediment thrown in the way of their approach. These obstacles overcome, they next found that the house itself was fastened and barricadoed in a formidable manner. Not a sound was heard within, excepting the rushing wind of the strongest draft furnace, the smoke of which was issuing from the roof, and first occasioned a supposition that the building was on fire.

Whether it was merely a matter of chance, or whether Desfield had obtained any information of his danger, was never ascertained; but that day, he had sent his wife and daughter to the market, and had himself stayed at home, and was thus prepared for the attack. There were probably two reasons for him to be on his guard. After he had ceased to keep the police in his pay, his natural sagacity warned him that his impunity was at an end: but he had, I believe, "made his fortune," and his hope was to "leave off business, and retire upon his earnings," and thus set the police at defiance. He had, moreover, among his old adherents, a superintendent of his workmen, a shrewd, crafty, hard-headed Scotchman, a very Bibo at potations, but with the difference that his brain seemed to have some chemical repulsion to liquors. This fellow used to drink and sing among the troopers and police officers, and worm out their secrets; and he would, in a similar way, pick up all the gossip of the neighbourhood, and report it to his master. These are sufficient clues to elucidate the fact of Desfield's attitude of defence. That day he was laying the foundation of his future safety: his fate depended on his undisturbed state for a few hours.

The serjeant contrived to widen a gap in the hedge, through which he passed with his men, whilst the policeman, with two of the troopers, forced a gate off the hinges in front of the house. The soldiers were placed at intervals to prevent any person's escape; and the serjeant, with the police officer, throwing themselves off their horses, immediately assailed the front door, demanding admittance in the name of the king.

The house, however, was very different from a modern structure. It was the centre division of a building which had been erected by a small society of Roman Catholics, in the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and it very far surpassed even the massy character of the rural domestic architecture of the period. It was full of secret contrivances for concealment, whilst its strength evinced the apprehensions of its occupants that they might be exposed to the attacks of their infuriated persecutors; it likewise but too clearly spoke the hopes of the party, that the power of the Duke of York might enable them to repel force by force.

The police officer tried his staff and small iron crow-bar against the massive oaken door, studded with nails and crossed in every direction with ribs of iron. After a contemptuous laugh at these puny efforts, the Herculean serjeant seized a huge log of wood which had incautiously been left in the yard, and like a giant thundered with his battering ram against the portal. The executor of the civil law had his revenge of the wielder of the law of force. The panting, exhausted trooper threw down the timber, and wiping the perspiration off his forehead, damned the door and swore that nothing less than a nine-pounder could burst it open. Both were at fault: each looked at the other in the character of persons utterly foiled in their presumptuous confidence.

The bold trooper again took the lead. He espied a short ladder under a hedge, and placed it beneath one of the lower windows. The whole tier of windows, however, were secured with the strong iron matted bars of former days and they had massive oaken shutters within. The stone sill and coping of the casement were honeycombed with age, and the brawny arm of the trooper wrenched one of the iron stauncheons from its sockets; but the inner shutter resisted his utmost force. He was again foiled. He thought a moment, descended the ladder morosely, and cursed the unsoldierly service he had been sent to.

"The game is up," said the hero of the municipal law—the representative of the body politic. "If Desfield is within, he'll have time to destroy all his notes, plates, and presses before we can get at him—but, pshaw! whether he is in the house or not, what does it signify? You might as well think to get into parliament without money, or out of chancery without it. We may as well be off."

"Humph!" said the musing serjeant; "have you a half-crown about you? for that will get us in fast enough."

"Twenty half-crowns, and twenty to them, are at your command; but who the devil is there here that we can bribe?"

"Give me the half-crown. Don't you know that campaigns and battles are won by gold dust? Gold is gunpowder—gold is bayonet, sabre, musket, cannon, charge, and assault in war—gold rules the camp, the court, the grove, and silver, in this case, will do as well; so, Master Bailiff, or what do you call yourself, your half-crown.—Corporal, ride quick across the heath to the farm at the break of the moor. Take two men with you; seize the tallest ladder those fellows are working with. Chuck them the half-crown for their civility in lending it, and trot with it here on hard service."

"New, friend civilian, I'll be in my saddle, and you may lie on the grass, keeping watch with me till my men return with the scaling ladder, which will reach the windows in the roof. If old Beelzebub himself is in the house we can't get him out till the ladder comes; and if old Beelzebub were defended by the pope and the great Turk, see if he escapes Serjeant ——, of the —— Heavy Dragoons, when the men bring the ladder."

Presently the troopers were seen upon a hard trot, returning across the moor. The serjeant leaped from his horse, and placing the ladder against a small window in the roof, he thrust aside the police officer and gaily ascended.

"You are my prisoner."

"With all my heart; but at my personal pleasure and convenience," replied a manly voice in a slow, firm, and composed tone.

"Surrender, in the name of the king, or by G— I'll fire," said the serjeant, seizing his pistol, and thrusting his arm through the glass, and tearing away the frame work.

"Fire," replied Desfield, in the same resolute, confident tone; "fire and be d—d; miss me, and throw away powder; hit me, and you'll be hanged."

The serjeant instantly fired: his pistol burst, and shattered his hand and arm to pieces.

"Ha! ha! ha! well, an old campaigner, and not take better care of his fire-arms—ha! ha! ha!"

"Burn another paper, and you are a dead man," said the serjeant, with undaunted resolution, as he withdrew his mutilated arm, and thrust in his left hand with the remaining pistol.

"I'm a dead man, perhaps, if I don't burn them," replied Desfield, with the same tone of composure.

The serjeant again fired.

"Ha! ha! ha!—what, an old peninsular—a Waterloo man—and no better shot; come, trooper, try it once more, if you don't hit you shall quit the —— Dragoons; you're a disgrace to the service."

"Curse the fellow, he's the devil," said the serjeant, morosely, as he descended the ladder. "Corporal, just take out your knife, and cut off these two fingers that are dangling to the skin, like ragged colours — there— that's a good fellow; now take your teeth and pull out that large bit of bone that sticks out of the arm, and then just strap me up below the elbow, to prevent a fellow's bleeding to death; and I shall be all comfortable till I get to the barracks."

Whilst this rude surgery was going on, the policeman ascended the ladder.

"Come, come, now, Mr. Desfield, what's the use now of resistance? you know I've got eight dragoons below."

"Seven and a fraction, for you can't call the serjeant a whole man."

"Now, Mr. Desfield, what is the use of chaffing? Give over burning them papers; you know I have always been merciful in the execution of my duty—and to you——"

"Merciful to me! and what have you been to those who could not pay you for your mercy?" cried Desfield, in a tone of bitter irony. "Where is your blood-money for poor innocent Winston? and where are his wife and children? O yes! you are merciful.—Merciful as the gambler to the confiding stripling—merciful as the lecher to the orphan; ay, as the beadle to the pauper; ay, ay, you are merciful—your tribe is merciful—as the law is merciful to the lawyer."

"Then, I suppose, there is no longer any honour or understanding between us. Will you surrender?"

"When it suits my purpose—wait!"

The officer rested on the ladder for ten minutes, until Desfield had destroyed his papers. "And now," said Desfield, rising from the forge, "I am at your service—I will go quietly to the magistrate. I surrender, on condition that you offer me no violence: that you do not take me ignominiously through the crowd."

"I promise, on my honour."

"Then I will let you enter the house, ten times your strength could not have forced an entrance."

"I will take you quietly, and without any disrespect."

Desfield left the garret, and descended to open the front door.

To be concluded in our next.

ON A YOUNG LADY WEARING A GOLD KEY ON HER BOSOM.

Let bigots boast the key of heaven
Is vested in the Pope,
And that to him alone is given
This mystic pledge of hope.

Such superstition is a jest
To lead our faith astray;
For cast a glance at Cynthea's breast—
There's both the heaven and key.

EPIGRAM—(MUTUAL EXCHANGE.)

I took *your* draughts;—I took *your* pills:
Now, take *my* drafts and cash *my* bills. J.R.P.

THOUGHTS ON GAMING.

GAMING seems of all vices the most destructive to happiness; it is ever attended by a large train of diabolical companions, envy, deceit, profuseness, and impiety. Health, peace of mind, love, family, friends, country, and, in short, every thing valuable or desirable, are sacrificed to it;—and to what are they sacrificed?—Why, to avarice; avarice, the meanest of vices. The love of gaming is nothing more than the love of other people's money. It is not the avarice of a miser; it is the avarice of a thief, a robber, or rather the cowardly avarice of a pickpocket.

It is ridiculous to hear the votaries of gaming term it an amusement, an inoffensive relaxation, &c. Those who so miscall it, must notwithstanding allow it to be an irrational, or unimproving diversion; and that at the best it is but murdering time. But upon examination every observer may discern, that dallying with the temptation draws us on insensibly to destruction; and what shall be said of those who take no delight in gaming, yet readily acquiesce on the slightest solicitation? Surely complaisance is a poor excuse for doing a foolish or a wicked action, and that every gamester is a knave or fool is a most palpable truth. A certain nobleman, hearing a gentleman spoken of, who was said to be a great gamester; he is a most incorrigible blockhead, cries my lord: but on being assured he was a man of very brilliant parts; if so, replies my lord, he must be a rank scoundrel: not so, my lord, replies the other, he bears the character of a gentleman of great worth and honour. "That cannot be," retorts the nobleman; "every gamester is either a rogue or fool, pike or gudgeon; and honour never approaches nearer to the heart of such a one than the tip of his tongue."

The moment gaming commences a period is put to all conversation and improvement; friendship and society, benevolence and humanity cease, and nothing further is thought of but the ruin of those you are in company with; the ruin of those to whom you often make the strongest protestations of friendship: the gamester's happiness, like the devil's, depends on the misery of others: and like Satan too, he smiles on those whom in his heart he devotes to destruction.—The life of a gamester is a life of uncertainty, consequently of unhappiness: he can never properly call any thing his own, not being assured of its possession one moment longer than till his next sitting down at the gaming table. The thriving gamester, how precarious is his thriving! he is the worst of robbers, and the unfortunate, the worst of self-murderers; a murderer, who involves all those innocents who may, unfortunately, have any connection with him, in the dismal gulf of beggary and wretched dependance.

If covetousness of another man's property, and discontent of our own, be a breach of the divine command, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods," &c., the gamester is ever and superlatively guilty. I have somewhere read of a gentleman, who had an aversion to all sorts of gaming, being urged to no purpose by another to sport a little money;—"Sure," cries the tempter, "you must love your money vastly to be afraid of venturing a trifle of it!" "It is true," replied the other, "I do love my own money; yet no person had ever reason to say I was fond of another man's."

Should they be married, how can they reflect on the hazards they run of destroying the happiness of wife, children, friends, &c.? And when ill fortune presents itself, how often are they so cowardly as to have recourse to a pistol, and by suicide, the greatest of crimes, rush uncalled and unprepared into the presence of an offended God, leaving those innocents to confront a danger they themselves were afraid to combat? We should do well at intervals to consider the pernicious effects of this vice, both as to the consequences in this state of existence, and those which extend to a future life. Such reflections might help to delay or stop us in our mad career.

GIPSIES.

Gipsies in times of yore were the scape-goats of the peasantry: if "cock" were "purloined," or any other rural mischief done by night, it was immediately fathered upon a neighbouring tent of the "dark race." No further evidence was required than the pot boiling on stick transverse: no one hesitated to conclude that the said pot contained the *corpus delicti*: that the individual missing cock was there parboiling, and that the swarthy race lolling around the fire, or peeping from beneath the canvas roof, were resting from the unholy labours of the night. Crime, however, has made such rapid marches that it has long been seen that the gipsies could not perpetrate the whole of it: and now it is pretty clear they are, and probably have always been, innocent of the whole of it. It is an event of extreme rarity to see a gipsy in a court of justice, and we have reason to believe that it has come to pass that farmers entertain a belief that the tent of the wanderer, with its nightly blaze and its dark shadows flitting about it, is a protection to their property. There is every probability in favour of the justice of this character. The life of the gipsy is not unlucrative: his wants are few and coarse, and the calls upon him are scarcely any. He pays no rent: he is exempt from taxes; he spends nothing in the luxury of attire: no man can bring him in a bill. Being himself a mender and universal repairer, he is under the necessity of demanding no man's aid. His horse or his ass feeds on Nature's common, the hedge-side, the waste corner, the forest thicket, well known and long haunted by him and his tribe. Gipsies are subject to few diseases; they seldom ask the doctor's assistance but for one friendly office, and that serves a man his lifetime. The open air, the inconstancy of their labour, the sufficiency of their food, and the quantity of healthy exercise, necessarily render these Arabs of civilization the healthiest part of the people. As the monks of old always managed to select a happy site for their establishments, so does the gipsy always contrive to fix upon a pleasant and healthy spot for the pitching of his tent. It is sure to be near a brook for the supply of fresh water for the pot, and a washing-place for the family rags; it generally lies under the shelter of some umbrageous tree, it will always be found to have a view of the road, and invariably placed on the edge of some nice short and sweet morsel of grass for the recreation of the quadrupeds of the party. The character of the gipsy has not been well understood. It is altogether oriental: he is quiet, patient, sober, long suffering, pleasant in speech, indolent but handy, far from speculative, and yet good at succedaneum: when his anger is kindled, it descends like lightning: unlike his dog, his wrath gives no notice by grumbling: he blazes up like one of his own fires of dried fern. Quarrels do not often take place among them, but when they do, they are dreadful. The laws of the country in which they sojourn have so far banished the use of knives from among them that they only grind them, otherwise these conflicts would always be fatal. They fight like tigers with tooth and nail, and knee and toe, and seem animated only with the spirit of dæmonism. Luckily the worst weapon they use is a stick, and, if the devil tempts, a hedge-stake. We have been put in mind to say something of the gipsies by having witnessed the consequences of one of these affrays, which has brought us still better acquainted with these singular people. A quarrel originating in jealousy had produced results of the most serious nature. A blow on the head with a tent-pole had evidently produced concussion of the brain if not fracture, and the victim was lying on his straw bed in a state of profound calm. The tent was tripartite, being formed of three main tops meeting in a centre: one was sacred to the women—the gynekeion of the Greeks, to the anderoon of the Persians: in the others were collected the whole of the faction of the dying man. Nine or ten swarthy but handsome countenances were anxiously watching the struggling breath of their unhappy comrade—some sobbing, some grief-stricken, some sombre, none savage. An old crone was administering ineffectual milk, perhaps the very woman who had found the same fluid so nutritious some thirty years ago. Before, or rather under, her lay as noble a form as nature ever moulded, with a fine dark, but thoroughly Indian face, covered with the clammy sweat of apoplectic death. There was no want of light, the fire at the mouth of the tent sent in a volume of illumination, and when the medical men arrived there was scarcely a hand that did not contain a candle in the hope of aiding their investigation. The man died on the fourth day; the surgeons were compelled to mangle him in their search for a fracture: after his death justice demanded a still further investigation of the corpse; and yet during all these trying circumstances an important witness can declare that the behaviour of the supposed lawless people was not merely decent—it was more than exemplary—it was delicate, tender, nay, refined; it was moreover exempt from prejudice, at the same time that it was full of feeling. Were the details in place here, it would perhaps be allowed that few brighter examples of friendship and right feeling were to be found than in this instance occurred among the "dark race," as they call themselves.

In the commencement of the 16th century, King James IV. of Scotland granted a pass and recommendation to the King of Denmark, in favour of the tribe of Anthony Gawins, an Earl from Little Egypt. He specifies that this miserable train had visited Scotland by command of the Pope, and having conducted themselves properly, they wished to go to Denmark. He therefore solicited the extension of his Royal uncle's munificence towards them; adding, at the same time, that these wandering Egyptians must be better known to him, because the kingdom of Denmark was nearer to Egypt!

THE HONEST FISHERMAN.

The Marquis della Scala, an Italian, having invited the gentry of his neighbourhood to a grand entertainment, all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided. Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their very early respects to his Excellency, when the major domo, in a hurry, entered the room.

"My lord," said he, "here is a most wonderful fisherman below, who has brought one of the finest fish, I believe, in Italy; but then he demands such a price for it!"

"Regard not his price," cried the Marquis, "pay it down directly."

"So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take money."

"Why, what would the fellow have?"

"A hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow."

Here they all ran down to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman.

"A fine fish!" cried the Marquis—"what is your demand, my friend?—you shall be paid on the instant."

"Not a quartini, my lord: I will not take money. If you would have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back; if not, I shall go and apply elsewhere."

"Rather than lose our fish," said his highness, "let the fellow have his humour. Here," cried he to one of his grooms, "discharge this honest man's demand; but be gentle with thy stripes."

The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord's orders in execution.

"Now, my friend," cried the fisherman, "keep good account, I beseech you, for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due."

They all stood suspended with amazement while this operation was carrying on. At length, on the instant that the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, "Hold," cried the fisherman, "I have already received my full share of the price."

"Your share!" questioned the Marquis, "what can you mean by that?"

"Why, my lord, you must know I have a partner in this business. My honour is engaged to let him have half of whatever I should get; and I fancy that your highness will acknowledge, by and bye, that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke."

"And pray, my friend, who is this same partner of your's?"

"It is the porter, my lord, who guards the outer-gate of your highness's palace. He refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him the half of what I should get for my fish."

"O, ho!" exclaimed the Marquis, breaking out into a laugh, "by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled to him in full tale."

Here the porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin, when two grooms laid on him, until they rendered him fit to be sainted for a second Bartholomew. The Marquis then ordered his major domo to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompense of the friendly office he had rendered him.

J. C.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE SIR W. SCOTT.

For the Olio.

Like glowing sunshine, spread along the ground,
Dispensing beauty, wheresoe'er 'tis cast;
Like sweet showers dropping with refreshing sound,
Which melt the furious terrors of the blast,
Till e'en a paradise pervades the past:

Thy splendid works shall issue to renown;
The richest fruits be gather'd from thy thought;
And harvests be produced which thou hast sown,
And, in the intellectual culture, wrought
With nature, love, and human knowledge fraught.

The "Wizard of the North!"—Thy spirit's power
Will, in thy native mountains, homage gain:
The Lordly Hall—the Lake—the Lady's Bower
In the pure splendour of thy genius reign,
As long as Time and Intellect remain.

J. R. P.

If perfection were ever once beheld, we should be so fully convinced of the impossibility of equalling it, as to give up all attempts at imitation.

New Books.

The Evergreen and Amaranth.*—These are very pleasing little volumes. The selection of poetry in the former, and the judicious arrangement of prose in the latter, with the excellent principles they inculcate, make them valuable presents for youth. We extract the following:

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He that arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wond'rous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?—

And fling it, unrestrain'd and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God!

ROMANTIC HISTORY.

Amongst the numerous individuals who were put to death during the arduous struggle in South America for independence, the Colombians will long remember the unfortunate Dona Apolinaria Zalabarriata, better known by the name of La Pola, who was sentenced to death by Zamano, and shot, together with her betrothed husband.—She was a young lady of good family in Bogota, and was distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. Enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, she devoted herself to the hazardous task of obtaining and transmitting to Bolivar secret intelligence respecting the force, disposition, and plans of operation of the royalist army. The particulars of this important information she contrived to collect from the Spanish officers themselves, at the *tertulias*, or evening conversaziones at her house, which were frequented by many of them, who listened with delight to her powers of conversation and singing, accompanied by her guitar.—From those officers, who could not possibly suspect so young, and apparently artless, a female of any dangerous design, she used to inquire, as if merely in the course of conversation, about their respective regiments: and, by asking after their absent companions, she found means of learning where their advanced posts were stationed.—She regularly transmitted all the information she could collect to Bolivar, by means of a trusty messenger; but, unfortunately, one of her packets was intercepted, and the messenger, under the terror of impending death, was compelled to betray her. She was immediately tried by a military court (martial law having been proclaimed in the capital), and was condemned to be shot, together with her lover; although no proofs whatever could be produced of his having been privy to her undertaking. They were placed in *Capilla* for twelve hours, previous to being brought out for execution; but even this short interval would not have been granted, had not Zamano considered it of the greatest importance to discover, if possible, who were her accomplices. To effect this, no means were left untried to induce her to betray them. She was on the one hand threatened by the friar who was sent to confess her, with eternal punishment hereafter, if she should dare to conceal any thing from him; and on the other, attempted to be bribed by offers of pardon and rewards, for herself and her betrothed, if she would declare by whom she had been assisted. She, however, resolutely denied having any accomplice except the messenger whom she had employed. The lovers were both led out the next day, and bound close to each other, on two *banquillos*, surrounded by troops. When the picket of grenadiers appointed to shoot them was marched up close, and in readiness, she was once more offered pardon on the former conditions. She again, without evincing any signs of fear, declared that if she had any accomplices she would scorn to betray them for the purpose of saving her own life; but that as Bolivar was fast approaching, they would be known on his arrival. Having observed that her intended husband was hesitating, as if about to speak, through a very natural dread of the death he saw so near, she implored him, as her last request, if he had ever really loved her, to shew by his death that he was worthy of her choice; assuring him that the tyrant Zamano would never spare his life, whatever disclosures he might make; and reminding him, that he ought to derive consolation from the reflection that his death was shared by her he loved. The friars then retired, and the firing party made ready. She then, for the first time, felt dread, and exclaimed, "*Conque, verdugos, teneis valor de matar una muger!*--You have, then, the heart, butchers, to kill a woman!" She immediately covered her face with her sava; and on drawing it aside for that purpose, the words "*Viva la Patria!*" were discovered embroidered in gold on the basquina. The signal was then given from the Viceroy's balcony, and they were both instantly shot.

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* Darton and Son, Holborn Hill.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

For the Olio.

At a moment of parting a kiss was impress'd
On dear Mary's lip ere I meant it;
Though the deed of a moment, I boldly confess
An age would not make me repent it.

For I look'd in her eyes, and I argued from them,
That their anger would ne'er make me rue it;
And when eyes are so tempting, ah! who can condemn,
If we yield to temptation and do it?

By smiles thus encouraged—no frowns to repel,
I continued to give, she receive them;
And each time, when her lips kindly said—"Fare thee well,"
In a kiss I replied—"I believe them."

'Tis a freedom which mellows love into esteem,
That fixes the mind when it wavers;
And though but a trifle to her it may seem,
To me 'tis the greatest of favours!

For oft when oppress'd by the demon of woe,
In her lips I have found a physician;
And can she suppose I would freely forego
The advantage of such a permission?

Should she hint "it is time such permission should cease!"—
Ah, could Mary indeed be so cruel?—
For the flame she has raised can now never decrease,
Though she feed it no longer with fuel.

But if, grown cold herself, her wish really is this,
(Forbid it in pity, kind Heaven!)
She in justice at least should repay me a kiss,
In return for each kiss I have given.

J. W. M—Y.

PENNY PERSUADERS.

"Ad mensuram aquam bibentes,
Sine mensura offam comedentes."

Fashion is not entirely confined to the costume of ladies and gentlemen; for money appears to partake of its influence, and operates as a useful ingredient in its application with certain classes of society. While the light coins of the Henrys and the Edwards are cherished only by the virtuosi and antiquary as the circulating media of the days that are past, pieces in our reign are of more substantial evidence; and none so much as our copper coins, bran, spick and span from the Mint. The farthing, which is our smallest, and of course of the least value, has never arrived at any degree of popularity, if the rare broad farthing of Queen

Anne be excepted; and indeed it has been deemed of so little consequence, as to partake of something of the quality of a derisive epithet, as "I don't care a farthing for it!" The halfpenny, which is the next in degree, has acquired more celebrity. The halfpenny hatchway had a long run, and even to the present day it has played its part in all the characters of the drama of the British dominions, counterfeiting the express image of our fair sex, and the amiably copper-coloured Britannia, and even conveying an attenuated semblance of majesty, which none but die-sinkers can presume to keep in countenance. But the halfpenny is very popular, nevertheless, and finds its audience very acceptably given in the till and the counter. This being more for convenience than profit, the halfpenny retires at the approach of the penny, which is now the most gallant *Beau* of the day of copper affinities and current consequence; indeed not a fruit-vender in the metropolis; but is enamoured of the heavy-freighted penny. The blushing apples, the florid plums, the balloon-shaped pears, and the mellow gages are parted with at a penny a lot; sweetmeats, and puffed up pastries, allowed by all to be crusty and sometimes tart withal, are never better seduced into civil companionship than when they exchange owners at a penny a dozen, or a penny a piece; and in some instances, with the permission of "taste and try them before you buy them," acknowledged to be making most of your penny and a sure bargain. Go you to a fair — who would think of giving sixpence, or even a groat, to see a show? Is not a view fairly offered whether of a beast, bird, fish, wax, or mummy, even King Pharaoh, to boot, for a penny? Are not your letters, containing the most dear, the most painful, or the most trivial, intelligence, regulated by pence? Who ever patronised a threehalfpenny postage? Who ever sanctioned a threefarthing billet doux? No lover could be gratified by so odd a charge; a good round sum void of all fractions, is most pleasing to those who love to fill up their chinks. Formerly, subscriptions were variously made; now, what subscription is so convenient, and therefore popular, as the penny auxiliaries? at the tavern, the coffee-house, or the shades, the waiter's heel is quickened in a view of the ever-grateful dash of the penny—the linkboy follows his own imaginative shadow over against the theatre, in the lightening hope of receiving a penny from his followers. So much this useful little adventurer is in vogue that one may venture to take a peep at St. Paul's, or enter the sacred avenues of Poets' Corner, with a penny for his guide. Though twenty-four grains make a pennyweight in Troy, every thrifty person in England may avoid being pennywise and pound foolish, for a pennyworth of sense is enough in all conscience for any reasonable creature. Would he be merry as well as wise, 250 songs are sold for a penny; while so much is paid for a single match at Gretna, a hundred matches may be had for a penny; in weight, measure, and number, the penny is an acceptable friend; where is the reader of the voluminous folio? —the advocate of the rampart quarto? —the powder-mill at Hounslow, or the double elephant at the Military Depot; are there not a Penny Magazine, and a Penny Library to satisfy the most hungry or the most redoubtable bookworm? and if there is royal demy and cartridge, let it be also remembered penny royal is not less worthy of consideration. You are taken over the ferry, a bridge, or attended to your coach by a waterman, for the welcome penny; and in order that a penny loaf may be enjoyed, the sweepers of a sable or light hue, now look up for their penny donations; having discarded a single halfpenny since the public have been divided on the currency question, and they have yielded their dirty labour to those metallic contractors, the scavengers; the butcher that whets his knife as well as his wit, declares he does not get "a penny by it;" Day, Martin, Hunt, Warren, Turner, and Co., may put aside their sables and labels, for blacking is vended with a courtly shine, by Griffiths and Turner, and others, for the penny; theatres are opened at a penny price; the penny-a-liners calculate their advantage, and write their paragraphs cheerfully; the very invalids may throw physic to the dogs, and relinquish their fees simple, for if they run for the "Doctor," they may secure his advice for a penny; hence, seeing the utility of being in the fashion and encouraging the growth of the copper mines, most devoutly desired by shareholders. As we grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, may none of us ever live so long, as ever to be a penny-*less* race, while we are in a peni-*tent* security! J. R. P.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The event, for which the public has been for some time prepared, took place at Abbotsford on Friday, the 21st ult. Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August, 1771, and consequently died in his 62nd year; he was the eldest son of Walter Scott, Esq. writer to the Signet in Edinburgh; his mother was the daughter of David Rutherford, Esq., an able and popular practitioner of the same, the legal profession. She was the author of some poems, and acquainted with Burns, Blacklock, and Allen Ramsay. Mr. Scott was educated at the High School, Edinburgh, and afterwards served his time to the profession of the law. He was in July, 1792, called to the Scottish bar, and, through the influence of the head of the Scott family, the Duke of Buccleugh, he was nominated Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire; and in March, 1806, obtained the place of one of the principal Clerks of Session in Scotland. In 1798 he married Miss Carpenter, by whom he has left several children. The Fox Administration confirmed an intended appointment of their predecessors in the person of Mr. Scott, without reference to his politics, which were Tory, by appointing him to the valuable situation of the Clerk of the Sessions. The first production of Mr. Scott were two ballads from the German—'The Chase' and 'William and Mary,' published anonymously.—'Goetz of Berleachingen,' a tragedy, also from the German, appeared in 1799; and about the same time he contributed two ballads, 'The Eve of St. John,' and 'Glenfinless,' to Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder.' His next work was 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' in 1802, which first established his poetic fame. 'Sir Tristram' was published in 1804; this was followed next year by 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel;' afterwards succeeded by 'Marmion,' in 1808; 'The Lady of the Lake,' in 1810, the most popular of his poetical productions; 'The Vision of Don Roderick,' in 1811; 'Rokeby,' in 1812; 'The Lord of the Isles,' in 1814; and 'Waterloo' soon after.—These are his principal poetical works. In addition to these, Sir Walter published 'The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland;' and also edited the works of Dryden, Somers's Tracts, Sadler's State Papers, Miss Seward's Works, and those of Swift; he besides conducted the Edinburgh Annual Register. Sir Walter Scott obtained his baronetcy shortly after the accession of George IV.

Taken all in all, our countryman stands inferior to no name that the world has ever produced—we say this in the highest acceptation of the term—in greatness of intellectual capacity; and the more that the matter is sifted, this dictum, startling as it may at first appear, will become less and less so. There are some minds, which, accommodating themselves to circumstances, appear great only to their contemporaries, and whose reputations wane in proportion to the distance of time we secede from them; but with the sons of true genius the reverse holds true. If ever, then, a human being could be classed among the latter, Sir Walter Scott must; and, 'if we write our annals true,' generation after generation will be only, until the end of all time, gathering in to him the harvest of his fame. No writer that ever lived has possessed in his life-time the extent of popularity which has been enjoyed by our countryman—his works have been translated into all the languages of Europe—are to be found in all quarters of the globe—and will cease to delight its inhabitants only when 'that globe and all that it inhabit shall dissolve;' for they are based on the grand principles of human nature.

Scotland is glorious in the annals of patriotism, as the birth-place of Wallace and Robert Bruce. She is now equally glorious in the annals of literature as the country of Sir Walter Scott. "To make a third he joins the former two;" and although we had nothing more to boast of, the triumvirate are in themselves a host:—nor has the last been the least of the three in benefitting and adorning our native land. Our hills and vallies, our history, and our manners, are consecrated in his immortal pages. Thousands from foreign lands are yearly visiting our shores, to tread the localities which he has given to fame. Inns have been erected for the accommodation of travellers where, before his day, from the end of one year to the end of the next, the foot of stranger never planted itself, and roads have been opened for communication between districts where formerly were only the mountain path, or the sheep track. This is being a true patriot, and yet the weapon wielded was more delicate than the wand of Prospero. A student in his quiet apartment at Abbotsford possessed a magic capable of charming pilgrims from beyond the Atlantic, of delighting millions who have never looked upon him, and of making the solitary place blossom like the rose!

In fact, the benefits which Sir Walter Scott has conferred, and will continue to confer, although in ashes, on Scotland, are incalculable. Never more, while the world lasts, can we be a land unrenowned. In the political scale of nations, we may rise, or we may fall. In his pages, we are a glorious people, and a favoured spot for ever! Cervantes has done much for Spain, and Shakspeare for England, but not a tithe of what Sir Walter Scott has accomplished for us. In each of these great writers we find many localities sanctified by their genius, in their respective countries; but that of Scott pervades every corner of his native land.

Edinburgh Evening Post.

THE BRAVE PROTECTOR.

For the Olio.

Maldonada was a subaltern officer's wife, and one of those who ventured their fortunes with Nunez, when he went upon the discovery of new countries along the great river Plate, in America. This woman's husband was ever foremost in danger, and always testified an aversion to the cruelties used by the Spaniards upon the unresisting Indians; his courage, however, was not sufficient to atone for the mildness of his disposition, with a body of men to whom murder was grown familiar. Nunez sent him out with a party, where he was sure the Indians would be victorious. What this general suspected actually happened; the Spanish party, consisting of twelve men, were set upon by a number of Indians, taken prisoners, and all slain, except the husband of the unfortunate Maldonada, whom they brought away to be sacrificed upon some more solemn occasion. In the meantime, Maldonada began to perceive the general's evil intentions towards her husband, and also guessed at his sad fate. Women, when injured, more frequently give an imprudent looseness to their passions than men. She openly accused the general of cruelty and injustice; and he, to vindicate his reputation, had the woman summoned before a court of soldiers, composed of those who were chiefly devoted to his interests. It is easy to imagine that here she found no pity; they brought her in guilty of mutiny, and Nunez himself condemned her to be exposed to wild beasts in a forest at some distance from the Spanish garrison. His sentence was immediately put into execution; Maldonada was led into a spacious plain in the midst of the forest, and there bound to a large tree, which was the usual place of binding criminals for execution.—She had not been here long, when an old lion from the thickest part of the forest came running at her with all the fierceness of famine. She now concluded herself lost, when the generous savage, observing her bound to a tree, repressed his impetuosity, and instead of being her destroyer, was resolved to become her defender. He, therefore, couched down by her, and kept off the tyger, the leopard, hyena, and every other beast of prey that were attracted to the same place. In this situation the historian affirms, she continued for three days encircled by a whole herd of wild animals, and protected by the old lion. When her husband, who had fortunately escaped from the Indian enemy, happened to pass this way in his return to the garrison, he perceived a wretch unprepared for defence, and approaching, found it to be his wife. As he approached, all the animals, except the lion, fled; and after mutual tears, the unfortunate woman informed him of all that had happened in his absence. Upon this they both fled to a tribe of Indians called the Arancans, where he was soon constituted general among them; he taught them the art of war, and this nation is the most formidable enemy both of the Spaniards and Portuguese to this day.

J. C.

Science and Art.

Spontaneous Combustion.—Not the least curious subject of all those which are treated of in Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic* is that of spontaneous combustion. A flame may be produced by merely mixing oil of vitriol with oil of turpentine, or aqua fortis with oil of vitriol. Spirit of nitre and oil of sassafras will take fire when mixed. Galen says, that the dung of a pigeon will take fire when rotten. Finely-powdered charcoal will take fire of itself. The burning cliff at Weymouth is another striking instance of spontaneous combustion, and it is very well known that, near the village of Bradley, in Staffordshire, the earth has been on fire for nearly sixty years, and has resisted all attempts to extinguish it. There is no doubt that living animal bodies are also liable to internal combustion. It is recorded of the wife of Dr. Freilas, physician to an archbishop of Toledo, that she emitted inflammable matter by perspiration. Another woman was known to vomit flames at the point of death. Bartholin, in his *Acta Medica*, mentions the case of a poor woman at Paris, who drank nothing in the course of three years except spirits of wine; in consequence of which, he says, "her body contracted such a combustible disposition, that, one night, when she lay down on a straw couch, she was all burned to ashes except her skull and the extremities of her fingers." But the most extraordinary cases upon record are the following ones. "One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion is that of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bandi of Cesena, which has been minutely described by the Rev. Joseph Bianchini, a prebend in the city of Verona. This lady, who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health. Here she spent above three hours in familiar conversation with her maid, and in saying her prayers; and having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As her maid was summoned at the usual hour, she went into the bed-room to wake her mistress; but, receiving no answer, she opened the window, and saw her corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes. Her legs, with the stockings on, remained untouched; and the head, half burned, lay between them. Nearly all the rest of the body was reduced to ashes. The air of the room was charged with floating soot. A small oil lamp on the floor was covered with ashes, but had no oil in it; and, in two candlesticks, which stood upright on the table, the cotton wick of both the candles was left, and the tallow of both had disappeared. The bed was not injured, and the blankets and sheets were raised on one side, as if a person had risen up from it. From an examination of all the circumstances of this case, it has been generally supposed, that an internal combustion had taken place; that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself; and that in her way to open the window, the combustion had overpowered her, and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could set fire to the furniture or the floor. The Marquis Scipio Maffei was informed by an Italian nobleman, who passed through Cesena a few days after this event, that he heard it stated in town, that the Countess Zangari was in the habit, when she felt herself indisposed, of washing all her body with camphorated spirits of wine. So recently as 1744, a similar example of spontaneous combustion occurred in our own country, at Ipswich. A fisherman's wife, of the name of Grace Pott, of the parish of St. Clements, had been in the habit, for several years, of going down stairs every night after she was half undressed to smoke a pipe. She did this on the evening of the 9th of April, 1744. Her daughter, who lay in the same bed with her, had fallen asleep and did not miss her mother till she awaked early in the morning. Upon dressing herself and going down stairs, she found her mother's body lying on the right side, with her head against the grate, and extended over the hearth, with her legs on the deal floor, and appearing like a block of wood burning with a glowy fire without flame. Upon quenching the fire with two bowls of water, the neighbours, whom the cries of the daughter had brought in, were almost stifled with the smell. The trunk of the unfortunate woman was almost burned to ashes, and appeared like a heap of charcoal, covered with white ashes. The head, arms, legs, and thighs were also much burned. There was no fire whatever in the grate, and the candle was burned out in the socket of the candlestick, which stood by her. The clothes of a child, on one side of her, and a paper screen, on the other, were untouched; and the deal floor was neither singed nor discoloured. It was said that the woman had drank plentifully of gin overnight, in welcoming a daughter who had recently returned from Gibraltar."

Domestic Yeast.—Persons who are in the habit of making domestic bread, cake, &c. can easily manufacture their own yeast by attending to the following directions:—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it and cork it close, and it will be fit for use in 24 hours. One pint of the yeast will make 18 lbs. of bread.

EPIGRAM.

If you no fire can in my verses see,
Try them by flame, and bright enough they'll be.

J. R. P.

Table Talk.

Lord Byron's opinion of Shelley. Byron pointed out to me a boat anchored to the right, as the one in which his friend Shelley went down, and he said the sight of it made him ill. "You should have known Shelley (said he) to feel how much I regret him. He was the most gentle, most amiable, and least worldly-minded person I ever met with; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius, joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau ideal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. He had a most brilliant imagination, but a total want of worldly wisdom. I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again I am certain. I never can forget the night that his poor wife rushed into my room at Pisa, with a face pale as marble, and terror impressed on her brow, demanding, with all the tragic impetuosity of grief and alarm, where was her husband! Vain were all our efforts to calm her; a desperate sort of courage seemed to give her energy to confront the horrible truth that awaited her; it was the cause of despair; I have seen nothing in tragedy on the stage so powerful, or so affecting, as her appearance, and it often presents itself to my memory. I knew nothing then of the catastrophe, but the vividness of her terror communicated itself to me, and I feared the worst, which fears, were alas! too soon fearfully realized."—*Journal of Countess Blessington from the New Monthly.*

Character of Jayme I. — Don Jayme died in 1276, in Valencia, whither he had advanced to chastise a partial insurrection of his Moorish subjects; who, being aided by the King of Grenada, had defeated two of his barons. He is little deserving the high character given him by the peninsular historians. If magnanimity can be reconciled with perfidy, devotion with unbridled lust and barbarous cruelty, their encomiums might be just. His immoderate passion for women, his disregard of any tie of honour or religion, or decency in its gratification. are notorious. In 1246, the Bishop of Gerona being so honest as to reprove his excesses, or so imprudent as to betray his confidence, was punished by the loss of the offending member, the tongue. The Catalonian prelates instantly excommunicated him; but he was absolved by the Pope, on the condition of his finishing, at his own expense, the monastery of St. Boniface, near Morella. On another occasion (the year before his death,) he forcibly carried off a married woman who had the misfortune to please him; and when the Pope reprimanded him for the unhappiness he introduced into so many families, and the scandalous example he afforded his subjects, the hoary sinner complained with bitterness, that he had surely a right to do as he would. One cause of the favour with which his memory is regarded, is his having assumed the cross, and actually embarked for the Holy Land; but a storm by which he was assailed off the coast of Sicily effectually cooled his devotion: with great difficulty he gained a French port, and immediately returned to his dominions, resolved never again to trust himself on the treacherous deep. *Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

Sandy Wood's Plan of Supporting a Wife.—The eccentric and well remembered Sandy Wood, an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, at the outset of his professional career, married Miss Veronica Chalmers, second daughter of George Chalmers, W. S., a highly respectable man, and to whose honesty and integrity his fellow-citizens bore the most ample testimony, by giving him the popular title of "Honest George Chalmers." This marriage turned out very fortunate for both parties, though before it took place there was a danger of it being impeded by the poverty of the intended husband. It is related that Mr. Wood, on obtaining the consent of the lady proposed himself to Mr. Chalmers as his son-in-law, when that gentleman addressed him thus:—"Sandy, I have not the smallest objection to you: but I myself am not rich, and should therefore like to know how you are to support a wife and family." Mr. Wood putting his hand in his pocket, and taking out his lancet-case with a scarlet garter rolled round it, presenting it to him, said, "I have nothing but this, Sir, and a determination to use my best endeavours to succeed in my profession." Mr. Chalmers was so struck with this straight-forward and honest reply, that he immediately exclaimed, "Veronica is yours."

Umbrellas, in my youth, were not ordinary things; few but the macaronies of the day, as the dandies were then called, would venture to display them. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy, and they were vulgarly considered as the characteristics of a person whom the mob hugely disliked, namely, a mincing Frenchman! At first, a single umbrella seems to have been kept in a coffee-house for some extraordinary occasion—lent as a coach or chair in a heavy shower—but not commonly carried by the walkers. The Female Tatler advertises, "the young gentleman belonging to the custom-house who, in fear of rain, borrowed *the umbrella from Wilks' Coffee-house*, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's *pattens*." An umbrella carried by a man was obviously then considered as extreme effeminacy. As late as 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who has written his own life, informed us that when he used "a fine silk umbrella, which he had brought from Spain, he could not with any comfort to himself use it; the people calling out 'Frenchman! Why don't you get a coach?'" The fact was that the hackney-coachmen and the chairmen joining with the true *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against this portentous rival. This footman, in 1778, gives us further information. "At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or a gentleman, if it rained between the door and their carriage." His sister was compelled to quit his arm one day from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. But he adds, that "he persisted for three months till they took no further notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use their's, and then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London." This footman, if he does not arrogate too much to his own confidence, was the first man distinguished by carrying and using a silken umbrella. He is the founder of a most populous school. The state of our population might now in some degree be ascertained by the number of umbrellas.

Somnambulency.—In the neighbourhood of C——, lived two sisters, one of whom was in the habit of walking in her sleep. On the day previous to the following occurrence, a slight quarrel had taken place between them; but before the close of the day they were reconciled, and both retired to the same apartment, as usual. During the night, however, the elder sister arose in her sleep, and descended to the kitchen.—A servant man who resided in the house, hearing a noise, went to ascertain the cause. Perceiving who it was that had occasioned it, and being acquainted with her propensity, he determined, out of curiosity, to follow her. It was a fine moonlight night, and he was enabled to observe distinctly her actions. The cautious manner in which she passed along, evinced that something more than ordinary was occupying her thoughts. She approached the place where the knives were kept, and selected the largest. Alarmed lest she should injure herself, the man was about to awake her, when his interest was still further excited by seeing her conceal the knife in the folds of her dress, and then, in the same cautious manner, as if fearful of detection, retrace her way to the room she had left. With almost breathless agitation, he followed. To his astonishment and alarm, she approached the bed in which lay her sister. The knife was raised to give the fatal blow, when the man rushed forward, caught hold of the uplifted arm, and by his exclamations, awoke the sisters to a sense of their danger. Their alarm may be conceived. Reason for a time seemed extinguished in the mind of the unhappy individual who had nearly proved the destroyer of her sister, nor is it likely that she will ever recover the shock which it occasioned.

Varieties.

Rammohun Roy.—This extraordinary individual, who has been spending the last sixteen months in this country, has just set out to visit Paris and Rome. When recently in London, the Rajah went to hear the Rev. William Jay, of Argyle Chapel, in this city, and was so impressed by the discourse, that he solicited the MS., for the purpose of printing it at his own expense for circulation. This he has done. We have seen a copy; and were struck by the following passage and anecdote, around which, in every copy this interesting personage has given away, is a pencil line drawn with his own hand:—"The only way to be loved is to be and appear lovely, to possess and display kindness, benevolence, tenderness; to be free from selfishness, and to be alive to the welfare of others. When Dr. Doddridge asked his little daughter, who died so early, why every body seemed to love her, she answered, I cannot tell, unless it be because I love every body. This was not only a striking, but a very judicious reply. It accords with the sentiment of Seneca, who gives us a love charm; and what do you suppose the secret is? 'Love,' says he, 'in order to be loved.' No being ever yet drew another by the use of terror or authority."—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.*

John Wesley—When John Wesley was vainly endeavouring to convince his sister that the voice of the people is the voice of God, "Yes," she mildly replied, "it cried, *crucify him, crucify him!*"

Effects of Gambling.—A certain English nobleman returning from the gaming-table between seven and eight one morning, he begged of his wife to take a coach, and make a visit to a chateau which was on sale, distant only a few miles from town, which he was anxious to call his. The lady consents, and drove off; but no sooner had she turned her back on the mansion, than her husband, a man of the nicest honour, makes over the house, furniture, and all that belonged to it, into the hands of the person who had won them the night before, by a lucky chance of the dice.

Genuine Liberality. — The late Archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote of him will not be read without interest:—"My lord," said a person to him one day, "here is a poor woman come to ask charity; what do you wish me to do for her?" "How old is she?" "Seventy." "Is she in great distress?" "She says so." "She must be relieved; give her 25 francs." "Twenty-five francs! my lord, it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess." "A Jewess!" "Yes, my lord." "Oh, that makes a great difference. Give her 50 francs, then; and thank her for coming."

Haydn.—The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn "how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description?" To this Haydn answered, "I cannot make it otherwise: I write according to the thoughts which I feel: when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

A **Dandy**, at Dover, was lisping out his wish to cross over to Calais; "but," said he, "I am terribly afraid of the consequences should there be a heavy sea." —"And you may be sure there will," said a bystander—"if you go, for there could not be a greater *swell* in the Channel."

Sir Walter Scott.—The following passage from the pen of the gifted Baronet will be read with melancholy, interest at the present period. It is characteristic of the author:—"I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievement as a tale-teller; but I believe some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred for being idle himself and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed in our tasks. The chief employment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and to alternately recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told each in turn interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an oasis in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."

American Learning.—A speculator, who had rapidly amassed a princely fortune, wishing to figure as a scholar, sent the following order to a bookseller in Boston:—"Sur, I wants to by sum Buks. As I am prodighouse fond of larnen, plese to send by the Bear here 5 hunder dollars woth of the handsumest you have."

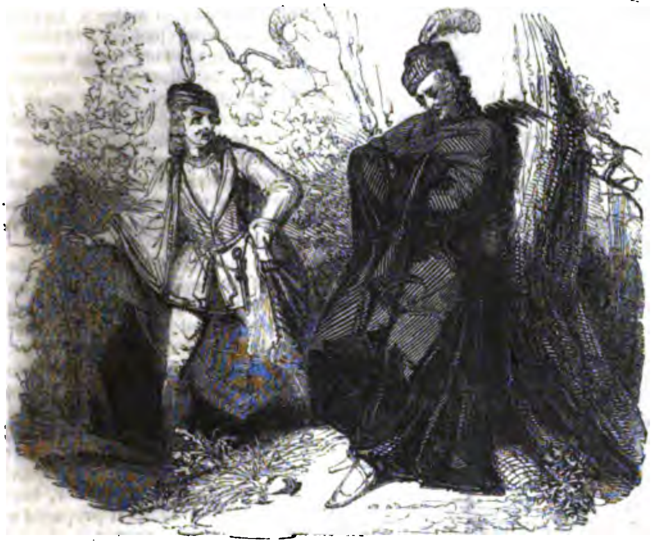
Caledonian Comfort.—Two pedestrian travellers, natives of the North, took up their abode at a Highland hotel in Breadalbane. Next morning, one of them complained to his friend that he had a very indifferent bed, and asked how he had slept?—"Troth man," replied Donald, "nae verra weel either, but I was muckle better aff than the bugs, for de'il ane o' them closed an e'e the hale night."

To Correspondents.—We feel obliged to J. W. M. but cannot send the Nos. as requested. The Court of Aspar, with another dramatic piece, are cleverly written, but will not suit our readers. Walter Ashton is under consideration. J. R. P. shall, if possible, hear from us next week.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XI.—Vol. X. Saturday, Oct. 13, 1832.



See page 104

Illustrated Article.

BLANCHE ROSE.

The bells of Toulouse were chiming for primes.* The spires, steeples, and turrets, fluttered with pennons and banners, and clustered with caps and bonnets like swarming bees. The main street was lined by the burgher guard, and crowded with citizens, strangers, troubadours, and minstrels, above whose motley show the windows and galleries were hung with cindon† and arras, and filled with scarlet gowns, furred tabards, and all the riches, splendour, and beauty of "*Bel Languedoc.*" A deep stillness reigned in the crowd, and all eyes were turned towards the east gate, where a triumphal arch crowned with laurel, palm, and the white cross of Toulouse stood as high as the bartizan of the city port.

"Santa Madre! what jour de fete is this?" said an old pilgrim, as he pushed through the men-at-arms at the barrier.

"In the name of St. Jacques de Toulouse where did you come from?" replied one of the sergeants,‡ glancing at his cockle-shell.

"That is no point of your charge," replied the stranger, "but I would know what saint you are going to celebrate."

"Truly we call him not saint as yet," replied the sergeant, "though I doubt not he is as good as St. Dennis, or St. George, or any other St. Chevalier in the calendar; but in respect of the canonization, he is yet only *Raymond de Toulouse*—'*La Fleur de Chevalerie*'—'*la lame de France*,' our young prince that shall return to-day, with the glory of heaven and earth, from the holy croisade."

The pilgrim crossed himself, and while he was yet speaking with the guard, the sound of cymbals, kettle-drums, and a 'corps d'harmonie' came faintly through the still sunshine.

"*On viens!*" exclaimed the sergeant,

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* Noon mass.

† Fine white linen.

‡ A soldier between the rank of an esquire and man-at-arms, who generally worked the engines.

and the billmen, eagerly clearing the passage, closed up the array, and stood silent under their arms.

The music advanced slowly, till the deep knell of an eastern march could be distinguished, and the thick heavy trample of horses upon the road; every eye fixed upon the gate, as the music approached, till suddenly the clattering hoofs and rolling drums echoed in the deep arch, and the dark mailed horsemen and forest of lances came through into the sunshine. The long black line of men-at-arms poured slowly down the street, till the bright tabards of the heralds appeared at the gate, followed by the great banner of Toulouse, and all the peers and paladins of the array.

In the midst of his knights, mounted upon a blanche Arab, and glistening in the white battle-habit of the cross, the Earl rode before his banner, surrounded by his officers, and followed by all the chivalry of Languedoc and Provence. His pale noble countenance was clear and serene as the sun that shone upon him, and his long black hair fell like waves of raven silk from the jewelled helmet and glittering lambroquin, which shook like a glory about his armed head. A rending shout, "*Vive! Vive! vive le Paladin del croix!*" went up like thunder from the crowd; and the waving of bonnets, scarfs, and glaives, fluttered and flashed, and glistened down the street before the banner, like the tossing and glimmering of flowers before the breeze.

By the side of the Earl rode his sworn brother in arms—the beautiful and gallant Auguste de Valence, son to King Remi of Provence, called "*La Fleur de France*," "*Le Bel du Monde*,"[*] and the second knight of all the Christian chivalry; but the eyes of the people passed over him as he rode beside the young prince, who, in the opinion of the troubadours, came nearer the beau-ideal of chivalry, — "*Sir Galahad du Sangraal*," than any other knight who had ever lived. All the way as he came, garlands, and crowns, and showering flowers rained upon his helmet and housings; and the people wept, and knelt and blessed him, and held up their children to see his face, and cry "*Vive la Gloire de France*." The young prince came white as his surcoat, and bowed his glorious head to the pall on his horse's mane. "*Soli* DEO *gloria!*" said he, "*Soli* DEO *gloria! et non Nobis* DOMINI!"

It was long before the court passed down the crowded street, but at length the Earl entered the Grande Place, and as he passed under a large house near the cross, looked suddenly up to the galleries. That house alone in the square was silent and deserted, the silk curtains were drawn close in the windows, and the heavy galleries empty and desolate. The prince turned suddenly, and spoke to the grand almoner, and the colour came into the face of the old man, but what he answered could not be heard in the crowd.

In a few moments they reached the gate of the episcopal palace, and the long glittering lambroquins and tall lances poured through into the court till the gate closed, and the black column of men-at-arms filed past towards the castle. But the crowd still remained before the palace, and in a short time a sumptuous cavalcade of the city procession came through to the gate, and the stately companies of peers, knights, and ladies, began to arrive for the banquet prepared to give welcome to their prince.

All the noon and till the sun grew low, the clangour of the wild eastern music came from the portals, and the gates, stairs, and galleries were crowded with valets, pages, pursuivants, and men-at-arms; but as the evening came, and the twilight began to fall, the quiet of closing day succeeded to the hurry of the noon, and only a bright page, or an over-wassailled trooper was seen here and there flitting through the dim courts, or elbowing the narrow street, as if it was too narrow for a victorious crusader, who had ridden upon the plains of Zebulon and Naphthali.

It was near dark: the Chateau was dim and still, and the quiet of feudal solitude had succeeded to the hurry and glitter of the baronial pageant and military parade. At times, a sudden roar of songs and voices came from the ward rooms, but only one still watch-light shone upon the moat, and already the pages were taking their respective turnpikes,[†] and the seneschal was putting off his furred gown within his closet; for as yet the great had not fallen into those extravagant late hours which made them invisible to their

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[*] Du monde was a superlative epithet frequently bestowed upon the extraordinary degree of any quality, good or bad. Thus, there was '*The perilous Knight of the World*,' "*The beautiful Ladye of the World*," &c.

[†] Old name for a winding stair.

poor suitors at *eight o'clock before noon.**

In the midst of this quiet, a tall figure wrapped in a dark mantle came out from the west postern, and turned hastily towards the Grande Place. The full moon was rising over the dim houses as he entered the square; and as he looked up to her bright face, it discovered the pale noble countenance of Raymond de Toulouse. He passed hastily to the house which he had noticed at his entry, and stopping at a small port under the garden turret, unclosed the door and passed into a little wilderness of cypresses and olives.—He walked forward through the dim alleys, like one well acquainted with their windings, till he came to a vast plane tree, which overshadowed a little green seat beside the Garonne.

A white female figure sat upon the turf, her long black hair loose upon her neck, and her silk gown glistening on the grass like a continuation of the moonlight which glimmered on the water, and to which she gazed with such fixedness that the knight was at her side before she heard his step.

"Blanche Rose!" said he, in a still gentle voice; she started and drew a long quivering breath, but as she looked in his face, she sprung from the ground,—"*My own very dear prince and brother*?" she exclaimed, and fell upon his bosom, and wept without a word.

The prince held her in his arms, and bent over her till her emotion subsided into the low tremulous sobs of an infant's tears. Several times the Earl strove to speak; but his voice failed at that sad trembling breath that fluttered upon his bosom.

"Dear Blanche," said he at last, "what is this?—they would not tell me—but *you* will tell me."

The lady started and shuddered, and her face sunk closer on his mantle.

The tears came to the eyes of the young knight—"My own dear Orpheline Ladye—the child of my foster-mother—*you* do not fear to speak to *me*,—to your *brother?* look up on the face that used to rest on the same bosom—sleep in the same cradle—and this the hand—that was once the little helpless hand that clung to the same breast with yours—Now to HIM be the glory!—The battle arm that holds the thunder and the lightning against all that should do ill to my dear sister."

Blanche burst afresh into sobs, and would have sunk out of his arms but for his strong hand; but he supported her in silence, till at last her tears ceased, and she leaned still and breathless, and deathly heavy on his arm.—Raymond looked upon her bright lovely head that lay motionless upon his cloak, and smoothed the raven locks from her pale brow. "Alas!" said he gently, "where is your own *white flower* that used to be so bright in these dark waves."

"La-Blanche-Rose" trembled like the leaves that quivered in the moonlight,—"*Fallen—gone—withered in the dust!*" she murmured faintly.

The Earl's hand shook, but he did not speak, and for a long time they stood without a word.

Blanche rose up from his arm, and swept back the hair from her pale death-face. "Raymond," said she, "I will speak to you as a knight's daughter should speak to a knight's son.—I was—your very dear true sister. *I am*"—her voice choked and struggled—"no more your sister—no more my father's daughter—a poor—lost—fallen maiden?—I was the last of his race that was the father of kings.—I shall be the first—the mother of one—*who will never have a father!*" She sunk down upon her seat and buried her face on the grass.

Raymond stood silent and fixed, and held her hand—but it did not move again, and lay cold and still, and heavy as the dead clay. "My dear sister!" said he at last, "what, who has done you wrong?"

Blanche did not speak nor lift her face, but drew away her hand, and immediately it returned with something bright to the moonshine; as Raymond stooped it flew open, and he saw the glorious beautiful features of Auguste de Valence.

"*Le Bel du Monde!*" he exclaimed.

Blanche did not move nor answer, and his eyes rested fixed upon the miniature, as it lay open in her passive hand.

"What has *he* done!" said the Earl, in the deep calm terrible voice with which he used to speak in battle.

Her voice spoke faintly from the ground; "*He* has shed the *rose* from my brow that shall *never* bloom again!"

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* Latimer, in one of his sermons, complains that the dissipation and late hours of the courtiers, had advanced to such an excess, that they were unable to give audience, perhaps, before eight o'clock in the morning.

Raymond fell on the ground, his long hair spread in the dust, and his bright noble terrible battle-front bowed like a child. The white fingers of the maiden closed convulsively upon the gold, and the bright robe trembled on her slender form, like the lights upon the stream.

Raymond rose up; his lips were white as death, but his eyes calm and steady; and he stooped and took her passive hand and kissed her cold lips. "Ladye! my very dear love and sister!" said he, "it is gone!—it is passed away!——to-morrow your white flower shall bloom on your brow, clear and stainless as ever it shone in the sun."

Blanche started and glanced wildly up; but the sudden light of her eyes fell, and she clasped her hands on her face, "He's married to another!" said she.

Raymond grasped her hands. "Look up!" said he; "look on the fair moon; she is rising as you and I have seen her rise when we were happy, careless infants on this bank. When she rises again, you shall look upon her, clear, and bright, and spotless as her face that smiles upon you!"

Blanche looked long, and fixed, and calm upon him, and dropped her eyes, and shook her head. "The grave –the fire that washes out all spot—the mercy of God shall take away my stain, but never man on earth."

The Earl turned away and held her hand, and the tears run down his face. At last he loosed his surcoat, and undid the white cross from his neck. "I took it at the holy shrine," said he, "at His foot where all sins shall be forgiven; it has brought me through battle, and tempest, and the black death,*—by His might it shall bring you through peril worse than death. Take it; pray for me; and when we meet again, you shall be the bright, beautiful, glorious lady of the world that ever you were in life!"

He tied the cord on her neck, and laid the pearl in her hand, and long spoke and strove to console her, but she could not be comforted, and sat still and silent upon the grass; her hands dropped in the cold dew, and her eyes fixed blank and dim upon the moonlight that floated in the water.

Raymond stood and gazed upon her till his face grew white as hers; but suddenly the light came to his eyes, he laid his hand upon the cross of his sword—"By His might and His hope, *I hold* the spell of your fate!" said he; "to-morrow it shall be broken!"

. . . .

The gray dawn was breaking in the forest of Maris, and the dim cold light began to glisten upon the pale flowers and the dewy leaves of the wood-sorrel and colt's-foot which clustered about the feet of the old oaks. No sound came through the still thickets but the chime from the distant convent, and the light trip of the buck pricking among the leaves; even at that quiet hour he started at the mass-bell, suddenly stopped his cropping lips from the grass, and bent his ear, and held up his nose in the wind; but he returned to his browsing, and wavered through the wood, till he came to the brink of a small deep glade; he stopped suddenly, and pricked his ear, and glanced his bright eye into the hollow, and for a moment stood and felt the wind, but in the next his white single went over the long fern like a flash of light, and he vanished into the deep thicket. For an instant his short bound came from the moss, but nothing stirred nor appeared where he had looked, and the light began to brighten and the birds to sing, but all was still and solitary.

The red rose of the morning began to appear through the trees, and the white mist went slowly up from the glade, and under an oak leaned a tall dark man, his arms folded, his back to the tree, and his brown cap and deep mantle, scarce distinguishable from the knotted and fantastic shapes of the old trunks that stood about him.

As he leaned and gazed upon the path, a quick step rustled on the leaves, and suddenly the light noble figure of Auguste de Valence came out upon the glade. For a moment he stopped and glanced round. The man rose from the tree, and dropped his cloak, and came to the green—*Raymond de Toulouse*.

Auguste cast his mantle, and put off his glove, and they drew their swords and confronted each other without a word. For a moment they stood upon their guard, point to point, eye to eye, foot to foot, and neither gave hit nor foin; but in the next Auguste made a feint and plunge that might have foiled the best hand in France, but the blade glanced like a reed from the sword of Raymond, and for several moments the glade echoed to the quick clash and the heavy fearful trample of the mortal assault. But it might have seemed only a skilful "passage of arms," neither being able to foil the hand of his opponent, till Auguste made the foin that he was never known to fail, and the sword went through the kirtle of his antagonist, close beneath his arm. The point glittered at his back, and the blood gushed down his green hose, but he did not fall nor stagger, nor drop his hand, and they closed, and clashed, and showered blows, till the blood run from every limb, and breathless and exhausted, they dropped their points, and stood apart to breathe. For an instant they wiped their brows, and drew their breathe, and undid their kirtles to the wind; and Auguste sat down upon a mole-hill, and the Earl leaned to a tree, and each glanced at times to the other. till suddenly they started to the green, and renewed the battle with the same mortal determination. The sun was rising as they struck the first strokes; and whether it shone in the eyes of Auguste, or that the Earl had the better, he made a sudden feint, and in the next moment the hilt of his sword was against the breast of his antagonist, and the blade a red half ell beyond his back.

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* The Plague in general, in particular a dreadful pestilence which desolated the north of Europe in the 13th century.

De Valence sprung like a stricken hart, and fell upon the turf without a word; the blood gushed out from his mouth and breast, and in a moment his eyes began to change, and his lips became blue and cold. Raymond threw himself upon his knees by his side, and clasped his hand, and raised his head, and strove to stanch the blood, and gazed wildly upon his closing eyes—"God give mercy and grace!" cried he, "that *I* should do this."

Auguste opened his eyes and grasped his hand,—"True and noble friend," said he, "you were ever kind and faithful to me in our lives, and this that you have now done is the best and truest deed of all,—I thank God—I bless you—pray for me—forgive me—but O *she* never can!"—and he turned his face to the earth.

The Earl's tears dropped fast upon his cold brow, and he held his hand without speaking, as his breath came in short painful sobs, and the cold death-dew rose upon his forehead; he gave a sudden shiver, and his hand caught upon the hand of his friend—"say a prayer," said he; "bid God sain; and let *her* pray for me when I am gone!"

Raymond cast up a sudden look—"Holy saints!—and no priest!—none to say him shrift!"

The dying knight pressed his hand—"Hold up your cross," said he, "and let me look upon it till I pass away. If I had but a cup of water!"

Raymond glanced eagerly round the glade; a little blue streamlet fell through the grass upon a hollow of the mossy rock, and hastening to the spot, he filled his bonnet at the well, and hurried back to the dying man. The eyes of Auguste had closed, but when the water came to his lips he opened them and looked up; a faint light came to his cheek; and he raised himself on the arm of his once brother.

"I will confess my shrift to *you*, my true brother," said he, "and you shall tell the priest, and pray for me, and there will be mercy."

The Earl bathed his face, and held him in his arms, and lifted the cross before him; and the knight clasped his dying hands on his, and confessed to him, as if he had been a monk in holy quire. His strength ebbed away with his last words, and he sunk heavy and breathless upon the breast of Raymond. The knight dipped his hand in the water, and signed his brow, and put the cross in his cold fingers—"God be merciful to you and forgive you," said he, "and speak to you that word that I dare not speak, and that none is here to speak in his name!"

The hand of the dying knight closed upon the rood; his eyes fell, and one sharp shiver, and he stretched out, cold and still, and gone for ever.

The Earl gazed on his void face, and held his hand till it grew stiff and cold, and the eyes slowly unclosed and fixed in the death-glare. Raymond shuddered, and clasped his hands, and laid his head upon the turf, and the cross upon his breast, and spread his mantle over him, and knelt, and wept, and prayed beside him. At last he rose, and dried his sword on his sleeve, and put his bonnet on his head, and set his horn to his lips, and blew *the mort*.* In a few moments a little page came lightly through the trees with his white Arab; and, as he led up the horse, looked upon the cloak, and trembled and turned pale.

"Sit beside him," said the Earl, "and

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* The death mote, or the blast that was blown at the death of a stag.

watch that no beast nor bird come to do him wrong; and I will ride to the town, and he shall be buried as men should bury a king's son."

. . . .

The sun was set, and the twilight was almost gone; all Toulouse was in motion; the great bell of the cathedral tolled its heavy knell over the town; and the streets were crowded with a tide of people hurrying towards the main rue. All the way from the Chateau to the great church was kept by men-at-arms, and a constant wavering stir went among the tall lances, and an eager murmur of voices, interrupted only by the fearful toll of the bell that struck its death-knell at slow intervals.

"Gramercy! what is this, that the great bell tolls!" exclaimed an old peasant to his merchant as he pushed through the crowd; "I never heard that knell but for the death of our Earl."

"Then shall you well hear it today," replied the citizen; "for though he is not, as you shall say, dead in his body, he is dead in his glory and knight's fame."

"Saint Mary! of what speak you?" said the granger.

"Know you *La Rose Blanche?*" asked the merchant.

"Peine de ma vie!" exclaimed the old man, "do I know the moon, and the bright star when she rises at vespers?"

"Then shall you not marvel that the Earl had the greatest love for her that ever knight had for a lady," said the burgher.

"Nay, truly," replied the peasant; "but I make great marvel to hear a bell toll, when all the chimes in Toulouse should be ringing merry!"

"You shall not make the lark sing at your holiday," replied the merchant, "nor a maiden's love come for your harping. This, that was the brightest that ever the sun looked on, minded a fair crown and broad lordship no more than you should value a cowslip fee in fairy-land; and likely for that they had been foster-children together, she thought of Earl Raymond but as a maiden may of her true brother, and would not be his lady though he had been king of France: at the least she *said* so. The Count was near out of his mind, as all men know; but that which men know not—alas, that it should be to say—on the evening that he was to sail for the Holy Land, being alone with her to take his leave, fell such unknightly outrage as never prince did to a lady, unless it was Don Rodrique to Count Palayo's daughter. The sweet gentle maiden never spoke charge nor word against him, but ever she was pale, and heavy, and broken of heart, and none knew why, till it could no longer be hid, and her shame flew fast and far as ever went the renown of the "*Blanche Rose*," that had never peer of any earthly ladye. Fearful!—fearful!—she had to dree* when the priest came to curse her, and the bishop to make her speak, and the proud peers, her kinsmen, spoke of burning her on a hill, like queen Guinever; yet she would never tell the name of her false knight till this hour. But now when the Earl came, he was all confounded in her peril; and for his great repenting, he hath confessed and accused him to the bishop, and now would do all the amende that may be to the heart-broken maiden, and make her true lady and countess of Toulouse

"And what is this that shall be done to-night?" said the peasant.

"The Earl goes in his penance to the great Church," replied the townsman, "and thereafter the Blanche Rose shall be your lady; and let no man nor maiden think her slight, because the silk mitten was not puissant as the mail glove."

"Truly I shall think her the truest and most dolorous lady that ever was named with lips," said the old man, "and the devil spit in his face that shall ever say contrar!"

As he spoke, a faint chorus of voices came from the Chateau, and a great light appeared beyond the black crowd of helmets and lances. It advanced slowly up the street, and at length the heavy tread of feet could be heard through the crowd, and a choir of monks chanting the penitential psalms. The solemn strain approached, and rose and fell at intervals, till suddenly the crowd gave back, and the white monks and bright torches came slowly into the square. All the convents of Toulouse followed in long procession, till a broad heaven of light shone upon the press, and discovered the dark shadows of the black penitents, preceded by their cross, and lighted by a thousand torches.

In the midst, bare-headed and barefooted, divested of all his feudal ensigns, with a torch in his hand and a chain upon his neck, Earl Raymond walked, in the white gown of penance; but his face was whiter than the cindon, and his eyes bent on the ground before the gaze and murmur that passed before him. A thrill of grief, wonder, and admiration past through every heart which had so lately seen his crowned head, riding through that street, in all the light and glory of victory and the cross; and at each pause of the choir, a deep "*Amen!*" answered from the crowd. As the procession came to the high cross, the chant ceased, the train stopped, and the heralds lifted their hands and cried, "*Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! so should it be done to all knights, traitors to orphelines and maidens.*"[*]

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* Endure.

A deep death-pause rested upon the crowd, and no voice answered back again; the heavy tramp went on, the chant rose up, and the procession past on towards the cathedral.

The long lines of monks vanished like shadows within the deep arch of the great portal, till the white gliding figures re-appeared in the light of the still choir, and the cowls, and gowns, and glittering glaives poured through the dim aisles, till the choir and nave was filled with the dark crowd. The church was hung with black, and lighted as for a soul-mass; and as the torches and the penitent advanced to the altar, the voices of the unseen choir and the still peal of the organ, went up over his head, as if the saints and the seraphims mourned over him in heaven. Raymond wrapped his face in his mantle, and knelt upon the stone, and bowed his head upon the footstool of the altar, till the priest raised him, and set him on the "seige douloureux," in the sight of all the people.

The service of the penitents was performed, the monks extinguished their torches at the foot of the shrine, and the heralds advanced to the altar. Sir Raymond stood up and turned to the people, and the pursuivants took off his white gown, and displayed his knightly habit and belt of estate. There was a terrible pause, and not a breath passed in the chapel. The heralds advanced to the Earl, and broke his sword over his head, and hewed the spurs from his heels, and rent the fur from his tabard; and immediately his shield and crest were spurned from the church door; the trumpets sounded on the steps, and the heralds cried,—"Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! traitor to God and his lady, and mansworn of his knighthood; traitor knight, so is thy name cast out from true knights, and so I cast thy shame in thy teeth, and defy thee in the name of God, the defender of the orpheline and desolate!"

The people stood cold and still, and hushed as death; and the blood went out of the Earl's lips, till they were white as his kirtle. The heralds sat down, but Raymond stood still and vacant, his arms hanging to his side, and his eyes fixed upon the air.

The bishop rose out of his chair, and took the book in his hand; for a moment he stood and looked upon the knight.——

"In the garden of God, one little white rose grew amidst the flowers, very fair, and pure, and bright, the sweetest among the blossoms; the sun loved to shine upon it by day, and the moon by night; and the dew and the rain watered it in the heat, and the breeze kissed it in the morning, and said, God bless thee, and He did bless it, till it was the fairest of the earth—and the trees bent over to keep it from the wind, and the birds sung to it at noon, and the angels of God looked down upon it, and blessed his name that had made it lovely.

"God gave thee the flower, and the forest to keep and watch, and defend from all wrong; and he gave thee the oak, and the palm, the fair fields, and the still, green wood, and all that walked therein—and if this had not been enough he would have given thee more.

"Thou spared to come to the cedar, and the oak, and plucked the little flower that was lonely, and put it in thy bosom when it was sweet, and when it faded, cast it on the ground to die, and went thy way!"

Raymond fell on his face before the altar; and the people wept and sobbed, and sunk on their knees as if their hearts fell with his who bowed before them. The bishop laid his hand upon the book—

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive! Look up, my son; 'God is merciful and great to forgive us our offences!'—He will see thy repentance and say, '*Thou shalt not die!*'"

The Earl rose upon his knee, and the bishop laid his hand upon his head, and spoke the words of absolution, and laid the cross on his brow, and bid him rise. Raymond stood up and the prelate kissed him on the cheek, and belted him with a new sword; and the heralds braced clean spurs upon his heels, and put a crest of a new device upon his head, and cried, "God make thee a new and valiant knight, and keep these arms to his service, to aid the widow, orpheline, and every one distressed and desolate, and maintain the right against all men who may live and die!" Immediately the trumpets sounded, and the pursuivants proclaimed him, lord, earl, and knight; the furred mantle of state was cast over his shoulders, and he came out among his people Raymond de Toulouse.

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[*] Every knight by his oath was particularly sworn to succour and defend all maidens, orphelines, and "desolate ladies;" hence treason against any, in such character, was the highest act of villany and infamy in a chevalier.

. . . .

To be concluded in our next.

SONNET.

And is it thus—and must it ever be—
That all we love the most must pass away.—
That all we have loved, shall be as the day,
Forgotten, when no more the Sun we see!
The giant oak bends unto Time's decree—
The tender blossom withers from the spray,
The green of summer turns to winter grey—
And oh, ye joys of spring-tide, where are ye!
Gone, and for ever gone:—and so shall die
All that the mind delights in or reveres,
In the cold dust of Memory they shall lie
To be awaked no more by sighs or tears.
Alas! thou can'st not live, most beauteous Love,
On the rude earth, or—die in heaven above.

New Mon.

TOM CRINGLE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE YELLOW FEVER IN JAMAICA.*

Two carts, each drawn by a mule, and driven by a negro, approached the tree where we were perched. A solitary serjeant accompanied them, and they appeared, when a bow-shot distant, to be loaded with white deal boxes.

I paid little attention to them until they drove under the tree. "I say, Snowdrop," said the non-commissioned officer, "where be them black rascals, them pioneers,—where is the *fateague* party, my Lily-white, who ought to have had the trench dug by this time!"

"Dere now," grumbled the negro, "dere now—easy ting to deal wid white gentleman, but devil cannot satisfy dem worsted sash." Then aloud —"Me no know, sir—me can't tell—no for me business to dig hole—I only carry what you fill him up wid;" and the vampire, looking over his shoulder, cast his eye towards his load, and grinned until his white teeth glanced from ear to ear.

"Now," said the Irish serjeant, "I could *brain* you, but it is not worth while!"—I question if he could, however, knowing as I did the thickness of their skulls.—"Ah! here they come," and a dozen half-drunken—more than half-naked, bloated, villanous-looking blackamoors, with shovels and pick-axes on their shoulders, came along the road, laughing and singing most lustily. They passed beneath where we sat, and, when about a stonecast beyond, they all jumped into a trench or pit, which I had not noticed before, about twenty feet long, by eight wide. It was already nearly six feet deep, but it seemed they had instructions to sink it further, for they first plied their pick-axes, and then began to shovel out the earth. When they had completed their labour, the serjeant who had been superintending their operations, returned to where the carts were still standing beneath the tree. One of them had *six coffins in it*, with the name of the tenant of each, and number of his company, marked in red chalk on the smallest end!

"I say, Snowdrop," said the serjeant, "how do you come to have only five bodies, when Cucumbershin there has six?"

"To be sure I hab no more as five, and weight enough too. You no see Corporal Bumblechops dere? You knows how big he was."

"Well, but where is Serjeant Heavystern? why did you not fetch him away with the others?"

The negro answered doggedly,—"Massa Serjeant, you should remember dem no die of consumption—cough you call him—nor fever and ague, nor any ting dat waste dem—for tree day gone—no more—all were mount guard, tout and fat; so as for Serjeant Heavystern, him left in de dead-house at de hospital."

"I guessed as much, you dingy tief," said the serjeant, "but I will break your bones, if you don't give me a sufficing *rason*, *why* you left him." And he approached Snowdrop with his cane raised in act to strike.

"Stop, massa," shouted the negro, "me will tell you—Dr. Plaget desire dat Heavystern should be leave."

"Confound Dr. Plaget!" and he smote the pioneer across the pate, whereby he broke his stick, although, as I anticipated, without much hurting his man—but the serjeant instantly saw his error, and with a piece of the baton he gave Snowdrop a tap on the shin-bone, that set him pirouetting on one leg, with the other in his hand, like a teetotum.

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* We extract the above from Blackwood's Magazine of the present month.

"Why, sir, did you not bring as many as Cucumbershin, sir ?"

"Because"—screamed Snowdrop, in great wrath, now all alive and kicking from the smart—"because Cucumbershin is loaded with light infantry, sir, and all mine are grenadier, Massa Serjeant—dat dem good reason surely."

"No, it is not, sir ; go back and fetch Heavystern immediately, or by the powers but I will——"

"Massa Serjeant, you must be mad —Dr. Plaget—you won't yeerie—but him say, five grenadier—especially wid Corporal Bumblechops for one—is good load—ay, wery tif load—equal to seven tallion company (battalion, I presume), and more better load, great deal, den six light infantry—beside him say, tell Serjeant Pivot to send you back at five in de afternoon wid four more coffin, by which time he would have anoder load, and in trute the load was ready prepare in de dead-house before I come away, only *dem were not well cold just yet.*"

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK FRAGMENT FROM SIMONIDES.

Around the helpless wandering bark
The gathering tempest howl'd,
And swelling o'er the ocean dark
The whitening billows roll'd.

The fair one fear'd; she turn'd her eyes—
Her eyes with anguish fill'd—
To where her sleeping infant lies,
She look'd, and clasp'd the child.

What griefs oppress this wearied breast!
Yet nought oppresses thine;
No sorrows break thy placid rest—
Ah! were these slumbers mine!

Here e'en denied one scanty beam
The gloomy night to cheer,
Yet soft thou sleep'st, nor do'st thou dream
Of tempests raging near.

O lovely babe! around thy brow,
Unharm'd the curlets play;
Nor all the angry blasts that blow
Can draw one sigh from thee,

Yet didst thou know how deep I mourn,
Thou'dst bend thine infant ear,
Thy little heart would sighs return,
Thine eyes an answering tear.

O sink, ye stormy winds, to rest!
Be still thou troubled deep!
O sleep, ye sorrows, in my breast,
And let me cease to weep!

Sleep, sleep, my child, and may thine eyes
These sorrows never see!
On thee may brighter fortunes rise
Than ever shone on me!

Almighty Jove! to whom alone
The way of fate belongs,
O spare, O spare this little one,
To wreak his mother's wrongs!

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In stature, Sir Walter Scott was upwards of six feet, bulky in the upper part of the body, but never inclining in the least to what is called corpulency. His right limb was shrunk from an early period of boyhood, and required to be supported by a staff, which he carried close to the toes, the heel turning a little inwards. The other limb was perfectly sound, but the foot was too long to bring it within the description of handsome. The chest, arms, and shoulders, were those of a strong man ; but the frame, in its general movements, must have been much enfeebled by his lameness, which was such as to give an ungainly, though not inactive appearance, to the figure. The most remarkable part of Sir Walter's person was his head, which was so very tall and cylindrical, as to be quite unique. The measurement of the part below the eyes, was full an inch and a half less than that above, which, both upon the old and the new systems of Phrenology must be held as a striking mark of the intellectuality of his character. In early life, the hair was of a sandy pale colour : but it was changed by his illness in 1819 to a light grey, and latterly had become rather thin. The eyebrows, of the same hue, were so shaggy and prominent, that when he was reading or writing at a table, they completely shrouded the eyes beneath. The eyes were grey, and somewhat small, surrounded by numerous diverging lines, and possessing the extraordinary property of shutting as much from below as from above, when their possessor was excited by a ludicrous idea. The nose was the least elegant feature, though its effect in a front view was by no means unpleasing. The cheeks were firm and close ; and the chin small and undistinguished. The mouth was straight in its general shape, and the lips rather thin. Between the nose and mouth was a considerable space, intersected by a hollow, which gave an air of firmness to the visage. When walking alone, Sir Walter generally kept his eyes bent upon the ground, and had a somewhat abstracted and even repulsive aspect. But when animated by conversation, his countenance became full of pleasant expression.—He may be said to have had three principal kinds of aspects:—First, when totally unexcited, the face was heavy, with sometimes an appearance of vacancy, arising from a habit of drawing the under lip far into his mouth, as if to facilitate breathing. Second, when stirred with some lively thought, the face broke into an agreeable smile, and the eyes twinkled with a peculiarly droll expression, the result of that elevation of the lower eye-lids, which had been just noticed. In no portrait is this aspect caught so happily, as in that painted near the close of his life, by Mr. Watson Gordon, (and of which a remarkably good engraving, by Horsburgh of Edinburgh, is prefixed to the revised edition of his novels,) no other painter, apparently, having detected the extraordinary muscular movement which occasions the expression. The third aspect of Sir Walter Scott was one of a solemn kind, always assumed when he talked of any thing which he respected, or for which his good sense informed him that a solemn expression was appropriate. For example, if he had occasion to recite but a single verse of romantic ballad poetry, or if he were informed of any unfortunate occurrence, in the least degree concerning the individual addressing him, his visage altered in a moment to an expression of deep veneration, or of grave sympathy. The general tone of his mind, however, being decidedly cheerful, the humorous aspect was that in which he most frequently appeared. It remains only to be mentioned, in an account of his personal peculiarities, that his voice was slightly affected by the indistinctness which is so general in the county of Northumberland, in pronouncing the letter *r*, and that this was more observable when he spoke in a solemn manner, than on other occasions.

It is by far the greatest glory of Sir Walter Scott, that he shone equally as a good and virtuous man, as he did in the capacity of the first fictitious writer of the age. His behaviour through life was marked by undeviating integrity and purity; insomuch, that no scandalous whisper was ever yet circulated against him. The traditionary recollection of his early life is burdened with no stain of any sort. His character as a husband and a father is altogether irreproachable. Indeed, in no single relation of life does it appear that he ever incurred the least blame. His good sense, and good feeling united, appear to have guided him aright through all the difficulties and temptations of life; and, even as a politician, though blamed by many for his exclusive sympathy in the cause of established rule, he was always acknowledged to be too benevolent and too unobtrusive to call for severe censure.—Along with the most perfect uprightness of conduct, he was characterised by extraordinary simplicity of manners. He was invariably gracious and kind, and it was impossible ever to detect in his conversation a symptom of his grounding the slightest title to consideration upon his literary fame, or of his even being conscious of it. Of all men living, the most modest, as likewise the greatest and most virtuous, was Sir Walter Scott.

Chambers' Edin. Jour.

ON A PALLID BEAUTY.

For the Olio.

I oft have thought that beauty drew
From liveliness its keenest dart;
And that the blush of roseate hue
Had most the power to move the heart.

But now I know the rose may yield,
And in the lily fade away,
Still Love possess an ampler field
And reign with more unbounded sway.

The soft, the delicate, the meek
Obtain an interest deeper felt:
The almost pallid languid cheek,
The eye that almost seems to melt.

To these I'll add the taper shape,
The sylph-like form half divine;
Ah! who can from their power escape
Whose heart can feel and bleed like mine?

Kirby Street. J. W. H——Y.

THE FORGER.

Continued from page 149.

When Serjeant — had mounted the ladder, which was too short to admit of his reaching the window, further than his chest, he beheld Desfield, in the low, deep, and dark garret, seated before a strong blast forge, with an expression which seemed to be between composure and fortitude. He was surrounded by shallow tin trays, divided into compartments of about the size of a bank note. From each of these compartments he was taking small parcels of forged notes, between a pair of tongs, with which he held them on the top of the fire until the strong draft consumed them, and they were then replaced by others. The object of the serjeant in firing, was not to hit Desfield, but to intimidate him, and knock the funnel or iron chimney pipe of the forge to pieces, and thus prevent his further destruction of the paper.

As soon as Desfield opened the door, the police officer sprung upon him. Desfield indignantly struck his arms from his neck and grappled him by the throat. The passage was dark; a fierce but short struggle ensued, and both were heard to fall through a trap into some cellar. A trooper flashed his pistol across the opening, and by the light was seen the officer on his back, with Desfield keeping one knee in the pit of his stomach, and his thumbs pressed in front of his throat. Four of the soldiers fearlessly dropped into this cellar, and after a short struggle. numbers prevailed, and the criminal was secured. A light was brought, and the swollen protruding tongue, the purple face, and eyes bursting from their sockets, presented a shocking spectacle, and told too plainly that the delay in the rescue, even of a few seconds, would have been fatal to the policeman. He was restored with difficulty.

Handcuffs were placed on the criminal, and a strict search of the premises took place. Even the funnel of the stove was taken down, on the idea that some of the notes, imperfectly consumed, might have lodged in the soot. Desfield laughed sardonically, and taunted his persecutors, as each effort proved abortive.

The search was over—it had been totally fruitless; but whilst they were lashing the arms of Desfield, to convey him on horseback to the county jail, the serjeant stood grinding his teeth with rage, at the manner in which he had been mutilated, foiled, and laughed to scorn by his prisoner.

"For a fellow to go through all the Spanish campaigns, and wear the Waterloo medal, and at last to lose his arm and be laid up a pensioner for life, from such a cursed thief-taking skirmish as this! The devil take all who would employ the king's troops in such dirty service. Let's be off with the prisoner." As the serjeant fiercely spoke the overflowings of his rage, he gave a furious kick at a bit of the iron funnel that lay in the door-way. It fell to pieces by the blow, and from a joint or elbow, tumbled out several bits of paper, partially burnt, or only singed.

The triumphant and flushed countenance of Desfield turned ghastly pale. He burst from his keepers, to seize the fragments. He evinced his ferocious nature, and fought desperately for that on which his life depended; but he was handcuffed, and his efforts were therefore in vain.

As they were taking him to the jail of —, they met the wife and daughter returning home. This affectionate and unhappy girl evinced the deepest affliction, and implored that she might be allowed to follow her beloved father. "Child," said the stern Desfield, "my fate is fixed: but I have but one unhappy feeling—it is for you. You alone can make the short time I have to live either happy, or extremely wretched. Bear your own lot with your father's fortitude; think not of me—be happy, and I am happy. The blood about me is that of my captors. Wife, bring me clean linen to-night. I must see you at the jail. Sweet child, remember the education I have given you; be happy till we meet."

Desfield spoke with a commanding firmness, in order to produce the effect he wished. But when they had made him proceed, the father filled his heart —the struggle was in vain; and the long gathering drop rolled down his cheek, and was followed by a gush of tears. The troopers jeered him for crying like a woman. It was the only point in which he was more manly and better than themselves.

Except this one point, the most stoic mastery of the mind over the feelings never forsook him. He was convicted principally upon the evidence of the notes rescued from the furnace.

The last interview with his family was extraordinary. The wife reproached him for bringing her to poverty. "I always told you what would come of it," said the selfish woman; "and you have got what you deserve." It was not thus with the young and beautiful Emily. She called upon "her own kind father—her fond and good father." She hung upon his neck, fell on her knees, and clasping his legs bathed them with her tears, poured forth in the agony of her broken heart. The piteous wailings of her young affections were succeeded by the sobs and gaspings of her exhausted senses; and when she found they had removed her from him in her state of insensibility, she went off into the frenzy of maniac grief.

Desfield had pressed her to his heart with a fondness and despair truly agonizing. With his stoic heroism, he urged all that could be urged to mitigate her suffering, and he conjured her to find consolation in the precepts he had taught her from her cradle. His countenance was calm and almost cheerful, until her fit of insensibility. As he pressed her to his heart, his face was strongly agitated; but when they unclasped his arms, and took her from him, his features were convulsed—he looked after her with a wild stare, and falling on the side of his iron bedstead, he wept long and piteously, with his face hid in his hands, and supported between his knees. The bold, bad man—the iron-hearted criminal was, with his child, as fond and as weak as childhood. The scene was too painful to be witnessed by any possessed of feeling; and recalled to memory even now, it harrows every sense, and cannot be endured.

But for the crime for which he suffered, Desfield's conduct throughout the last scenes of his existence, would have afforded a deep impression of philosophic grandeur.

The concourse of people to witness his execution was immense; and the Press Room, as it is called, was full of the gentry of the neighbouring counties, with several public characters, attracted from London by the extraordinary circumstances of the case.

The solemn dignified composure and strong reasoning powers of the culprit, left him as the jailor advanced to secure his wrists. Clasping his hands together, he exclaimed with a voice and manner which struck every person with terror, "In the name of God, I implore you not to let my crimes or fate produce unkindness or neglect towards my poor child: she was ignorant of my course of life, and my guilt made me more careful of her spotless purity of mind. I see around me the richest gentlemen of the county—have mercy—be charitable! Oh! there are fathers among you, and will none soothe a father's last agony, which implores protection to the orphan—the helpless, innocent victim of his errors?"

"You have confessed nothing, you repelled our faith, and refused all the rites of our holy religion, and the Lord visits the sins of the father upon the children, to the third and fourth generation."

A thrill of horror, an involuntary shuddering was felt by every person, as a clerical magistrate thus insulted and tortured the dying man. Poor Desfield trembled, and cast his eyes to heaven in beseeching misery, and his head at length sunk on his breast.

"Hard-hearted, bad man!" said a tall, grey-headed old gentleman, pushing aside the apoplectic, plethoric magistrate, and advancing to the culprit.

"Mr. Desfield, I am old and childless—fortune has just deprived me of the fondling of my old age—the comfort of my gray hairs. I will be to your orphan as a father, and my wife shall take her to her bosom. O no! God cannot persecute the innocent, the young and fatherless!"

"And God will be your judge, and reward you," earnestly replied the criminal, falling on his knees, and weeping over the old man's hand, which he pressed to his lips. One sigh seemed to tear his bosom as he rose from the ground He turned to the executioner with perfect composure, was secured, and led to the scaffold.

"I thank the God of mercies for my child's safety," said the culprit, as the drop fell. The rope stranded with his weight, and was broke by his struggle. He was placed apparently dead in a chair, but as he gradually revived, he stared around with wildness, as yet unconscious whether he had not awoke in the other life.

"Why put me to unnecessary pain," he at last faintly said to the sheriff. The cause was explained, and the miserable man was supported in the chair, whilst they sent into the town for another cord.

As they placed this more fatal instrument on his neck, he again spoke feebly to the sheriff. "I entreat you, sir, to conceal this accident, if possible, from my Emily: do not afflict the poor child with a knowledge that her father suffered such an unusual affliction."

The last office of the law was again inflicted,——and the sorrows for his daughter ceased.

When first we enter a crowd, there is little to be done but to push on through those before us, while our limbs are fresh and our spirits high; but we soon feel that multitudes are gathering behind us, and that the most we can hope, with probability of success, is to maintain our ground in advance of the new comers. And thus it is in a literary life. We set out with a view of overtaking our forerunners in the chace! but eventually find it sufficiently toilsome to preserve our advantage over those youthful competitors who are momently threatening to outstrip us.

LOVE'S LITTLE FINGER.

TO M A.

That dimple on thy chin so fair
Was with love's little finger made,
And by the sweet impression there
Its wondrous softness is betray'd.

J. W. M——Y.

Science and Art.

English Porcelain.—The first manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow, and at Chelsea, near London. In these, however, nothing but soft porcelain was made. This was a mixture of white clay and fine white sand from Alum bap, in the Isle of Wight, to which such a proportion of pounded glass was added as, without causing the ware to soften so as to lose its form, would give it, when exposed to a full red heat, a semi-transparency resembling that of the fine porcelain of China. The Chelsea ware, besides bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted only of a very fusible lead glaze; and in the taste of its patterns, and in the style of their execution, stood as low perhaps as any on the list. The china works at Derby come the next in date; then those of Worcester established in 1751; and the most modern are those of Coalport, in Shropshire; of the neighbourhood of Newcastle in Staffordshire, and in other parts of that county. The porcelain clay used at present in all the English works is obtained in Cornwall, by pounding and washing over the gray disintegrated granite which occurs in several parts of that county; by this means the quartz and mica are got rid of, and the clay resulting from the decomposition of the felspar is procured in the form of a white, somewhat gritty powder. This clay is not fusible by the highest heat of our furnaces, though the felspar, from the decomposition of which it is derived, forms a spongy milk-white glass, or enamel, at a low white heat. But felspar, when decomposed by the percolation of water, while it forms a constituent of granite, loses the potash, which is one of its ingredients to the amount of about fifteen per cent. and with it the fusibility that this latter substance imparts.—*Repertory of Patent Inventions.*

That the style of such writings as are intended to attract the public eye be more elevated than that of private letters, is as requisite as it is for the pulpit of a preacher to be somewhat above the level of his auditors.

Customs.

The Aborigines on the Northern Coasts of America.—As soon as Matonabbee and his party gained the banks of the river, three spies were sent out to discover whether any Esquimaux were in the neighbourhood. After a short absence they returned with intelligence that they had seen five tents, about twelve miles distant on the west side of the river. All was now warlike preparation; the guns, knives, and spears, were carefully examined; and as they learned that the nature of the ground would render it easy to advance unperceived, it was determined to steal upon their victims in this manner, and put them to death. This plan was executed with the most savage exactness; and nothing could present a more dreadful view of human nature in its unenlightened state, than the perfect unanimity of purpose which pervaded the whole body of Indians upon this horrid occasion, although at other times they were in no respect amenable to discipline. "Each man first painted his tarret, some with a representation of the sun, others of the moon, and several with the pictures of beasts and birds of prey, or of imaginary beings, which they affirmed to be the inhabitants of the elements, upon whose assistance they relied for success in their enterprise. They then moved with the utmost stealth in the direction of the tents, taking care not to cross any of the hills which concealed their approach. It was a miserable circumstance that these poor creatures had taken up their abode in such ground that their enemies, without being observed, formed an ambuscade not 200 yards distant, and lay for some time watching the motions of the Esquimaux, as if marking their victims. Here the last preparations for the attack were made: the Indians tied up their long black hair in a knot behind, lest it should be blown in their eyes; painted their faces black and red, which gave them a hideous aspect; deliberately tucked up the sleeves of their jackets close under the armpits, and pulled off their stockings; whilst some, still more eager to render themselves light for running, threw off their jackets, and stood with their weapons in their hands quite naked, except their breech clothes and shoes. By the time all were ready, it was near one o'clock in the morning; when, finding the Esquimaux quiet, they rushed from their concealment. In an instant, roused by the shouts of the savages, the unfortunate wretches, men, women, and children, ran naked out of the tents, and attempted to escape; but the Indians had surrounded them on the land side, and as none dared to leap into the river, all were murdered in cold blood; whilst Hearne, whom a regard for his personal safety had compelled to accompany the party, stood a short way off rooted to the ground in horror and agony. 'The shrieks and groans of the poor expiring wretches,' says he, in his striking account of this dreadful episode in savage life, 'were truly distressing; and my horror was much increased at seeing a young girl, about eighteen years of age, killed so near me that when the first spear was struck into her side she fell down at my feet and twisted round my legs, so that it was with difficulty I could disengage myself from her dying grasps. As two Indian men pursued this unfortunate victim, I solicited very hard for her life; but the murderers made no reply till they had struck both their spears through her body and transfixed her to the ground. They then looked me sternly in the face, and began to ridicule me by asking if I wanted an Esquimaux wife, whilst they paid not the smallest regard to the shrieks and agony of the poor wretch, who was turning round their spears like an eel. Indeed, after receiving from them much abusive language on the occasion, I was at length obliged to desire that they would be more expeditious in despatching their victim out of her misery, otherwise I should be obliged out of pity to assist in the friendly office of putting an end to the existence of a fellow-creature who was so cruelly wounded. On this request being made, one of the Indians hastily drew his spear from the place where it was first lodged, and pierced it through her breast near the heart. The love of life, however, even in this most miserable state, was so predominant, that though this might be justly called the most merciful act which could be done for the poor creature, it seemed to be unwelcome; for, though much exhausted by pain and loss of blood, she made several efforts to ward off the friendly blow.' "—*Edin. Cabinet Lib.*

CUSTOM OF THE FEAST OF LOTS.—*Pur* is a Persian word, signifying a lot, and the 'Feast of Lots' is called *Purim*, a lottery. It commenced the fourteenth of Adar (February) and continued to the end of the fifteenth. This feast was instituted by Mordecai in remembrance of the delivery of the Jews from Haman, before whom lots were cast daily and monthly for their destruction. During the two lottery days the history of Esther was read in the Synagogues; and as often as the name of Haman was repeated the congregation beat the benches with their fists and hammers, and the floors with their feet, intimating a similar impression on Haman's head. Though this custom is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, in the services of the modern Israelites, yet on very particular occasions, when it falls to their lot to come in contact with those portions of writ which bear reference to the knocking and bumping, symptoms are heard, (if not felt) and understood. It is probable from this custom is derived the knocking in the popish services, the hearty ejaculations of the Irish paviours, the bumping in the allotted parochial perambulations; and the origin of "hitting the right nail on the head." J. R. P.

Table Talk.

SHELLEY'S DISLIKE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—"A certain nobleman (says he) advised me to turn my thoughts towards politics immediately. 'You cannot direct your attention that way too early in this country,' said the Duke; 'they are the proper career for a young man of ability and of your station in life. That course is the most advantageous, because it is a monopoly. A little success in that line goes far, since the number of competitors is limited; and of those who are admitted to the contest, the greater part are altogether devoid of talent, or too indolent to exert themselves: so many are excluded, that, of the few who are permitted to enter, it is difficult to find any that are not utterly unfit for the ordinary service of the state. It is not so in the church; it is not so at the bar: there all may offer themselves. The number of rivals in those professions is far greater, and they are, besides, of a more formidable kind. In letters, your chance of success is still worse. There none can win gold, and all may try to gain reputation: it is a struggle for glory,—the competition is infinite,—there are no bounds;—that is a spacious field, indeed—a sea without shores!' The Duke talked thus to me many times, and strongly urged me to give myself up to politics without delay; but he did not persuade me. With how unconquerable an aversion do I shrink from political articles in newspapers and reviews! I have heard people talk politics by the hour, and how I hated it and them! I went with my father several times to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there! What faces!—what an expression of countenance!—what wretched beings!" Here he clasped his hands, and raised his voice to a painful pitch, with fervid dislike. "Good God! what men did we meet about the House—in the lobbies and passages! and my father was so civil to all of them—to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust."—*New Mon.*

COMEKALA.—Comekala, a native of King George's Sound, had entreated to be carried to China, and returned with Captain Meares. He was kind and honest when it suited his own interest; but stole without scruple whatever he wished to have, and could not procure by fair means. Brass and copper were metals which he might almost be said to worship. Copper halfpence, buttons, saucepans—all possessed in his eyes the highest charms. It was evident that he coveted the brass buttons of the captain's uniform; and his mode of fixing his eyes on the object of his desire, and the pangs of ungratified avarice, as exhibited in the contortions of his countenance, proved matter of much amusement to the crew. The cause of his insatiable thirst for copper became afterwards apparent. After a long and hazardous passage, the ship anchored in Friendly Cove in King George's Sound, abreast of the village of Nootka, on the morning of the 13th of May. Comekala, who for several days had been in a state of high excitation, now enjoyed the genuine delight of once more beholding his native shore; and when his intention of landing was made known, the whole inhabitants poured forth to give him welcome. The dress in which he chose to appear for the first time after so long an absence was very extraordinary; on a former occasion, when visited by Hannapa, a brother chief, he contented himself with an ordinary European suit; but he now, says Meares, arrayed himself in all his glory; his scarlet coat was decorated with such quantities of brass buttons and copper appendages of one kind and the other, that they could not fail to procure him profound respect from his countrymen, and render him an object of unbounded admiration to the Nootka damsels. At least, half a sheet of copper formed his breastplate! from his ears copper ornaments were suspended; and he contrived to hang from his hair, which was dressed with a long pigtail, so many handles of copper saucepans, that their weight kept his head in a stiff upright position, which very much heightened the oddity of his appearance. For several of the ornaments with which he was now so proudly decorated, Comekala had lived in a state of continual hostility with the cook, from whom he purloined them; but their last and principal struggle was for an enormous spit, which the American prince had seized as a spear to swell the circumstance of that splendour with which he was preparing to dazzle the eyes of his countrymen. In such a state of accoutrement, and feeling greater delight than ever was experienced on the proudest European throne, the long boat rowed Comekala ashore, when a general and deafening shout from the crowd assured him of the universal joy felt on his return.—The whole inhabitants moved to the beach, welcomed the stranger on shore, and afterwards conducted him to the King's house, which none but persons of rank were permitted to enter, and where a magnificent feast of whale blubber and oil was prepared. On the whole, Comekala's reception, and the impression made by his extraordinary costume, evinced his intimate knowledge of the character of his countrymen; for though to the English the effect was irresistibly comic, the natives regarded him with a mixture of silent awe and wonder, which, after a while, broke forth into expressions of universal astonishment and delight.

REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF GALVANISM.—When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for, was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked! None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrunk from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief that we had positively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprung up into a sitting posture—his arms waved wildly

—the colour rushed into his cheeks—his lips were drawn apart, so as to shew all his teeth—and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was some time before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments.

Blackwood's Mag.

President Jackson. — The President of the United States is considered a generous man. An indigent musician of Philadelphia was determined to put it to the test; previous to his departure, he composed a piece which he entitled, "The President's March." When he arrived at the capital, Washington, he found a ready admittance to the General; after remaining some time in his company he perceived a piano-forte, and requested permission to perform his composition on that instrument; the request was readily granted, the performance of which so pleased the General, that he made enquiry respecting the title of the piece. The musical composer informed him that it was "General Jackson's March;" the information caused him to smile, but he made no answer; on the departure of the composer, the president accompanied him to the door, and placed in his hand a fifty-dollar bill, 10*l*. sterling.

The Luxury of Nature. — Talk of human luxury! The duchess on her ottoman — the countess in her easy couch—the ennuye on the air-pillow—the poet in ecstasy—the drowsy sweep on the soot bag—the heiress lolling in the new landau—the elective pleasures of an M. P or a lady mayoress — Bah! nothing can be compared with the luxury of a *Pullet* in the noontide of an autumnal sunshine, when she *shakes her feathers in a bed of dust.* J. R. P

Varieties.

Singular Monument.—The monument erected by Count Schimmelman near Copenhagen, is called the weeping eye. That nobleman's grief for the death of his wife was so excessive, that he caused a monument to be erected over a spring, and made the water spout from the eye, as a continual flood of tears.

Orleans and Napoleon.—A Belgian journal furnishes the following anecdote:—"The Duke of Orleans, in making an inspection of one of the hospitals in Paris, recognised in one of the wards a soldier who had greatly distinguished himself in Napoleon's campaigns. 'My brave fellow,' said his royal highness, approaching and taking him by the hand, 'I hope to hear shortly of your recovery. The country cannot spare the services of —.' 'My lord,' interrupted the veteran, 'when I was at Jaffa, sick of the plague the Emperor condescended to take me by the hand; *but he did not wear gloves.*'"

Brief Epitaph.—Dr. Walker, among other things, wrote a work on the English particles, and this caused him to get the very short and pithy epitaph—

"Here lie Walker's Particles."

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.—In figure, Lord Chatham was eminently dignified and commanding. "There was a grandeur in his personal appearance," says a writer, who speaks of him when in his decline, "which produced awe and mute attention; and, though bowed by infirmity and age, his mind shone through the ruins of his body, armed his eye with lightning and clothed his lip with thunder." Bodily pain never subdued the lofty daring, or the extraordinary activity of his mind. He even used his crutch as a figure of rhetoric. "You talk, my lords," said he, on one occasion, "of conquering America – of your numerous friends there,—and your powerful forces to disperse her army. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch!" Sir Robert Walpole could not look upon, or listen to him, without being alarmed; and told his friends, "that he should be glad, at any rate, to muzzle that terrible cornet of horse."

Irish Figure of Rhetoric by a Popular Preacher.—"Let us, my friends, never forget that we are all carried down the stream of time, to be *landed* in the *ocean* of eternity!"

NEW CONUNDRUMS.

When is a cistern like a pistol?—When it is *ball-cocked.*

What game is a leaping-bar suitable for?—*All Fours.*

Why are the rites of matrimony like bondsmen?—They are *sure-ties.*

Why is a tea-kettle like a burning house?—Because it is *set on fire.*

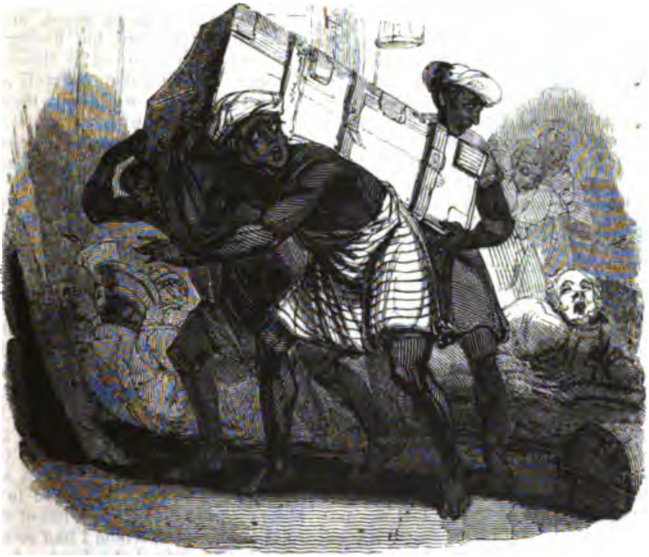
When is batter not batter?—When it is *frittered* away.

How is *Cork* the most direct way to *Oporto?*—When you *draw a bottle* of red wine. J. R. P.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XII.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Oct. 20, 1832.*



See page 180

Illustrated Article.

THE BLACK CONVICT.[*]

"My ancestors were of undoubted rank and consequence. The father of my father, for instance, held the distinguished appointment of leader of one of the most extensive and best organized bands of itinerant robbers that ever subsisted by plunder. My mother, too, was the daughter of a noble fellow, who commanded no less than a hundred vagrant followers, the terror of the country for as many miles round. Of the whole of these my tutor was his especial favourite. There was not a spot upon the head of this my venerable instructor, when he wore the grey hairs of eighty, on which you could place a rupee without its touching a brace of sabre scars. In short, he had received more cuts than there are days in the year, and prided himself highly on these numerous marks of gallantry and honourable achievement. He had been for nearly seventy years faithful to the society to which he belonged, and in the course of that period had brought many a man to an unexpected end. His boasted trophy was a strange one—the tips of the noses of those who had fallen beneath his arm; these he carefully preserved, and he would occasionally exhibit them as proofs of his valour. In skill and agility he was without equal in the troop: he was as active as the monkey, as cunning as the fox, and as cold-blooded as the gaunted wolf. Under the tuition of this accomplished master, (who was well known at Loodeanna by the name of Bollicada-sas, from his frequent robberies in that neighbourhood,) I had every reason to hope, by common application, to become a distinguished practitioner in the same line."

"True," said I, interrupting my informant, "and yet it would appear, from the iron fetters which you now wear, that you did not profit much by your superior education."

"Why, as to that," replied he, "if

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[*] Extracted from a very amusing work: entitled, "The K'haunie Kineh-Walla; or, Eastern Story-teller:" a Collection of Indian Tales. By John Shipp. Longman and Co.

you have an hour to spare, I will tell you how it happened,"—and he continued as follows:

"Having acquired the rudiments of my profession, under my experienced teacher, I was at length pronounced by him fully competent to undertake a job at my own risk, and for my own benefit. As this, my first commission, was rather adroitly performed, the particulars of the affair may perhaps serve to amuse you. We had received information that a young British officer, who had recently arrived from England, was on his way to join the force then lying at Loodeanna. The plucking of this bird was entrusted entirely to my management, and I therefore started to meet him. At about thirty miles from the station of Loodeanna, I found him snugly encamped in a small and solitary *toop* on the margin of a village. When I spied him he was puffing away at a most beautiful hookah, with a silver mouth-piece and surpoose. '*Lah kho dah,*' thought I to myself, 'it shall not be long before that fine smoking apparatus changes owners. if no better luck await me.' Thus laudably resolved, I hovered about the tent, and reconnoitred its localities, when the smooth-faced boy observing me, exclaimed, 'Holloa! you black rascal! what the devil do you do here? come this way.'—'Yes massa,' I answered; at the same time advancing towards him.—'Then you understand English—do you?' said he.—'Oh, yes,' replied I, 'as well as you do.'—'I dare say you *do*,' said the young wiseacre, with a knowing air,—(you must doubtless have observed, *Sahib*, that your raw travellers, and especially the beardless youngsters who come to India as cadets, always think themselves gifted with extraordinary penetration and wit, which confer on them, they suppose, the privilege of treating all whom they consider their inferiors as knaves and fools. It makes me chuckle when I reflect how often this self-complacency and ill-timed insolence have facilitated my views upon their purses and property—but to proceed:) 'I dare say you *do*,' said he, 'and *thieving too* to perfection; but what do you want prying about my tent here?' I told him that I wanted employment. 'Good,' said he, 'but what can you do? Can you *steal a horse?*'—'Ah, no, Massa,' answered I, 'you are too hard upon your poor servant.'—'In what then *do* you excel?' asked he, 'can you run?'—'Run!' said I, 'yes, like a buck!' whereupon, making a sudden snatch at his silver surpoose, atrackdar, and mouth-piece, of which I possessed myself in an instant, I took to my heels, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. Horses were soon saddled, and in pursuit of me. I had worn until this time a large beard, and the dress of an old man; but finding myself too closely followed by the enemy, I threw my disguise as well as my booty into a dry well, and then, retracing my steps with great deliberation, I met my pursuers with apparent unconcern. The young Sub, almost mad with rage that he should have been so completely outwitted, eyeing me as I came up, without recognising me, asked, with breathless anxiety, if I had seen a person running in that direction. 'What! the fellow with a long beard?' replied I; 'yes, I met him about five hundred yards off, and saw him take horse by the tree which you see yonder.' This was enough; off went the whole party helter skelter in the direction I had pointed out to them, while I, intent on more certain game, made with rapid strides towards young master's tent. Here I found a single bearer only, and him I desired to take some ropes to his master without delay, to bind the thief, whom I had seen him catch. Off started the bearer, leaving me to keep watch over his employer's property. This I did with great caution until he was fairly out of sight, and then breaking open Massa's camel trunks, I extracted therefrom a hundred and fifty rupees, (which, I need scarcely observe, were all that I could find) and a few other trifles not worth mentioning—such as a watch, a silver snuff-box, two gold rings, and the like. All these I arranged in a very snug and portable little dressing-case, and scampered off towards Loodeanna, with my prize, as fast as my legs would carry me.

"Thus ended, to my credit as well as profit, my first business transaction. But I had not yet fully accomplished my designs on this pert and conceited stripling, who, as I had reason to believe, had still in his possession numerous little articles which might be useful to myself or my friends. The next morning, therefore, I repaired to the station of Loodeanna, and had the satisfaction of seeing my victim enter, with dejected countenance, into the cantonments. I passed him without being recognised, and gave him one of my best *salaams*. Shortly after this I sported a fine pair of red whiskers, with moustachios of the same colour, and tendered my services as a *chokeydar* (watchman), to guard his property and person against the tricks of the petty cantonment pilferers. I was fortunate enough to be accepted, and the very following night, when he was boozing with his new companions at the mess, I took a fancy to his double-barrelled gun and a pair of beautiful pistols, which were nicely packed together in a case. I wish all officers would be equally careful, it would save poor thieves a vast deal of trouble; and I really must say, in favour of the young gentleman of whom I am speaking, that he certainly kept *his* little valuables in very neat and portable order. But I am straying from my story, and I fear shall exhaust your patience.

"I took a fancy, as I said before, to the gun and pistols, and, of course, therefore, did not hesitate to take them into my own keeping without delay.—Having deposited my new acquisition in a place of safety, I began to reflect on the best way of disposing of *myself*, and it very naturally occurred to me that it would not be particularly desirable to show my face again at my new master's; indeed, it seemed pretty obvious, that if I had any thing further to do at Loodeanna, it should be accomplished, with all practicable despatch. I, therefore, left the station at once, and went, with two of my companions, and drew up the silver surpoose, clothes, &c. from the well where they were deposited; but, about midnight, as I knew that the general had invited a large party, I returned to Loodeanna by bye-roads, and assuming the dress of a *Khitmutgar*, I made direct for the general's cock-house, and mixed, without suspicion, with the servants engaged for the occasion. Here, before I took my leave, I managed to increase my possessions by the addition of a tolerably good-looking camel-hair cloak, belonging to one of the party, and a few silver spoons, &c. which were lying about as though in want of a proprietor. But to say the truth, I was greatly disappointed in this affair, for I had expected a much richer booty, and this, I was well aware, was my last chance in Loodeanna. The cloak, to be sure, was a decided prize, it being an article which I absolutely stood in need of for my own personal comfort, for the winter season was fast approaching; but as to spoons, they are not held in much estimation by those who know the use of their fingers at meals. When melted down, however, they served to make bangles for my children, and, as one cannot in this world always expect the full completion of one's wishes, I was obliged to be contented.

"Having quitted Loodeanna, and having been concerned in innumerable adventures similar to these which I have related, in other places, with varied success, my cast of features, however skilfully disguised, became at length a little too well known in the different cantonments; so, as I had now a numerous family, for whose maintenance it was absolutely necessary that I should be industriously occupied, and had acquired a high reputation among my comrades for courage and craft, I resolved on taking entirely to the *road* for the future, not only as relieving me, for the time, from the fear of detection and apprehension, respecting which I began to entertain some qualms, but also as presenting the advantage of a more extensive sphere of action, in which my comprehensive and enterprising genius might be adequately employed.

"My first adventure on the road," continued the grinning convict, "you may perhaps think worthy of relation, as it will serve at once as a proof how easily the English are gulled in this part of the world, and as one reason out of many, why we always prefer robbing them in preference to our countrymen. One morning, at a very early hour, I was on the scout, and met an old officer riding towards Loodeanna. I liked the looks of this grey-headed veteran, as well as the splendid appearance of his retinue. There were no half-clad, half-starved followers, such as your poor devils of lieutenants hire, but pampered, well-dressed menials, who did credit to their keep and clothes. Before this cavalcade reached me I turned towards Loodeanna, and walked slowly on. I was in the disguise of a mendicant priest, with two baskets tied on the end of two sticks, such as pilgrims here carry on their journies. On the old general's passing me, I gave him the usual greeting, and asked for alms; but not a single *pice* could I extract from him, and I was told by an impudent fellow of a *chupprassee* to *furruck*, (get out of the way. This order I obeyed with seeming respect, and, drawing back a short distance to let the old curmudgeon pass, I joined in with the servants in the rear, from whom I learnt that their master was a general. 'So much the better,' thought I; 'I may have a rare haul here, if I manage matters well.' Resolved to take active measures immediately I slunk behind, and withdrew to a spot where I knew I should find a party of my own tribe. Here I changed my dress, and instantly started again to overtake the noble general, carrying on my head some fowls and chickens for sale. I found the old gentleman seated at breakfast under a tree; but it was sometime before I could strike a bargain with him. At last, however, I agreed to let him have my whole stock for a rupee, which he told me to get from the *sirdar-bearer*. Thus commissioned, I went to a large double pole-tent to demand my money, and imagine my delight, Sahib, when the incautious bearer pulled out a huge bag of rupees! This was no doubt intended to impress me with a high idea of his consequence. Some delay now occurred, in consequence of this trusty treasurer's claiming, as his own perquisite, four *anas* as *dustoores* (custom), which he insisted on being deducted from the rupee that he was to pay me. This imposition I affected to resist, in order to gain time; and during the interval thus afforded me, I availed myself of the opportunity of examining how every thing was arranged in the tent, with a view to future operations. The negociation concluded, I went and *salaamed* the general, who told me I might call again when I had any more such bargains to offer.

"I returned two or three times after this, variously disguised, and with different commodities. On one of these visits I found that the general, having over-gorged himself at *tiffen*, had lain down to sleep, and I was delighted to observe that his bedstead rested on the edges of two camel-trunks, which I could not doubt contained valuable property of some kind or other. My future plans were now arranged. I returned to my own party, dressed myself with neatness, revisited the general, and representing myself as the zemindar of the village, asked him if he did not require some *chokeydars* for the night, for that he was now in a part of the country notorious for the robberies committed by the desperate Bhattees. No sooner did the gallant veteran hear the word Bhattee mentioned than he ordered me to procure him six watchmen immediately. These were soon found, in six of my tried companions, who, at my bidding, were speedily on the spot, These trusty guardians, I arranged, should be stationed outside the tent, while the general's sepoys, were desired to form a chain round the whole of his servants and baggage. The noble general had, I suppose, taken a few extra glasses of wine that evening to keep up his spirits, for I had not posted my six men more than an hour before he began snoring most lustily. For the next two hours nothing was to be heard but continual challenging. This apparent vigilance on the part of the hired *chokeydars*, deluded the sepoys into a belief that their master was amply guarded without their assistance, and they therefore very coolly dropped off to sleep, one after another. Having walked my rounds, and convinced myself that they were all sound, I returned to the tent of the snoring general, and with the aid of my companions, taking each of us a corner of the bed, we, with great caution, raised the commander, bed and all, off his trunks, and deposited him quietly in another part of the room. Scarcely had we placed the old snoring general on terra firma when he turned over, gave a grunt, and said something about 'more wine.' All this time we were making ready for a bolt: again all was quiet, save the calling of some spies I had outside to keep the course clear. We seized the camel trunks, and were in the act of conveying them away, when the old boy was seized with a violent fit of sneezing; every sneeze ran through our veins like boiling lead. Again he went to sleep and snored aloud. We had got the trunks to the aperture which we had cut in the side of the tent, when one of my faithful companions stumbled over the foot of the sirdar-bearer, who grumbled out something we did not understand. When outside, we heard the old general calling chedah, his sirdah, who always replied:—'I am coming, Sahib, I am coming, Sahib.' All was again as still as the grave, not even the solitary step vibrated on the cold night air. The general being thus disposed of, it is perfectly unnecessary for me to add that we soon conveyed both his trunks and ourselves from his neighbourhood. By this affair we divided cash to the amount of three hundred rupees each, besides various valuables both in gold and silver.

"In this manner," continued the narrator, "I went on practising for several years with tolerable success, and it will need only a few words to inform you how I was caught at last. I had become so well known and so formidable in the neighbourhood which I generally frequented, that my person was advertised, and a price set on my head. Several unfortunates, supposed to be me, had in consequence been fired at and wounded; and, therefore, as a chance shot may kill the devil, I thought it wise to absent myself for a time from my old haunts, and resolved to take a professional trip to the station of Cawnpore. Here I was concerned in a robbery on the premises of an English merchant, (I had always a special liking for the English,) and was just in the act of getting very comfortably off with my booty, when, not having thoroughly reconnoitered the premises, I found myself suddenly landed at the bottom of a dry well. From this trap there was no possibility of escape. I was soon dragged out, and taken before the judge, who, as a reward for many meritorious achievements, ornamented me with the badges which I now wear. I have still, however, a trick or two left, and do not live without hope, as I have a device in my head, which, should it succeed, will soon restore me to my friends, when, Sahib, should you be travelling in my way, with plenty of money in your possession, I should be happy to try my skill on you."

BLANCHE ROSE.

Continued from page 168.

THAT night before the moon went down, Rose knew how she was cleared—but long she lay and wept upon his feet and would not be comforted; and when at last her strength and mind returned, it was in the strength of her despair, to fly to the bishop, and declare the truth; the hand of Raymond held her like an infant on the grass, but she had no hearing for his words, and would but wring her hands, and cry to be released to do him justice, till she sunk exhausted upon the turf. He watched by her through the night, and in the morning, when her spirits ebbed away and the strength of her delirium was past, she was subdued by his tears, and swore upon his hand. The light came into his face and he kissed her and rose up—"*You never* broke your word," said he; "now I will leave you?"

. . . .

On St. Bride's-day at noon, the Earl surrounded by all the chivalry and beauty of Languedoc, stood at the high altar, where he had done his penance. Blanche Rose bent before the priest in the white bridal amice, her pale brow glistening with pearls and gems, and the *white flower* shining like a star in the long glossy tresses that fell upon her neck for the last time.* The Earl put the ring upon her finger, the priest set the coronet upon her brow, and the heralds cried her, Countess of Toulouse, at the high cross, amidst the shouts of the people, and the waving of ten thousand caps.

All the city was in a transport, for the constancy "of the bright lady of the world," and the self-justice of her supposed traitor knight. "Certainly," said the vicar of St. John, "I think him greater for this repenting, than if he had never had tache or spot, not to speak of the *ninety and nine in the wilderness*; he had then been but a *puisnie* saint, now he is lith and blood like to you and me, but so as you and I never shall be, the greatest mortal man that ever quelled sinful flesh."

A week of pomp and pageant, and all that the olden time held gay and splendid, past through Toulouse like a night's masque, and again all returned to the quiet sunshine and still business of a simple summer's day.

The Countess lived in deep seclusion, partly for that the face of man was become terrible to her, partly for her feeble state, which might not suffer ceremony and fatigue. The leaves were falling, the birds had ceased to sing, and the sun looked sad and still upon the yellow fields, when the unconscious cause of her sorrow was presented to the barons of Languedoc in the great hall of Toulouse; "I do not wrong them," said Raymond, to its heart-broken mother, as she wept at his feet,—"My blood runs in the veins of none living; there is none to claim the right—you shall make him worthy to hold the sword and the coronet of a brave people, and God and their service shall give him right, better than a name."

. . . .

It was the virgil of the cross; the night was dark and still upon Toulouse. The quiet streets were silent and empty, and all lights had gone out, except here and there a red solitary candle shed its long still pencelle upon the waters of the Garonne. The black pile of the vast Chateau rose like a giant over the dim town, and within the wide courts were silent and deserted, and all dark and quiet except the stamp of a horse that waited beside the postern, and one still solitary watch-light that shone in an upper turret. About that light was gathered all the interest of Toulouse, and perhaps an eye, born upon the gifted night,* might have seen the dim spirits leaning together over the turret, speaking the destinies of him, the last of his race, who should inhabit those towers, and who now stood within that dim still room.

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* As late as the 17th century long hair was only worn by unmarried ladies, and it was closely confined under the coif or *crestine* as soon as they became matrons. It was remarked as an impudent assumption, that the beautiful, but scandalous Countess of Essex (in the reign of *James* VI.), wore loose hair after her infamous repudiation of her husband, and intrigue with the Earl of Rochester.

It was a small dark turret chamber, hung with coarse arras, and meanly garnished with such furniture as might become the use of a simple esquire, or frugal steward,—a low pallet, half concealed by a curtain of blue sey, filled a small recess beyond the hearth, and at its head stood a long white wand and a walking sword in a scabbard of green velvet. A black carved armoire and oak chest occupied the opposite corners, and the remaining space was no more than sufficient for a tall high-backed chair of black leather, and a wide olive wood table on which a number of papers, an almoniere, an aunlace, and a heap of loose gold lay by a wax taper that burned under the rood suspended against the wall.

Earl Raymond stood before the light in his travelling cloak, and his grey seneschal sat in the chair, his embossed hands rested upon his knees, and his white bald brow lifted to the face of his master.

"You know her not," said the Earl, "I, who was nursed on the same breast, rocked by the same hand, have grown with her like the twin bud upon the stalk—*I* know her—and God knows her, the bright noble ladye of the world; —I loved her, I will not say *how* I loved her; she was very lovely to me, but I was only as a brother to her, how could I be more, and the glorious beautiful flower of all chivalry sworn to her service. Alas that he had been true as I was, and I would have been a brother to him, as she was a sister to me! and since I am the last of my race, they should have had fair Toulouse and my broad Earldom; and I would have been the soldier of the cross, and prayed that they might have been happy."

"God be praised, that has given you to be happy with her yourself," said the seneschal.

Raymond looked upon him as the spirits may look on man that cannot read the secrets of the world above.

"To-night," said he, "I go to the *Holy land.*"

"*Blessed saints!* and leave your lady?" exclaimed the seneschal.

The Earl's cheek became white as his tabard, but his voice did not change; "Be you very true and gentle to her, as you have ever been to me," said he, "and serve her as if you were born in her father's house, as you were born in mine; and she shall still be your lady, and her lonely orpheline shall be your Earl, when I shall come no more."

"Alas! alas! what is this?" said the old man.

The Earl stood a moment upon his sword; "You have been young that now are old," said he, "you shall know that a maiden's love is like the sunshine and the sweet moon-light; it must shine in its own summer and its own still hour, and cannot come through the cloud when you shall call it. I will never be the cloud to her face, nor a chain upon the heart, which I bound to me for its redeeming; but she shall be bright and free to shine like the sun upon the flower,—and God send a flower to blossom in her light, and be sweet and bright and grateful to her, as the rose to the morning, when I am—where the sun shall never shine again."

"And you will not come back!" said the old man.

Raymond laid his hand upon the cross— "*Never!*"

The old man fell upon his knees, and bent his white head upon his master's hand, and wept like a child.

For a long time the count held his trembling hand, and turned away his face, at last, "Aymer!" said he, "God reward your true and faithful service to me; I have done with this world; I was a solitary tree without a parent, a brother, a sister, to fill my heart—the last of my race. *She* was a very bright flower to me, the rose to my bower, the sun to my glory, the lamp to my holy shrine; I am going—to die before the cross as your father and mine; and we shall meet together with them before His glorious throne."

The old man's sobs redoubled, and

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* It was an ancient superstition that persons born on Christmas-eve were endued with vision sensible of all spirits and supernatural objects. To this cause were referred the dark looks of Philip II. of Spain whose mind was believed to be impressed by awful appearances to which he was subject.

for a long while he knelt and wept, and the Earl said no more. At length his sobs subsided, the stamp of a horse came from the gate; the Earl lifted him in silence; for some moments he wrote upon the papers, and set his seal; and the old man told the gold and put it in his purse. The knight took off his hat, and kissed his furrowed cheek, and laid his hand upon his head, and for one moment grasped his hands, and looked upon the cross and turned suddenly to the door. The old man tottered after with the light; but Raymond put him back with his averted hand, and threw the cloak about him, and hurried down the stair. The groom started up in his seat and threw the bridle on the Arab, and Raymond leaped into the saddle; the boy touched his bonnet and said some word, but the Earl gave no answer, and spurring through the gate, took the street towards the east port.

. . . .

There is a blank in the chronicle of Toulouse; who could tell how Earl Raymond turned his back upon his people, the tower where he was born, the roof where he was nursed, the field where he had plucked the flower and chased the linnet, the garden where the rose of his love had blown—that rose that was blighted, and faded, and never should bloom again—to him!

The monk did not write of it in his book, nor the troubadour sing of it in his song; they said only, "Raymond de Toulouse shaped the cross on his sleeve and went to Holy Land."

. . . .

It was the third evening after the Earl and his company arrived at Acre. The men at arms were busily disembarking their horses to go forward for Jerusalem, and the knight sat upon a stone by the beach, looking on the bright water and the sun that was going down, red and still, and far away in France.

While he yet gazed, a slender boy, in the dress of a page, came down the sand; he stopped and hesitated, and looked towards the knight as he approached, but at last he came to his side. Sir Raymond did not look up, and the boy stood and held his bonnet and twisted the feather, and the colour went and came in his face, "*Sir Earl!*" said he, at last. Raymond started as if one had struck him on the cheek, and at the sight of his face leaped from the stone and turned as white as clay. It was a moment before his look came back.

"What would you, fair childe?" said he gently. The tears came into the eyes of the timid boy. "Sir!" said he, "I am an orphan child. My Lord, that was very kind to me, is dead; I would serve you if it please you."

The Earl's breast rose, and he turned away, and looked upon the sea:—at last, "From what country—what is your name?" said he.

"*Albert de la feuille morte,*" replied the boy,—"my father was of Provence," and his breath fluttered as if the memory of his father and his land rose in his heart.

"And have you no friends?" said Sir Raymond.

"I had—*one,*" replied the child.

"And where is he?" asked the knight.

The boy turned away, and down upon the grass, and leaned his head upon a stone.

The Earl took his dark hand, and the tears came to his eyes as he looked upon the slender fingers; "Alas!" said he, "this was never meant to burnish a helm, and hold a black stirrup!"

"I will be very proud to hold the stirrup of a Knight of Jesv Christ,"* said the child.

The Earl stood still for a moment, and held his hand with a grasp from which a mailed wrist might have shrunk, but the boy did not shrink nor tremble,

"God save you, gentle child!"—said the Earl at last—"if you will be pleased to serve me, I will be—not a master—but a brother to you while I am in this world; and when I am gone God will be a Father."

The page fell upon his knee, and kissed his hand, and the tears trickled fast to the stone which was wet as the dew where his cheek had lain. The Earl did not speak, but raised him gently, and turned towards the town. As they went, he spoke him softly, and glanced to his dark beautiful features and faded habit; he looked yet scarce sixteen years and wore the simple hose and green kirtle, such as usually the dress of pages in the south of France; but except for this, and his accent, his complexion was so dark; and his short curling hair so raven black, none had believed that he had ever known another country than Greece or Syria.—The

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* There was an Order of this title, but at an earlier period it was applied generally to Christian knights, and in particular to the Knights of the Crusade.

Earl discoursed him as they went, and wondered at his "*Gentilesse*," and learning; and when he came to his inn, bestowed him in the especial charge of his old minstrel.

"Here is a flower that I did not think to find in this desart world," said he; "I pray you be very gentle to him."

The old man was himself a Provencal, and he laid his pillow in the alcove, and set his meat as if he had been his own son, and took his harp and played to him till he wept himself asleep like a stilled infant. "Certainly," said he, when the Earl asked about him the next day, "never such a gentle child served among stern war men!"—And in a little time, "*Le page noir* was the *mignon* of all the court." Unless at his service, however, he was always sad and alone, and never spoke of his native land and former days; and if the rude men urged him, he turned away, and the tears came to his eyes, and he would go to the sand or the rampart, though the sun was never so hot, or the wind never so wild.

At length, upon the morrow of St. Turiel, the Earl and all the Knights in Acre set out for Jerusalem, on sudden news that the great assault should be given in six days. Through all that long and terrible march,* Albert rode beside the stirrup of Sir Raymond, and when the Syrian sun burned at noon, and the "dead wind" blew at night, he never ate till he had eaten, nor drank till he had drunk, and served him at his board, and watched by him when he slept. When the heart of many a knight sunk in his hauberk, and the eye of the night guard closed under his helmet, Albert sat beside him and fanned away the fly from his cheek and the mouse from his pillow, and looked upon his face; and when his lips shrunk, and his brow came dark, dropped his beads, and raised the cross, and said—"God give thee rest!"

. . . .

It was the night before the assault. The camp was still and quiet, and no sound came through the tents but the fitful stamp of a horse at the picket, or the distant clank of a hammer at the forge, where some man-at-arms still waited his armour for the morning. The stars shone bright upon the dark field, and at times the watch might hear the night-call upon Jerusalem; and, as he walked before the tent, the whisper of shrift and absolution, where the knights made "*a clean breast*" for the "battle of God," and the rest in which so many should sleep when the night should come again.

Earl Raymond lay asleep in his tent, his banner by his side, and his sword at his head, where he had knelt before it when the sun went down. Albert sat by his shoulder, his pale brow fixed upon his face, and his still fingers rested on his crucifix. You could not see the breath come and go upon his lips. The broad hand of the knight lay unbent upon the pillow, and his pale face calm, and his dark brow clear and smooth as a sleeping child. Albert had never before seen the deep frown relax from his front in all the nights that he had looked upon it. For a moment he glanced up, and a flush came to his cheek, and a light to his eyes; but all tears were gone, and they looked full and still as the calm stars that were above him. For an instant his lips moved, and he gazed upward; but again his eyes returned to the pallet, and his features to their watch.

All night he sat, and by degrees every sound died away; but the horse was still at his picket, and the sentinel at his post, and for a short while there was a deep death stillness, and all was hushed in heaven and on the earth. It was the dead hour—the turning of the tide—when the soul passes, and the spirits in the grave are loosed—slowly a faint sweet strain of music came by on the silence, and voices sung in the air:—

"Blessed is the heart when the sin-stain has gone;
Blessed is the brow that His light shines upon!"

And ever a pale still light shone upon the brow of Albert, while he sat fixed and quiet as if he heard no sound, and felt no light; and, whether it was the monks that sung in the valley, and the moon that looked into the tent—but never song was so sweet on earth, and never light shone so fair upon a mortal brow.

At length a faint stir began to come from the field; and at intervals the jingle of bridles, the stamp of hoofs, the baying of a hound, and a sudden foot passing quickly by the tent. In a short while the far cry of the mollahs could be heard upon the towers, and the pale grey dawn stole dimly through the curtain of the tent. Albert sat, and fixed his eyes upon the light, as now a horse, and now a man came by, and now could be distinguished the tread of heavy feet pouring through the sand. Suddenly a trumpet sounded at a distance, and the page started up, and laid his hand upon the breast of the Earl. Raymond awoke. "The first trumpet has sounded," said the page.

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* It must be remembered that this was in the *twelfth* century, and in time of war—now it is only a ride of three days.

The knight rose hastily, and put on his helm and hauberk. Albert laced his casque, and buckled the spur to his heels, and the broad belt to his side; and the Earl knelt down before his sword, and dropped his beads, and looked upon the cross with a look that made Albert's cheek come pale. In a few moments he rose and grasped the page's hand, and laid his broad mailed glove upon his head, and sat down to the little table beside the pallet. Albert served his frugal meal, and took his trencher to sit by the door; but the Earl made him sit beside him at the same dish.

"It is the last that I may eat," said he, "There will be no *salt** between me and thee where we shall meet again."

Albert bent his head over the board, and said no word; but the large round tear fell on his plate.

The short meal passed in silence, and the haste of those who every moment expect to hear the trumpet sound to arms. As soon as it was ended, the Earl rose up and crossed himself, and gave his hand to the page, and drank the grace cup; and when Albert had pledged him, he went to his mails, and took out a heavy purse, and loosed from his neck a little white cross,—"Dear and faithful child," said he, "God be gracious to you, and give you peace."—He put the purse into his hand.—"When thou and I shall part, return to thy country, and if thou hast none better—to mine, where thou shalt find a very gentle mistress, who will be to thee all that I would be."

Albert took the purse, and looked calm in his face, and bowed his head, and said him—"*Yes.*"

The Earl looked on him for a moment, but his eyes did not change. "Brave and constant child," he said, "God shall not forsake thee; and now—for none may know His will to-day—take this little cross that must not fall among His enemies. If He give us the victory, thou shalt bury it with me in this holy Earth; but if in the great press, or the day shall go against us, and I may not be found, take it with thee, give it to my lady, from whom I had it, and say, Raymond of Toulouse is gone to his rest."

Albert had not changed before; but at the sight of that cross, and the sound of those words, his colour went out of his face, and the hand that he held out fell to his side, and he sunk down at the feet of the Earl. Raymond lifted him to the pallet, and snatched the cruce, and hastened to loose his collar. The hand of the page closed upon his arm, and he opened his eyes, and sat upright. For an instant he gazed half conscious to the light; but there was no tear in his eyes, and no flutter in his breast, and he rose up to take the Earl's command.

"Alas, my child," said Raymond, "thou art spent and overwatched. Thy feeble body is too frail for thy spirit. Lie down and rest, and fear not—all will be well."

He put the cross upon his neck, and made him lie on the pallet, and covered him with his cloak, and taking his banner went out hastily from the tent.

Albert started up and gazed after him, and looked upon the cross, and wept, and knelt, and laid it on his head and bowed his forehead on the mat that had been touched by the helmet of the Earl. Suddenly the trumpet began to sound, the quick clank of arms, and the deep tramp of horses went past as if the earth moved around him. Albert dropped the jewel, and listened, and gazed where the heavy sound went by. The long succesive tramp continued without intermission, till a shock like a clap of thunder burst upon the stillness, and a far fearful rolling surge of shouts went up to heaven like the roar of a tempest. In another moment the whole camp seemed to tremble, bolt after bolt shook the walls of the city, and the mingled cries and shouts, and clash of arms, spread like a stream from the breach; and as the tongues of the hundred nations rose and fell, came suddenly the faint shout of the French, "*Mont Joye St. Denis!!*" Albert started from the ground, and braced his dagger, and did on his bonnet, and rushed out from the tent.

To be concluded in our next.

SINGULAR ADDRESS ON A GRAVESTONE AT LUTON.

"Reader, I've left a world in which
I had a world to do;
Sweating and fretting to be rich,
Just such a fool as you!"

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* The great salt-cellar was the division between the "gentles" and the "simples" who sat at the same table in the old time.

TRANSFER OF THE STOCKS.

For the Olio.

Tom Transfer, a tippling and comical wight,
Kick'd the Beadle and punished him well:
He was, therefore, transferred to the stocks, as 'twas right,
Till he promised no more to rebel.

But, when Tom was released, he declared in his ire,
Such 'Time Bargains' so cuff'd ought to *fall*;
And the Stocks be reduced to the publican's fire,
Where they'd *rise* with advantage to all.

J. R. P.

A BLIND ADVENTURE.

"Darkness visible."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OLIO.

Sir—When the last communication found favour in thine eyes, and thou wast pleased that I should continue another chapter for thine edification and thy readers thereunto,* I did not contemplate the time would extend to this moment ere I should redeem my pledge. But we are short-sighted creatures, and cannot calculate on the opportunity once deferred being re-offered for our filling it. Little did I think that I should be compelled to quit the pleasant situation I occupied in the South Parade, Bath, to encounter the tedious and trying experience of a voyage to Calcutta; and after remaining there nine months in active service, and enduring intense heat, I should have returned to my old cronied spot; but with a scirrhus liver, a jaundiced complexion, and a heart worn thin with care and ossification. But it happeneth with me as with Moliere, that, though I fall into the "sear and sickly leaf," my spirits are often buoyant, and my thoughts recur to the days when my observation was more lucid and my humour more rich. In one of these veins of concentrated whim, I cannot refrain giving thee a description of some choice spirits that made a great noise and cut a great figure in Bath. Among whom were two cunning, old, blind men, who made the Parade their daily resort; but on Sundays they were led into the Abbey Church-yard by a simple looking boy, and placed on each side of the porch door on their knees, each with a club stick, with their caps before them, to ask alms.

I need not, surely, tell thee in full how fervently they implored the want of eleemosynary aid! In their persons they were similar,—tall in stature, with awful upturned eyeballs and visages of unusual length of portraiture,—bald in crown and grey in chin. In their attitude of beseeching, their hands were clasped like the lazars on the painted glass, and they stretched forth their tones in the deepest diapason of the human voice:—"Pity the poor stone blind!—Remember the poor stone blind!—Good gentlefolks, have mercy on the poor stone blind!"

If these two men were not originals, Hogarth never painted—Garrick never represented. Their manner, matter, general contour and conduct, rivetted every ear and attracted every eye. The boy coming out of the church held his father's hand back to gaze at them; the young lady slackened her pace from mamma to cast a piteous glance at them—the admiral rested on his crutch, and the spark twirled his cane to make a sonorous clink in the rimless hats. If it be true—and who will doubt it?—that the blind are sensitive of sound in proportion to their loss of vision, these blind twins, the Bartimeuses of the city of Bladud, with a pair of crumpets on their faces, could hear the companionship of copper drop with very tenacious force—to which their echo of praise was offered with joyous quickness; such as made their hearts glad and their sightless orbs quiver. Thou can'st not imagine the effective transition which they made from the *larghetto* movement of "*Pity—the—poor—stone—B-l-i-n-d—uh!*" with a heaving up of the whole frame, as if they were just about to exhaust their whole spiritual faculty by imploration, and the *triple presto* utterance of "*the Lord ward ye,*" as the donation fell patly into their possession. Now, there was a very elderly antiquated lady, who was *pitied* as well as *petted*, brought in her chair every Sunday to hear the Cathedral service. Some whispered that she was a dowager duchess—some said she was one of the tabbys satirised in the *Bath Guide*, belonging to

> "Lord Ringbone, who lay in the parlour below,
> On account of the gout he had got in his toe."

Be this so or not, the lady attended her prayers, dressed in expensive

> "Gauzes, tippets, ruffs,
> Fans and hoods and feather'd muffs,
> Stomachers and Paris-nets,
> Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,
> Fringes, blonds and mignionets;
> Fine vermillion for the cheek,
> Velvet patches a la Grecque."

And, moreover, to her credit be it spoken, she exercised the duties of charity in an eminent degree, but to none more than the two blind beggars, who pleaded more money out of her purse than of fifty others. These fellows, not deficient in shrewdness, called her the Sister of Charity, which they managed should reach her knowledge in an apparent side wind. Nor was their appellation lost upon them. On a particular occasion, this blessed pair, who had never been to Bethsaida, nor washed in the Pool of Siloam, nor sat at the gate having five porches, were visited by ague, and prevented being at their accustomed post in 'Solomon's Porch.' The lady, missing them, literally ferreted Bath half over till she succeeded in reaching their miserable abode. As the footman, a fine, tall, young Irishman, preceded her up the steps in a corner of King's Mead-street, he tapped at the door, the cue having been given him by an old washerwoman below stairs. He tapped a second and a third time. Great was the scuffle inside during the interval—but no reply to the applicants. At length, however, on the fourth tremendous *ratatat-tant-a-taro*, the door was opened by a little wizen female, with a patch over her *os frontis*, who, struck almost lifeless to see so fine a lady, and her gaudied livery servant, stammered out, " Your pleasure, good lady, with poor blind people." —" Oh! I *see* it is right, Simeon," said the lady; " you may depart for the present, and wait for me." Simeon retired with a rather suspicious look—which, if it meant any thing, indicated credulity and surprise.

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* Vide Olio, iv. 311.

A chair was put for her ladyship; she sat down in it with as much complaisance as in her own drawing-room. The blind men were wrapped in large blankets, shivering by the fire, and the wizen woman, their nurse, held an abracadabra, muttering to them, to check their chattering, which now gave full vent to the fit on them. The lady raised her hands and eyes to heaven on hearing them. As soon as it subsided, they turned towards their distinguished patroness and visitor, and kneeling before her, gave her the real and fervent outpourings of their hearts in utterance never equalled. The leading boy, their vade mecum and guide, stared in vacant wonder. Their nurse opened her face into singular shapes; and Simeon, as if distrusting the safety of his kind mistress, stood with the door in one hand half opened, and his gold-headed walking stick and hat held in the other.—" Rise, rise!" said her ladyship, in a little squeaking voice and pleasing intonation—" I have brought you this purse—(laying it on the table)—to cure you; for, since your prayers are not heard at the Abbey, by your sincerity I know they will be heard in heaven."—" Amen!" said the blind men—" God will never leave or forsake your ladyship for relieving the poor stone blind!" Like the voluntary after service in the Cathedral, the music of the blind pair commenced in a psalm of thanksgiving as her ladyship descended the stairs; and if ever the heart took a part in lip-service, it was now.

The length to which the article has run in respect of these characters, precludes any further remarks upon others. The lady was

> *Gay* in her taste, and was *gay* in attire,
> But in practice a Christian, with means for desire.

INTERLOCUTOR.

SACRED MELODY.

There is a thought can lift the soul
Above the dull cold sphere that bounds it;
A star that sheds its mild control
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it;
And pours a soft pervading ray
Life's ills may never chase away.

When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd
Of mortal bliss, too like the rest,
Beneaths woe's withering touch hath perish'd;
With fadeless lustre streams that light,
A halo on the brow of night.

And bitter were our sojurn here,
In this wild wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,
The herald of a brighter morrow,—
A beacon of mercy from on high,
To guide us to ETERNITY.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS, AND THE EFFECTS THEREOF.*

MR. DONALDSON, a literary man, in order to attend the House of Commons, had taken apartments in St. Anne's church-yard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised; and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted any thing before he retired to rest; disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress, kept him long awake; at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep he dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavourable, or rather repulsive countenances and demeanour of the two women, precluded all hopes of renewed sleep; and it being the summer season, he rose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit a house of such alarm and terror. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed, as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishopsgate-street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. He stated, that in a few hours after he returned with a friend, to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and the mistress; he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors; but, on entering the house, they found that it was deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in a state which the gentleman's dream had represented. Before I make any observations on the subject, I shall introduce a recital of a similar description, and care not if scepticism sneer, or ridicule deride, satisfied that I heard it from one on whose veracity I could most confidently depend. I will, however, now take leave of Mr. Donaldson, though I could with pleasure dwell much longer on the memory of so valuable a friend. The other extraordinary story to which I have alluded, I heard from what I consider unimpeachable authority. Mrs. Brooke, told me that she was drinking tea one evening in Fleet-street, where a medical gentleman was expected, but did not arrive till late. Apologising for his delay, he said he had attended a lady who suffered under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty in swallowing. She said that she traced the cause to the following circumstance. When she was a young woman, and in bed with her mother, she dreamed that she was on the roof of a church struggling with a man who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a carman's frock, and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again; but the impression of her dream was so strong, that she could not comply. In the evening of the following day, she had appointed to meet her lover at a bowling-green, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement ended. She had passed over one field in hopes of meeting the gentleman, and sung as she tripped along, when she entered the second field, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld, in the corner of the field, just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a carman's frock, with red hair, and apparently approaching towards her. Her agitation was so great, that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sat on the stile to recover herself, and reflecting that the man might be harmless, she was afraid that her flight, on seeing him, might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head. While in this meditation, the man had reached the stile, and seizing her by the neck, he dragged her over the stile, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had pulled off all her clothes, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately, a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others who were approaching, and it was immediately raised. It was evidently not dead, and some of the party remarking that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others to guard and endeavour to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some, at no great distance, saw a man at a public house sitting with a bundle before him. He seemed to be so much alarmed at the sight of the gentlemen, that they suspected him to be the culprit, and determined to examine the bundle, in which they found the dress of the lady, which some of them recognised. The man was, of course, immediately taken into custody, and was to be brought to trial at the apprrching assizes. The lady, however, was too ill to come into court, but appearances were so strong against him, that he was kept in close custody, and when she was able to give evidence, though he appeared at the trial with a different dress and with a wig on, she was struck with terror at the sight of him, and fainted, but gave evidence; the culprit was convicted and executed. The medical gentleman added, that when she had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck, while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the melancholy event occurred. At length, her throat became so contracted, that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance.

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* Records of John Taylor. Bull.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The following extract is from "Our Island;"* consisting of clever and well-written tales:—

" 'Two three-quarters?' 'What's the meaning of two three-quarters?" said a stripling of some eighteen years, who had wandered into this scene of active business. 'Ninety-two three-quarters,' said a good natured broker, with an obvious feeling of compassion for the ignorance of his enquirer. 'What is ninety-two three-quarters,' again asked the young man. 'Consols, to be sure,' returned the broker, passing quickly forward to another place. 'What do you think of it? what do you think of things now?' said a stout gentleman, evidently from the country, to a care-worn personage, whose opinion he seemed anxious to gain. The person whom he addressed was a slim, short, withered form, with a forehead as deeply furrowed as though he had been wont for years to poise the balance of empires. His eyes started strangely from their sockets; his lips seemed the eternal utterers of calculation; his long wasted fingers moved to and fro with a precision which close thought alone could have dictated; whilst the jaundiced sunken cheek betokened the ravages of incessant toils and straining accuracy. 'What do you think?' was the reply of this ghost-like counsellor, who scarcely deigned to cast a look upon his visitor when he spoke. 'I think they'll be lower,' said the other. 'Do you?' was the answer of the broker, who accompanied the exclamation with a convulsive shudder, and a shrewdly penetrating glance. 'What makes you think so?' continued he. 'I think I shall sell ten thousand,' said the countryman. 'Will you?' replied the other, with an air of affected compassion. 'Have you made up your mind?' said he again, after a short pause. 'If you please, sir, said a gay, tripping young woman, 'will you buy a hundred pounds for me into the funds?' 'Into what funds, my dear?' replied the broker. 'Into the three per cents, sir, if you please—if it's worth your while to take so much trouble.' 'That I will, and very much obliged to you, my dear, although it is but half-a-crown.' And so saying, he sprang out with an alacrity peculiar to his craft, and jerking his hand to his hat, with a sudden bow was almost instantly out of sight. A crowd had now collected at the corner of the Exchange, whose eager looks bore evident witness that something of no common occurrence had happened, or was then at hand. These were the frequenters of the great gambling-house, where the changes of men and times are talked over with as much carelessness as the chances of a horse-race. These were the bulls and bears of that day (according to the phraseology of the place), whose characters were for ever shifting with the tides of fortune. He who was a bull a week since, when the funds were at their height, might be an earnest bear a few days after, upon a decline of those securities. A victory or a peace would be wont to make a hundred bulls, or speculators for a rise; a defeat, a few riots, or an unfavourable report, would turn the whole hundred bears beyond redemption. But now there seemed to be something quite rare; it could not be a battle or a conquest—for profound peace reigned throughout the land; it could hardly be a mere disturbance—for an event of that sort would never stir up such a commotion as the present: it was an affair, to judge by the riveted gaze of the multitude, of most unpromising appearance. At this moment, when heads and shoulders were mixed up together in a most motley assembly, a youth, a stranger, who had long watched the party with intense interest, ventured amongst them: but his presence was instantly detected, and no sooner perceived than resented. A general clamour arose; one seized the unhappy intruder by the shoulders, another pulled him by the coat, a third knocked off his hat, and it cannot be ascertained to what extent the violence would have been carried on, had not the young man dexterously extricated himself from his tormentors. Gladly enough did he scamper down the court, into whose precincts he had so incautiously entered; and it is even said, that he felt his pockets as he issued forth from the inhospitable land, fearing that, instead of being punished for his curiosity, he had fallen among thieves. The mysterious conversation still went on; but its purport remained concealed from the public, who continued to stray about the Exchange, buying and selling, as the fancy of each prompted. At length rumours of strange occurrences reached the barrier of that unapproachable spot; and truths, which would have been kept secret had it been possible, were no longer suppressed. It is customary when a failure takes place at the great mart of money, for an individual, appointed to the office, to strike several times against the wall with his hand. This signal announces that bankruptcy has happened; the speculating mob rush together with eagerness to gain the name of the defaulter, and each begins to anticipate the accuracy of his own private surmises. Presently the name is mentioned, and the accounts are of course referred to the all-powerful committee; whilst, if the unfortunate insolvent be a man of note, a hundred tongues are let loose at once, and become profusely slanderous, as jealousy or interest may chance to dictate. 'Bang—bang—bang,' resounded at this time against the wall more than once, or twice, or thrice: the assembly were aghast; no one knew the cause of such united disasters, though whispers of a general bankruptcy were by no means silent. 'Bang—bang—bang,' Consols eighty-eight—seven—six—five four—three—two—one. 'Bang—bang —bang.' Failures of ten, twenty, fifty —one hundred thousand. The public soon participated in the terror—confusion, panic, suspicion, despair, succeeded; and in a very short interval as great an alarm prevailed as when the pretender of fading memory, was marching to London with his handful of Scots. In a quarter of an hour after the breaking out of the rumour, one thousand pounds were worth a diamond of double their cost; and in a short half hour after that, no ordinary man would advance five hundred pounds to his neighbour upon any pretence."

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* E. Bull.

MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN.

Vol. 35 of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, speaking of civilisation in Spain, and showing the superstitious miracles that are attributed to the Virgin, gives the following humorous account:—

"Milagro the third acquaints us with the death of a devotee, who came to a violent end, and, not being judged worthy to be interred in consecrated ground, was hastily thrown into a ditch. Incensed at the dishonour thus offered to his remains, the Glorious appeared to a priest of the same church, and commanded that they should be removed to a decent tomb, threatening to take ample vengeance unless her commands were obeyed. Her will was speedily done: on opening the ditch, a flower of exquisite fragrance was seen growing from the mouth, and the tongue exhibited all the freshness of life. Sometimes she appeared to her dying suppliant, taking care that the soul should be escorted by angels to its eternal reward. Generally, however, her worshippers were too wicked thus summarily to enter heaven, and were fortunate enough to escape, for a time, the doom they deserved. Thus there was a notorious robber by profession, who, with all his crimes, never failed to repeat his Ave, and to bow before the image or picture of Our Lady whenever he saw one. At length he was taken, condemned to be hung, and led away to the gallows which had been erected for him; there his eyes were covered, the rope adjusted to his neck, and up he was hoisted, amidst the acclamations of the spectators, who exulted in his well merited punishment. In appearance, no Jack Ketch could have done his business more dexterously or more effectually; so that, after gazing a time, the crowd departed, together with the ministers of justice. On the third day came the kindred and friends of the culprit to cut down the body and honour it with the rights of sepulture; but, instead of a corpse, they found the rogue, not merely alive, but merry and laughing. He told them that no sooner had the hangman pulled away the platform, than the Glorious placed her hands under his feet, and held them there as comfortably as if he had been seated in an arm-chair; he would have been glad to hang a whole year! The wondrous news flew from mouth to mouth; but some there were who did not believe it, and who exclaimed that he had practised some trick to escape the gallows and the devil. Again was he clutched by the hand of the law, and sentenced to be beheaded; and again did the Glorious befriend him! in vain did the executioners strike; they could not so much as touch him. Astonished at the miracle, they acknowledged the hand of Heaven, and left him in peace. It is added, that he amended his life, and died in a good old age.

"Milagro the twentieth exhibits an equal instance of her maternal care. A monk one day entered a wine-shop, and drank so deeply, that he could not stand on his legs, but laid himself down on the ground. There he remained until the approach of evening, when the vesper-bell smiting his ear, roused him to something like recollection. With difficulty he raised himself, and staggered along the cloisters towards the door of the church. As he proceeded, what should meet him but the devil, in the shape of a bull, which was preparing to gore him with its horns, when the Glorious descended, and with her mantle scared the enemy away. Just however as he was beginning to ascend the steps, the same devil assailed him, in another form; but the same aid was at hand. The third attack was more serious: a large lion, and fierce as large, obstructed his passage, and opened its jaws to devour him. In consternation, he invoked Our Lady's aid; and, as before, she immediately appeared—this time with a large staff in her hand. 'Don Traitor,' said she to the lion, 'hast thou no fear of me? I will now give thee thy deserts, and make thee know what an enemy thou hast dared to brave!' She began lustily to lay on the beast; never were his sides so lathered in his life. 'Don Traitor,' said the Glorious, 'let me again catch thee here, and thou shalt be drubbed still better!' Well pleased was Don Devil to scamper away, and long was it before he was cured of his bruises. Anxious to see her votary in safety, the Glorious took him lovingly by the hand, led him to his dormitory, laid him gently in bed, threw the coverlid over him, put on his nightcap, and said, 'Lie still; for well tired art thou, and a little sleep will recover thee. To-morrow, when thou arisest, go to my friend such-a-one, and confess to him; for he is a good man, and well I know he will give thee heavy penance.' The drunken knave by this time was sufficiently recovered to ask her name; and knowing that she was the mother of our Lord, he attempted to rise and fall at her feet; but she vanished from his eyes. The following day he made his confession, and was absolved, both confessor and penitent being filled with devout astonishment at the condescension of heaven's great queen. Her praises were soon resounded throughout the monastery, both by night and day."

Table Talk.

Singular Tradition.—The inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Sicligully believe that a tiger watches over the deserted tomb of a warrior, whose name has been lost amid the stirring events which followed the early Moosulman conquests of Bengal. The lamp has long ceased to burn upon his grave; but some unseen hand preserves the interior of the mausoleum from the dirt and litter which usually accumulate in ruined buildings. The tomb itself, standing boldly on the summit of a hill in the vicinity of Rajmahal, forms a very interesting and picturesque feature in the landscape. A similar superstition prevails at Secundermallee, in the Carnatic. The mountain is held sacred by all castes, it being supposed to contain the tomb of Alexander the Great, whose temple, on the summit, is said to be regularly swept by royal tigers with their tails.

The Beggars of Mullingar.—"When the gallant 50th were removed to Mullingar, it was supposed that this town produced a greater number of beggars than any in the King's dominions—a swarm of paupers rendered the streets almost impassable, and ingress or egress to or from a shop was occasionally impracticable. Now beggars were to the Mad Major an abomination; and for two days he ensconced himself in his lodgings, rather than encounter the mendicants of Mullingar. Confinement will increase bile, and bile may induce gout; and at last, wearied of captivity, he sallied forth, and to every application for relief he specified an early day, requesting the numerous supplicants to be punctual to the appointed time. His wish was faithfully attended to, and on the expected morning the street where he resided was literally blocked up. The Major, under a volley of blessings, appeared at the hall-door. 'Are you all here?' he inquired in accents of the tenderest compassion. 'All, your honour,—all, young and owld!' responded a big beggar-man. 'We're all here, Colonel, *avorneen!*' exclaimed a red virago, 'but my own poor man, *Brieney Bok-*

kogh; and he, the crater, fell into the fire a Sunday night, and him hearty, and sorrow stir he can make good nor bad.' 'Ah, then,' said the humane Commander, 'why should poor Brien be left out? Arrah! run yourself, and bring the cripple to us!' In a twinkling, off went the red virago, and after a short absence, issued from a neighbouring lane, with Brieney on her shoulders. 'Are ye all here now?' inquired the tender-hearted chieftain. 'Every single sowl of us;' said an old woman in reply. 'Ogh! that the light of heaven may shine on his honour's dying hour, but it's he that's tender to the poor.' 'Amen, sweet Jasus!' responded a hundred voices. 'Silence!' said the Mad Major, as he produced a small book neatly bound in red morocco. 'Whisht, your sowls!' cried the big beggar-man. 'Are ye listening?' 'Sha, sha! yes, yes;' was responded in English and Irish. 'Then, by the contents of this blessed book, and it's the Bible; a rap I won't give one of ye, you infernal vagabonds, if I remained a twelvemonth in Mullingar!'"

Wild Sports of the West.

MACKLIN.—Taylor and Dr. Wolcot were together one evening in the Rainbow Coffee-House, when Macklin came in. "I found his memory (says Mr. Taylor,) much impaired, but he recollected facts, though he forgot names. My little acquaintance with theatrical history, however, enabled me to prompt him, and he told the following story nearly as I shall give it. 'Sir, I remember I once played the character of the boy who wears the red breeches and offends his mother.' 'Jerry Blackaire, in "The Plain Dealer," I suppose, said I. 'Yes, sir, that was the part. Well, sir, I played a great number of tricks to divert the audience; and the chief part was played by the surly, fat fellow, whose name I have forgot.' 'Probably Quin, sir.' 'Ay, sir, that was the man. Well, sir, when I went into the green-room, the surly fat man began to scold me, and told me that while I played my tricks, it was impossible to have a chaste scene with me. I told him that, different as our cast was, I had the public to please as well as himself. 'But, sir,' said he, 'you must get rid of your tricks.' I said I could not. 'But, sir,' said he, 'you shall.' By this time I was provoked, and said, 'You lie.' . . . . At the end of the play he sent me a challenge, and said he should wait for me at the pillar in Covent Garden. But, sir, I was a pantomime cull in those days, and I sent word that I would come to him when the entertainment was over. But, sir, the manager, a sweet man, who was my great friend, resolved that nothing fatal should take place—I forget his name.' 'Probably Fleetwood, sir.' 'Ay, that was the man,—sent a message to the surly fellow at the pillar, and would make up a bed for me at the theatre for fear of consequences, and so the matter ended.'"—*Taylor's Records.*

BIBB, THE ENGRAVER.—"How Bibb supported himself, having relinquished engraving, it would be difficult to conceive, if he had not levied taxes upon all whom he knew, insomuch that, besides his title of Count, he acquired that of 'Half-crown Bib,' by which appellation he was generally distinguished, and according to a rough, and, perhaps, fanciful estimate, he had borrowed at least 2,000*l.* in half-crowns. I remember to have met him on the day when the death of Dr. Johnson was announced in the newspapers, and expressed my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the lumber of learning. I was modestly beginning a panegyric upon the doctor, when he again interrupted me with, 'Oh! never mind that old blockhead. Have you such a thing as ninepence about you?' Luckily for him, I had a little more. There was something so whimsical in this incident, that I mentioned it to some friends, and that and others of the same kind, doubtless, induced Mr. Kenny to make him the hero of his diverting farce, called 'Raising the Wind.' Another circumstance of a similar nature was told me by Mr. Morton, whose dramatic works are deservedly popular. He told me that Bibb met him one day after the successful performance of one of his plays, and, concluding that a prosperous author ought to have plenty of cash, commenced his solicitation accordingly, and ventured to ask him for the loan of a whole crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than three shillings and sixpence. This Bibb readily accepted, of course, but said on parting, 'Remember, I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me eighteen pence.'" *ib.*

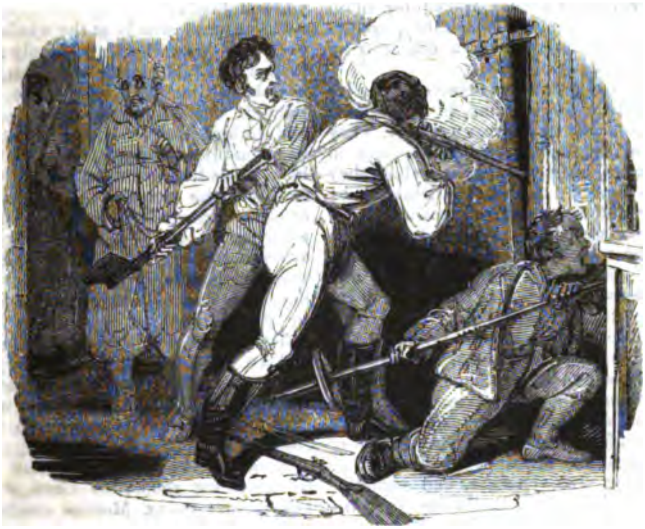
A SAWYER'S EPITAPH.

The grave is like a saw-pit made,
In which like timber men are laid;
The *worms* are *Sawyers* that divide
The finest trunks of human pride. J. R. P.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIII.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Oct. 27, 1838.*



See page 195

Illustrated Article.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.*

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

It is thirty-five years this very month since I was quartered with my regiment in —ford; I recollect the time particularly, for I got my company in the thirty-seventh on the same day that I received an invitation from a Mr. Morden, with whom I had formed a mail-coach acquaintance, to spend a week with him, and join his nephew in partridge-shooting. This gentleman's house was fourteen miles from the town, and situated in a very retired part of the country. It was a wild but beautiful residence, placed upon the extremity of a peninsula, which jutted into an extensive lake. To a sportsman it offered all the inducements that shooting and fishing could afford. But it had others beside these; no man lived better than Mr. Morden, and his daughter Emily, and her orphan cousin, who resided with her, were decidedly the finest women who had attended the last race-ball. No wonder then that I accepted the old gentleman's invitation willingly, and on the appointed day put myself into a post-chaise, and reached the place in time for dinner.

The house was one of those old-fashioned comfortable Irish lodges which are now extinct, or only to be seen in ruins. It was a long low building, covered with an infinity of thatch, which bade defiance to rain, cold, and storm. The tall and narrow casements reached the ground, a handsome flower-knot extended in their front, bounded by a holly hedge, and woodbine and other creepers festooned the windows with their leaves and berries. At some distance a well-stocked haggard peeped over a spacious range of offices; the lawn was studded with sheep, which appeared overburthened with good condition; and as I drove up the avenue I passed a well-featured, well-clad simpleton, urging before him from a neighbouring stubble-field a flock of turkeys, as formidable for numbers as for size. In short, every thing about the place bespoke the opulence and comfort of the proprietor.

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* From "Wild Sports of the West, with Legendary Tales and Local Sketches." A work that cannot fail to interest the general reader and sportsman. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

Mr. Morden was a clever and respectable man; he was land-agent to several large estates, noted for plain and unpretending hospitality, punctuality in business, and a character of unusual determination.

The old gentleman received me with friendly sincerity, and his handsome daughter added a warm welcome. They apologising for not having company to meet me, but "two families which they had expected had been detained by some unforeseen occurrences at home." Dinner was shortly after served. Like the host, it was excellent without display; the wines were superior, and when the ladies left us the claret went round the table merrily.

"We are in trouble here," said Mr. Morden, addressing me, "and you have come to a house of mourning. We have just suffered a serious, I may say irreparable, loss, in the sudden death of two favourite dogs. They were of the genuine breed of Newfoundland, and for size, courage, and sagacity, unequalled. Poor Emily has cried incessantly since the accident."

"Were they stolen?"

"Oh! no, I wish they were, for that would afford a hope that chance or money might recover them. No, sir, they would not follow a stranger; alas! they died yesterday by poison. We unfortunately laid arsenic in a meal-loft to destroy rats; and yet how the poor animals could have got to it is a mystery; the steward declares the key never left his possession. I would give an hundred guineas the meal had been in the bottom of the lake. By Jove! no loss short of the death of a friend could have given us all so much uneasiness. They were my daughter's companions by day, and my protectors at night. Heigh, ho! come, sir, pass the wine." Tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes, as he spoke of his unhappy favourites, and from the valuable properties of the lost dogs it was not surprising that their death occasioned so much regret to the family.

We joined the ladies in the drawing-room. After tea Mr. Morden took a bed-room candle, and apologized for retiring. "Old habits best suit old people, Captain; but I leave you with the ladies, who will sit up till cock-crow if you please;" and, bidding us a good night, he departed.

"Emily," said young Morden, "you are still thinking of your favourites; well, I will ride the country over till I find you a handsome dog, Julia hand me that violin from the piano, and Captain Dwyer will dance a reel with you and Emily."

"Heavens! who is at the window?" exclaimed Miss Morden suddenly; "it looked like that nasty beggarman who has been haunting the house and grounds these three days. Ah, Wolf and Sailor! had you been living that vagabond would not have ventured here at this late hour. Henry Morden had left the room on hearing his cousin's exclamation, but soon returned, assuring the lady that the beggar was a creature of her imagination; he had searched the shrubbery and flower-garden, and no mendicant was to be found in either.

The alarm was speedily forgotten, and we danced reels till supper was announced. The doors were locked, the windows fastened, the ladies wished us good night, and retired to their respective chambers.

Henry and I remained for some time in the eating room; the clock struck twelve, and young Morden conducted me to my apartment, and took his leave.

I felt a strange disinclination to go to bed, and would have given any thing for a book. For temporary employment I unlocked my gun-case, put my fowling-piece together, and examined whether my servant had sent all necessary apparatus along with me. I opened the window-curtains. The moon—a full, bright harvest moon—was shining gloriously on the lawn and lake; I gazed on the sparkling surface of the waters till I felt the chill of the night-breeze; then closing the shutters, reluctantly prepared to undress.

I had thrown my coat and vest aside, when a distant crash was heard, and a fearful noise, with oaths and screams, succeeded. I rushed into the corridor, and encountered a terror-stricken maid-servant running from the extremity of the passage. Miss Morden next appeared; she was in complete dishabille, and had hastily thrown on a dressing-gown. "Good God! Captain Dwyer, what has occurred?" A volley from without prevented my reply, and the crashing of the windows, as the glass was splintered by the bullets, made it unnecessary. "The house is attacked," she said; and then, with amazing self-possession, added, "There are always loaded guns above the kitchen fire-place." We both ran down the corridor, she to alarm her father, and I to procure a weapon; young Morden, armed with a sword, met us. "The attack is upon the kitchen," he said hastily; "it is our weakest point; this way, Captain," and we both entered it together.

There was a bright fire burning on the hearth. The large window was shattered to pieces, and the idiot I had noticed on the lawn was standing beside the ruined casement, armed with a spit, making momentary passes at the breach, and swearing and bellowing frightfully. I leaped upon a table to seize two muskets which were suspended in the place Miss Morden had described. I handed one to Henry, when the fire blazed out suddenly, and discovered me to the banditti without. Instantly three or four shots were discharged. I heard a bullet whistle past my head, and felt something strike my shoulders like a sharp cut from a whip, but having secured the gun, I jumped from the table uninjured. We heard Mr. Morden in the passage; his manner was calm and collected, as he ordered the servant-men to the front of the house, and dispatched his daughter for ammunition.

Meanwhile a dropping fire continued from without: from within no shot had been returned, as the robbers sheltered themselves effectually behind the angles of the offices and the piers of the gates. From some hurried words we overheard they were arranging a determined attack.

"They will make a rush immediately,"—said the elder Morden, coolly, "and here comes Emily in good time; don't come in, love!" and he took some forty or fifty cartridges, which she had brought in the skirt of her dressing-gown. Notwithstanding the peril of our situation, I could not but gaze a moment on the white and statue-looking limbs of this brave and beautiful girl. "Go, love, tell John to bring the Captain's gun-case from his chamber; and do you, Emily, watch from the end window, and, if you perceive any movement on that side, apprise us of it here. Now, my boys, be cool; I'll give my best horse to him who shoots the first man. You have a good supply of ammunition, if we could but coax the scoundrels from their shelter, and I'll try a *ruse*." The old gentleman took the idiot's spit, placed a coat upon it, while Henry and I chose a position at either side of the broken window. Mr. Morden raised the garment to the breach; it was indistinctly seen from without; three bullets perforated it, and it fell. "He's down, by ——!" roared a robber, exultingly. "Now, Murphy, now's your time; smash in the door with the sledge!" Instantly a huge ruffian sprang from behind a gable; his rush was so sudden that he struck twice with shattering force. We heard the hinges give; we saw the door yielding; and, at that critical moment, young Morden's gun missed fire! "Curses light upon the hand that loaded it!" he cried, as he caught up an axe, and placed himself determinately before the door, which we expected to be momentarily driven in. Murphy, perceiving the tremendous effects of his blows, called to his comrades to "*be ready*." He stood about five yards from me; the sledge was raised above his head; that blow would have shivered the door to atoms; I drew the trigger; the charge, a heavy one of duck-shot, passed like a six-pound bullet through the ruffian's body, and he dropped a dead man upon the threshold. "Captain Dwyer," said Mr. Morden "the horse is yours!"

I had now received my own double gun, and gave the musket I had used so successfully to Henry Morden. The death of the ruffian with the sledge brought on a heavy fire from his comrades. Between the volleys they summoned us to surrender, with fearful denunciations of vengeance if we resisted longer. We were within a few yards of each other, and during the intervals of the firing they poured out threats, and we sent back defiance. "Morden, you old scoundrel!" exclaimed the captain of the gang; "in five minutes we'll have your heart's blood." "No," was the calm reply, "I'll live to see you arrayed in cap and halter." "Surrender, or we'll give no quarter." "Cowardly scoundrel! come and try your hand at the sledge!" said the old gentleman, with a cold and sarcastic smile, as he turned his eye on me, where I was watching the door, with the confidence a man feels who has his own trustworthy weapon to depend upon.

"Morden, we'll burn the house about ye." "Will you put the coal in the thatch, Bulger!" "Morden, you have a daughter!" and the ruffian pronounced a horrid threat. The old man shuddered; then, in a low voice tremulous with rage, he muttered, "Bulger, I'll spare five hundred pounds to hang you, and travel five hundred miles to see the sight!"

"The coal! the coal!" shouted several voices, and unfortunately the scoundrels had procured one in the laundry. "By heaven! they will burn us out!" said Henry in alarm. "Never fear!" replied his cooler uncle; "the firing must have been heard across the lake, and we'll soon have aid sufficient." But a circumstance occurred almost miraculously that averted the threatened danger. The moon became suddenly overcast, heavy rain-drops fell, and in an instant an overwhelming torrent burst from the clouds, rendering every attempt the robbers made to ignite the thatch abortive. "Who dare doubt an over-ruling Providence?" said the old gentleman with enthusiasm; "surely God is with us!"

The storm which came to our relief appeared to dispirit our assailants, and their parley recommenced." "Morden," said the captain of the banditti, "you have Lord —'s rent in the house; give us a thousand pounds, and we'll go off and leave you."

"All I promise I'll perform." said the old gentleman coldly. "Bulger, for this night's work you have earned a halter, and I'll attend and see you hanged."—"Dash in the door," exclaimed the robber in a fury; "we'll have the old rogue's heart out!" A volley of stones rattled against the door, but produced no effect, and again the robber parleyed. "Will you give us an hundred, Morden?" "Not a sixpence" was the laconic answer. Once more stones were thrown, shots discharged, and threats of vengeance fulminated by the exasperated villains. At last the demand was reduced to "twelve guineas, a guinea for each man." "They'll be off immediately," said the old gentleman; "they know assistance is at hand: would that we could amuse them for a little longer." But the ruffians were already moving, and Miss Morden presently announced that they were embarking, twelve in number, in a boat. "Now far a parting shot or two," said Henry Morden. We picked up a dozen cartridges, and sallied from the house as the banditti were pulling hard across the lake. We opened a quick and well-directed fire, which they feebly, and without effect, replied to. While a musket-ball would reach them, we plied them liberally with shot; and, as we learned afterwards, mortally wounded one man, and slightly injured two others. As we returned to the house we met some fifty countrymen, armed with all sorts of rustic weapons, coming to our relief. Without a moment's delay we launched boats, and set off to scour the country; and at noon, so prompt and vigorous had been the pursuit, that six of the gang, including the wounded robbers, were secured.

We reached the Wilderness completely exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and the fatigue of the preceding night. We refreshed ourselves and went to bed, but previous to returning to my room I visited the scene of action. Another blow, even a very slight one, must have driven in the door; and in the rush of twelve desperate ruffians the chances would have been fearfully against us. Murphy lay upon his back; he was a disgusting object. The charge of heavy shot made as large a wound as a cannon-bullet would occasion. He was the strongest brute I ever saw; not more than five feet eight inches in height, but his limbs, body, and arms, were a giant's; he was a blacksmith—a man of infamous character, and most sanguinary disposition.

Our escape from robbery was fortunate indeed; Mr. Morden had 7,000*l.* that night in the lodge, for he had just received the rents of two estates. It was almost entirely paid in specie. This was of course known, and two desperate bands, who had kept the adjoining counties in alarm since the rebellion was suppressed, united for the purpose of robbing "the Wilderness," and securing this immense booty.

The body of the smith was sent away, and having brought the battle to a close, I shall explain some matters connected with this daring outrage.

A man named Mitchell originated the intended robbery, and arranged the method of attack. He was a slight, low-sized person, but his activity was amazing, and no attempt was too hazardous for his desperate courage to undertake. On the morning of his execution—(he, with three others, was hanged the subsequent Assizes)—he gave us a cool detail of his plans. The dogs were to be destroyed, and the premises reconnoitred. In the disguise of a beggar he effected both; laid meat, prepared with arsenic, for the poor animals; then made his way into the kitchen, and ascertained that the fastenings of the back-door were defective. He purposed surprising the family at supper, or forcing an entrance when they were asleep. The first attempt he made at the drawing-room, but quickly perceiving that he had been observed by Miss Morden he retired hastily. A council was held by the robbers, and it was fortunately determined to postpone the attack until the family had gone to rest.

Nothing could be bolder or more likely to succeed than Mitchell's desperate resolution. It was to leap feet foremost through the window, armed with a dagger, and open the back-door for his associates. He made the attempt, and providential circumstances alone prevented its being successful. That very morning a small iron bar had been placed across the window, it caught the robber in his leap, threw him back with violence, and the noise, attended with the outcry of the idiot, alarmed the family instantly.

Circumstances, they say, will often make men courageous. In this case it had the same effect on two beings of a very different description—a lovely girl and an idiot boy. Miss Morden throughout the trying scene displayed the coolest courage, and the poor simpleton who commonly would avoid the appearance of a gun, armed with his spit, defended the breach like a hero.

We met at dinner. Julia, Miss Morden's cousin, would hardly venture to join us, for her brother rated her timidity severely. When the alarm was heard the fearful girl buried her face beneath the bed coverings, and remained in pitiable agitation until the contest ended. Mr. Morden took her from his daughter's arm, kissed her, and congratulated her on their delivery from the last night's danger.

"You little coward," said the old man, jocularly, "you must give your deliverer one kiss for your preservation." The blushing girl received my salute. Miss Morden took my hand. "You, too, Emily, will you not reward your protector ?" Without coquetry she laid her lips to mine, and that kiss was a sufficient recompense for twice the peril I had encountered.

For me no praises seemed sufficient; the successful defence was attributed to my exertions; and the fortunate shot that killed the villain smith was never to be sufficiently recommended.

My visit ended—*I was in love with Emily;* but then I had little chance of succeeding to the property, which afterwards, by a chapter of accidents, fell to me; and a company of foot was all my earthly riches. She was an heiress; would it be generous to take advantage of a casual service, and press a suit that would be as painful to refuse as unlikely to be granted ? I mean (so says vanity) by Mr. Morden. No; I overcame the temptation of risking a trial, and returned to —ford, possessing the esteem and good wishes of every inhabitant of "the Wilderness."

I was on parade some mornings after I rejoined the regiment, when a horse, splendidly accoutred, with a superb tiger-skin, holsters, saddle, and every housing fit for a field officer, was led into the barrack-yard by a groom. The animal was a perfect picture of symmetry and strength; a dark cheenut, sixteen hands high, and worth at least two hundred guineas. The groom presented me a letter—it was from Mr Morden; the horse was a present.

Emily and her cousin married most happily, and we have often met since. They treat me as sisters would a brother, and we frequently talk of the night attack upon "the Wilderness."

Three years passed away; the gang had been incessantly followed by Mr. Morden, and were extirpated, with the solitary exception of Captain Bulger.—Dreading the sleepless vengeance of that determined old man, this ruffian fled the country, and established himself in a disaffected district of the south.

In the interim I got a Majority in the Seventieth, then quartered in Cork. Soon after I joined I happened to be field officer of the day on which a notorious criminal was doomed to suffer. The regiment had given a guard, and curiosity induced me to attend the execution.

I entered the press-room. In a few minutes the malefactor appeared in white grave-clothes, attended by two priests. It was "mine ancient enemy," Bulger! Suddenly the Sheriff was called out, and after a short absence returned, accompanied by a plain, vigorous country gentleman, enveloped in a huge driving coat, and apparently like one who had travelled a considerable distance.

I looked at the criminal; he was the ruin of a powerful man, and the worst-visaged scoundrel imaginable. He was perfectly unmoved, and preserved a callous sort of *hardiesse*, and, as the priests hurried over their Latin prayers, made a careless response whenever they directed him. The door leading to the drop was open; the felon looked out upon the crowd most earnestly. "He is not there," he murmured; "he caused my apprehension, but he will not see me die!" and added with a grim smile, "Morden, you neither kept your word nor proved your prophecy!" The muffled stranger stood suddenly forward—"I am here, Bulger! I paid for your apprehension, and have come some hundred miles to witness your execution!"

"Morden," said the dying felon solemnly, "if a ghost can come back again, I'll visit you!"

The person addressed smiled coldly. "I found you unable to execute your threats while living, and, believe me, I apprehend nothing from you when dead."

The clock struck—the Sheriff gave the signal—Bulger advanced to the scaffold—the drop fell—and in two minutes he was a corpse.

SUNSET.

The panorama of the evening this!
The streaks of golden ether look as lakes
Beyond the hills, with clouds, like boats of bliss
Sailing in safety as the windforce slakes
Their beauty in the flood of light. Sunset
Is Autumn's canopy; the western Grot
Beckoning Retirement, ere the stars are met,
And calling Meditation to the spot
Of tranquil Heaven. The weary heart might
Pour out its sighs in gentleness: the lid
Might press in holy Prayer the fondest tear,
And by its sorrow's shade be scarcely chid,
So calm the throne of Glory's hemisphere,
Till past the lands of Day the Sun has slid.

J. R. P.

BLANCHE ROSE.

Concluded from page 185.

The clear day was bright upon the camp, and the long black lines of men at arms were pouring through the white tents like torrents towards the town, but all beneath the wall was lost in dust and smoke, through which the tall black giant tower of assault* rose almost as high as the ramparts, where the dim grey battlements could be discerned crowded with men. Albert stood upon the rock under the standard † before the tent, and watched the black columns pouring into the cloud, which swallowed them in its darkness. As the sun approached, the faint flash of the crescents and crowded arms could be seen glittering along the ramparts, and at quick intervals the fearful shock of the *war wolves*,‡ sent up a cloud of dust from the wall; and as it swept off, a deep black gap appeared in the battlemente and glittering line of arms. All at once the vast dark mighty column of the tower began to move, and rose slowly out of the smoke till it looked over the rampart; a thunder of shouts rolled up from the host, and suddenly the flash of arms and banners receded like a bright wave along the wall. In an instant a little bridge fell from the top of the turret upon the battlement, and a white knight, followed by a glittering stream of glaives and lances, rushed over to the rampart. A terrific cry came from the turret, and re-echoed from the moat—"*Raymond of Toulouse! Raymond of Toulouse!*" and Albert distinguished the glorious figure of his master and the white cross of France. One moment he gazed, one moment knelt upon the rock, one moment lifted up his cross, and rushed down into the stream of the assault.

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* A wooden tower of a height equal to the wall of a besieged place, was one of the ancient engines of a siege. It was moveable upon block wheels, and provided with a "fall-bridge," one similar to a draw-bridge, to drop from the summit upon the battlement. The historians mention with astonishment two of prodigious size used at the assault of Jerusalem under Godfroi de Boulogne, and constructed by Count Raymond. The first when brought to the wall was found too low, and was afterwards burned in a sally of the Saracens; but the second had a small internal turret capable of being elevated by ropes and pullies. When the Saracens saw it brought to the wall, they treated it with contempt incited by the failure of the first; but their consternation was great when they saw the summit begin to move, and rise slowly up to a height greater than that of the battlements of the town. A successful lodgement was made by means of the "*fall-bridge*," and the city taken soon afterwards.

† Anciently in a camp, every leader, of the rank of a Baron, had a banner (i.e.) a square flag emblazoned with his amorial coat, pitched before his tent. This flag was much larger than the banner *carried* with the troops, and being only used for pitching in the ground, was thence called a "*Stand-ard*." The same is now confounded with common military ensigns; though it is properly regulated, by its use, and had an established stated dimension, according to the rank of its owner, from that of an Emperor to a Baron. None under this last rank could display his arms in a *banner*, properly so called, for that of a banner-et was only his guydon with the points cut off.

‡ There were two kinds of engines called "*war-wolves*." One was a sort of ponderous wooden grate used to break a battering-ram, &c.; the other, which is here meant, was a machine for casting vast stones. Edward I. at the siege of Stirling used one, which is said to have thrown pieces of rock weighing three cwt. —*Mat. Par.* Several kinds of engines were named from animals; as the *War-wolf*, for casting stones; the *Ram*, for battering; the *Tortoise*, for covering the working party under a wall; the *Cat* and the *Sow*, moveable coverings, or close sheds on wheels, under which the besiegers made their approaches to the ditch. From these names war engines were generally called in French *Beasteaus*, and in old English, *Beastial*, and *Beastial of Tree*.—Old romances, Barbour's Bruce, the Blind Minstrel, &c. &c.

The black terrible tide went on like a torrent into the moat, and the storm of the escalade thickened under the breach; but nothing was visible in the thick darkness, and the black dense press went on and disappeared into the cloud, man over man, till it almost filled up the deep black visionless gulf of the moat which roared round it like the bottomless pit. At intervals the heavy shot† rebounded on the wall, and the rolling ruin and storm of the defence rained down fire, and thunder, and battle sleet, through the black cloud: but the slow dark iron tide went on—and on—and on—over the falling heaps, till suddenly there was an explosion as if the heaven and the earth burst amidst the darkness. A moment of fearful stillness prevailed, the smoke rolled away, and the breach appeared to the sun, and all the thick glittering stream of helms and crosses going up over the ruined wall like a swarm of locusts. Again there was rescue—again the charge—and as the cloud opened and shut—now helmets, now turbans glistened in the breach; but suddenly a broad bright gleam broke on the towers, and the white figure of Earl Raymond appeared on the top turret. A moment he stood amidst the smoke in the sight of all the hosts, and suddenly mounting the bartizan, pitched the white banner in the sun, and began to sing the battle hymn of Toulouse. The field—the breach—the crowded towers sent up a shout like the sea roar, and as the bright silk flew in the wind, the darts and shot clinked upon the knight's mail, and glanced through the fluttering banner like sharp sleet. Raymond stood still amidst the shower, waving his hand over the assault, and singing a battle chorus.

As the coming stream poured up towards him, a sudden crowding, a dark object appeared upon a turret, and the black bow of a scorpion moved on the wall, and levelled upon the knight. For an instant it lay upon the battlement, till suddenly the bright eye of the arrow looked at him over the stone; a universal cry and waving of hands and caps came from the assault, but Raymond stood still, waving his hand, and singing the song, till a wild cry, a flying shadow came through the smoke, and at the moment that the dart parted from the cord, *Albert* threw himself upon the breast of his master, the hissing shaft struck short and sharp in his back, and he dropped from the bosom of the knight upon the rampart.

The dart snapped upon the stone, but the bright point stood stiff and red through the breast of his coat; Raymond dropped his banner, and gave a cry of grief, and drew out the broken wood; and as the clear blood gushed after, tore open the breast of the page to stanch the wound, when, as he undid the gorget, he discovered, not the dark neck of a sun-burnt boy, but the white snowy throat of a maiden bosom!

She turned her face to the stone—"Thank God!" she said, "I die for you, *as you died for me!*"

Raymond raised her eagerly in his arms—"Who! Who are you?" he exclaimed, looking wildly upon her dark face and snow-white bosom.

"I was—*Blanche Rose!*" whispered the page.

Raymond fell upon her face, and for a moment held her to his mailed breast as still and silent as herself; but suddenly he started up, and rending his surcoat, bound the fillets round her bleeding breast; but still as he would fold over fold with wild eagerness, the red blood came through the silk.

"It is not painful," said Blanche, "it will soon be past!"

Raymond dropped the last bandage, and gazed upon her with the fixedness of despair, as she lay still in his arms, her white passive face reclined upon his breast, and her cold hand resting quiet in his mail glove. For awhile she lay like one composing into sleep, at last she lifted her heavy eyes—

"I am happy! I die in peace!" she said; and turned her face to his bosom like an infant to its rest; and one long tremulous sigh, and her breast became still, her hand unclosed, the smile fixed on her white lip, and the tear in her eye, and she lay calm, and still, and placid, like a child on its parent lap.

. . . .

They buried them together in the valley af Jehosaphat, and raised over them a grave of simple turf; for he said, "Let our pillow be the earth where He has trodden, and let His light shine upon us by day, and His dew come down upon our breast at night."

There is a palm-tree at the head of the heap, and a little well at the foot, and one white rose of Sharon that blossoms very sweet over the brink, and sheds the incense of the earth over their breasts who sleep below. At evening the gazelle comes to feed upon the green turf, and the bulbul sings on the bough over his flower, and the palmer at noon takes his branch from the tree, and a blossom from the bush, and sits in the shade, and drinks out of the well.

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† The stones and various missiles of Balistæ and other engines, were called "*shot*," as the engines and their materials were called "*artillery*" several centuries before the invention of guns.

Tait's Edin. Mag.

TABLETS FOR THE ANNUALS.
FIT FIRST.

For the Olio.

1. COMIC OFFERING.

He that would break the chain of care and laugh;
He that would shake his sides and relish it;
Might, for the Winter, chuse a "better half,"
And wed the "Comic Offering" for its wit.

2. AMULET.

None could suspend this "Amulet" with ease,
As an external ornamental charm:
But all might fix it in the mind that please,
And by its mental power be led from harm.

4. KEEPSAKE.

Here lies the "Keepsake," wrapp'd in tasteful robes,
Guarded by leafy pages gilt above:
May no rude hand that its attractions probes,
Refuse to keep it for the sake of Love!

5. FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

Tried friendship is a virtue. Take this gift;
Accept it as a friend that comes with peace;
It will not fail to put *ennui* adrift,
But yield vibrations for the mind's release.

6. FORGET-ME-NOT.

"Do not forget me!"—'Tis the heart's request:
Warm'd by a lover's or a friend's desire;
'Tis memory's worth, by feeling thoughts caress'd,
And lights the spirit with enchanting fire.

INTERLOCUTOR.

ON SECOND MARRIAGES.

The shipwrecked sailors, who again
To storms expose their lives,
Show far more wisdom than the men
Who marry second wives.

COUNTRY COUSINS.

"The Flybekins were distant connexions of the great Lord B. living 'genteely' in the West of England; and Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin were the only adult members of the family at the period of the incident which gave rise to this anecdote. It happened once that these 'country cousins' were possessed with an uncontrollable desire to enter within the hitherto unapproached circle of London fashion and gaiety in which their noble relatives moved with such distinction. Every thing was propitious in furtherance of the meditated scheme: the spring was approaching, London filling, the country emptying, and the children could all go to school. A few weeks 'in town, just to see what was going on,' would be fully worth the journey, especially as it would afford an opportunity for them to commence an acquaintance with their magnificent relations: and as the boys were growing up, it might be serviceable to their interests to tighten the bonds of connection a little, which had, from lapse of time, and want of intercourse, become somewhat loosened. There is an old saying 'where there is a will, there is always a way.' In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin, being bent on the measure, argued themselves into a belief of the projected visit being nothing short of an imperative moral duty. When matters had gone thus far, a hint was dropped in the drawing-room. which immediately reached the 'domestic department,' and very soon spread through the village,—as the smallest stone falling into water creates successive circles around the spot where it fell, each increasing in circumference. Accordingly, the Flybekins were the centre of attraction on the following Sunday, after morning service. Hearty congratulations, and ardent wishes for a pleasant trip, with various commissions, pressed upon them. The newest fashions were promised to be brought down, and the village milliner looked forward to a glorious triumph over all her rivals in the trade about the country. The happy pair were on the pinnacle of provincial glory; he was expected to return with the true state of foreign affairs and the nation, from the intercourse he would enjoy with the peer; she was expected to import news of operas, plays, music, novels, writers, balls, routs, drawing-rooms and dresses, from her intercourse with the peeress. In all the pleasures to which they looked forward there was but one drawback, viz. a most extraordinary dread of London fires at night! and this originated in the frequent occurrence in their county paper of paragraphs headed 'Another alarming conflagration; many lives lost!'—put in either to aid the insurance office or fill the paper. As our rustic pair had never visited the metropolis, they did not know but Leadenhall Street and Hyde Park, Lambeth and Portland Place, might all be close neighbours;

therefore, however distant the fires might be, they fancied they occurred nearly in the same place; and from the time Mr. and Mrs. Flybekins resolved to visit town, scarcely a night passed in which they did not start in terror from their dreams, screaming 'Fire, fire!' All was hurry and preparation at 'the lodge,' until the anticipated arrival of the 'Barnstable Sociable' one morning at the door, summoned the ambitious pair; and on the fourth day of their departure from Devonshire, they were duly set down at the White Horse Cellar, for road making had not then received the magic touch of Macadam. The next day was occupied in searching for, and entering, suitable lodgings; and the following day, having hired a carriage, which their unpractised eyes considered most elegant in size and equipment, they sallied forth, armed with a card-case, and a long list of commissions, the practised horses going at the full rate of six miles an hour. A friendly and familiar visit over to some Devonshire friends in Devonshire Place, they essayed next to discharge the now almost dreaded call of state; for that which, contemplated at a distance, imparted joy and hope, when at hand possessed something of awe mingled with these feelings. Arrived in Grosvenor Square, after sliding along the gutter close by the foot pavement, the distance of two or three houses, and with a little preliminary tug of the reigns, the coachman drew up opposite the door of No. —. Two powdered lackeys in rich livery were peering through the long narrow windows on each side of the door, and anticipated the intention of the diminutive, bandy footman, of knocking, (that is, if he could have reached the knocker). To the question of 'Lord and Lady B. at home?' a negative answer was delivered; they were gone to the country, but were expected back to dinner. A card was then handed in, inscribed in the neatest spider-pattern hand-writing of Mrs. Flybekin; and they drove off to pursue the agreeable pastime of shopping and going through part of the list of commissions, vivenda and agenda, with which they were provided. As the Flybekins drove along the streets, the words 'Patent Fire-escapes,' in large letters, upon the front of a tall-house, attracted their attention, and roused all their latent fears of London fires, with accounts of which, the newspapers so frequently teemed. A fire-escape would impart security to sleep, and might be taken down into the country. Accordingly, the check-string was pulled, the manufactory entered, the machines inspected, an economical one selected by each; and in an hour after their arrival at home to dinner, the fire-escapes were duly mounted in one of the front bedroom windows. Their evening meal being finished at the barbarous hour of nine, the Flybekins began to yawn over the events of the past day, and the prospective engagements of the morrow. The excitements of the morning in the crowded London streets had completely tired the rustic couple, who being susceptible of no further excitement, sought repose at this early hour, and were both soon wrapt in deep sleep. Leaving them to enjoy their repose, we return to Grosvenor Square. The noble pair returned to a family dinner, and on entering the house, read, with strained eyeballs, the card deposited that morning by the Flybekins, and with some such an expression of countenance as one may be supposed to assume in discovering something in a drawer more than was anticipated. 'Umph!' said the peer, 'the Flybekins in town! what could have brought them up so far from the country?' 'Something that will not detain them long, I hope,' dryly answered Lady B. 'Yet we must take some notice of these country cousins,' said the peer; 'let us invite them to a family dinner.' 'Well, if we must,' said the countess, shrugging her shoulders; and with that the subject dropped for the time. Now it is quite clear, that however brilliant might have been the prospects of the Flybekins, the peer and his lady wished them any where but in London; and, rather than invite them to Grosvenor-square to dinner, the former would have been glad to be let off with a writership for one of the sons in India. Their carriage was ordered at ten, to convey them to the Duchess of R.'s party, and Lord B. proposed to make a friendly call upon their relations before waiting on her grace. Accordingly thither they drove, accompanied by two footmen, bearing flaming flambeaux, the custom of the great in those days, when the town was not so well lighted as in the present age. The signs of this custom are indeed still to be seen in front of many houses, which served for the footmen to extinguish their lights. Meantime the Flybekins slept on, not dreaming of the honour intended them, and were as soon sound asleep as Duncan in Macbeth's castle, when a loud thundering rap at the door startled them amid their slumbers. The diminutive bandy footman had gone home with the coachman and horses, the landlady and her family had followed the example of her lodgers, and before any one could rise to unbar and open the door, to ascertain the cause of such an unusual alarm, a second louder and longer rap had been made upon it, and which awoke the sleepers to an instinctive idea that the house was on fire; a notion confirmed by the strong glare of red light reflected against their windows, and illuminating the apartment, as the footmen impatiently shook thousands of sparks from the flambeaux. As Bonaparte observed upon another occasion, 'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step.' So it was with the Flybekins. From the most sublime repose they hurried into the ridiculous fire-escapes, in the full conviction that the lower part of the house was on fire; and without waiting to dress, or inquire into the real state of affairs, they gave the signal word—'Now!' and both descended in all the freshness of their fears before the pavement of the door! The wondering lord and lady, and still more wondering footman, gazed upon the apparition before them with the most inexplicable amazement, totally at a loss to conceive the cause of such a novel reception. The terrified pair were, like Othello, 'perplexed in the extreme,' when they found themselves, instead of being in the confusion of a fire, deposited beneath the windows of a magnificent carriage, attended by footmen with white torches, and a full-dressed lady and gentleman enquiring after them, and the meaning of the extraordinary descent. A few minutes served to explain the *mal-a-propos* mistake; the detected pair sought refuge in the hall of the house, with some such feelings as our first parents experienced when they had tasted the fatal apple in the garden of Eden. The carriage rolled away with the tittering coachman and footmen, and the ill-suppressed mirth of their master and mistress, who quickly disseminated the story throughout the fashionable throng of the party, whither they were bent, and which remained a standing joke wherever Lord and Lady B. appeared. Humbled and confused, the unhappy Flybekins could not retrieve the blunder they had committed, and prudently resigned all their ambitious schemes. So they returned to Devonshire with the unlucky fire-escapes, sincerely regretting they had ever been tempted to purchase them. But although the disaster had got wind, and with various versions had reached even into Devonshire, they were much consoled by the following narration of it which appeared in the county paper, in a light most favourable to their interests and reputation, although totally devoid of truth in almost every particular. The *flaming* paragraph run thus:—'We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin, of ——, in this county, while upon a visit to their noble relatives, Lord and Lady B. in London, narrowly escaped being burnt to death. The devouring element almost destroyed the lower part of the family mansion in Grosvenor-square, over which the lady and gentleman slept, who had retired early to bed, and who by the accidental return of Lord and Lady B. from a party, were awakened only just in time to effect their retreat by means of a fire-escape, fortunately attached to their bed-room window. We are informed that the fire occurred in consequence of the footmen appointed to sit up for their master and mistress having fallen asleep, leaving a lighted candle in the room. Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin escaped, with the loss of all their clothes but what they hurried on in the confusion, and were conveyed to a neighbouring hotel by their noble relatives, where they received succour for the night.' But unhappily for the Flybekins, the naked truth at length forced its way into Devonshire, and the true statement of the matter was circulated as above related, and now handed down to their posterity. Thus the best version of their story only placed them 'out of the fire into the frying-pan,' and the unlucky fire-escapes merely saved them from the fear of being *badly burnt*, in order that they might all the rest of their lives be *well roasted!*"—*Comic Offering.*

LA BELLE CAUCHOISE.

Gentle Reader, have you ever been at Dieppe or Rouen?—If not, take my advice, and go there as speedily as possible, and I promise you you will see sights which will amply repay you for any thing disagreeable that you may encounter in the voyage.

At the latter end of the month of May, 1830, I became an invalid; and instead of following my doctor's recommendation of spending a month at Brighton, determined at all risks to see something of life abroad; and taking advantage of the steam vessel, soon found myself at Dieppe. I was no stranger to the country itself; but I confess that had I been set down in Rotterdam, the appearance of the town and its residents could hardly have presented a stronger contrast than that of the people of Normandy, as compared with the inhabitants of the northern provinces of the same nation.

The peculiarities which first strike a stranger in this neighbourhood, is the grotesque attire of the greater part of the population, the form of which has undergone scarcely any alteration since the fifteenth century; indeed it is still the custom of the inhabitants of Normandy to transmit, from one generation to another, the rich cap of Flanders lace, with its accompaniment of gold ornaments, that adorned the heads of their respective families some hundred years before.

The first object that presented itself on my landing, that I had an opportunity of particularly observing, was the person of a young woman, apparently the daughter of some small farmer. She was seated at the foot of the gigantic cross on the right hand side of the cliff, and seemed to be watching the world of waters, as though in the hope of catching the first sight of some expected sail.

She was dressed in the full costume of Normandy, with none of those attempts at modification which destroy the picturesqueness of the ancient without achieving the simplicity of the modern style of dress. Her petticoat was made of scarlet serge, gathered round the waist in as many plaits as the utmost ingenuity could extort out of the material; the body of the dress was brown, with sleeves closely fitting the arms. A scarlet fringed handkerchief covered her neck, and a bright purple apron completed this part of her attire. Let no hyper-critic call in question the harmony of colours thus displayed;—they were those chosen by Raphael of old as fit investiture for his Madonnas; and certainly on the maiden in question they looked both attractive and picturesque. Her cap—but how can I describe the tower of stiffened muslin that she bore upon her head!—a framework of pasteboard was first erected, in form somewhat resembling a half-crescent; this was covered with blue silk, which was succeeded in its turn by folds of snowy muslin, richly garnished with the finest Flanders lace;—waving lappets, having something of the appearance of wings, rested on the shoulders;—and massive golden earrings, with rings on two of her fingers, and a cross and clasp of the same precious metal appended to her neck, completed her costume.

No sooner did she find that she was an object of remark, than she arose and left her seat, whilst I, on my part, availed myself of one of the many "recommendations" thrust upon me, and repaired to an hotel. I inquired of the garçon at what hour the inhabitants were accustomed to avail themselves of the advantage of their pleasant boulevards, and having been informed that my lucky stars had led me to Dieppe on a *fete* day, and that all the beauty and fashion of the place would be congregated in its precincts between the hours of eight and nine in the evening, I determined to be present.

The sun had scarcely set when I arrived at the scene of festivity, and I have seldom beheld a more agreeable spectacle. The air was loaded with fragrance, and the place was radiant with happy faces. The birds warbled, the music echoed, and a spring tide of enjoyment seemed flowing on the good Dieppois of all ranks. I looked around (I may as well confess it) for the fair Cauchoise,—she was no where to be seen, and I felt more disappointed than I cared to avow even to myself. I lingered hour after hour in the hope of meeting with her, and still she came not; at length when I was about to leave the spot, I perceived her sitting with a matron, at the extreme edge of the circle that surrounded the group of dancers.

I approached the spot with an air of nonchalance, and ventured a few commonplace inquiries of the old lady. She appeared gratified with the air of deference with which I listened to her replies; and when I solicited her good offices in procuring me the hand of her young companion as partner in the dance, she seconded my request with a great shew of earnestness. In due form I solicited the honour; but in vain. It was declined, civilly, coldly, and peremptorily. There was nothing of coquetry in her manner, and I did not therefore repeat the request. My ancient ally was not so soon to be discouraged; and she continued to repeat, "Now do, dear Madeleine, oblige Monsieur; he is a stranger." The nymph turned to me with the air of a princess, and fixing her large blue eyes on my face, in a few words begged me to believe, that if she had intended dancing at all, she would at once have availed herself of my politeness; but added she in a low voice, "I shall never dance again!" Her large eyes filled with tears as she spoke—she then arose, and taking the arm of her companion, left the spot.

There was nothing particularly flattering in this; yet, I confess, that the air with which these few words were uttered, changed the whole tenor of my feelings towards her. I repented of the style of levity with which I had allowed myself (not to address), but to think of her;—from a frivolous admirer, those few words had converted me into her sincere friend. I returned home, but could not get rid of her image—I sought her the next day at the crucifix—and on the boulevard, but she was not to be seen. I then visited the churches; and at length discovered her in the one least frequented by strangers. She was leaning over the balustrades of one of the lesser chapels so common in Catholic churches, her rosary and her mass book in her hand; while two tapers burned before the image beside which she was sitting.

Having completed her devotions, she left the shrine, and hastened towards the door, at which she was about to make her exit, when with a feeling of unfeigned respect, I ventured to present the holy water for her use. She appeared to hesitate for a moment, as to whether it would be proper to receive such a mark of attention at my hands; and then, with a movement of thanks, availed herself of it. She passed out of the church; I did not follow her, for I felt that I had no right to subject her to attentions that appeared to be distasteful to her. I returned to my hotel; but was unable to shake off entirely the spell that possessed me. I was not in love with her; of that I assured myself at least ten times a day; and I resolved from mere curiosity to ask my landlady if she knew her, and who she was. Several times I summoned a voice of indifference to propose the "casual" inquiry; but somehow, I don't know how it was, the right words never presented themselves at the right time; and thus a week slipped by, and I was as ignorant of her name and station as when I first beheld her. At length a chance occurrence enabled me to propose the long meditated question. My landlady happened to be in my room (on her daily tour of inquiry, whether every thing was *comme il faut?*) when the maiden in question passed my window. I advanced towards it; and asked with as much indifference as I could affect, who the young lady might be, who had just crossed to the opposite side of the street? My informant stepped on the balcony for an instant, and returned with the long-wished for intelligence—"It was Mademoiselle Vermont, the only child of a small farmer in the neighbourhood. Poor thing!" ejaculated my kind-hearted hostess, "she has never looked up since Pierre Vermont, her cousin, went away. Evil befall the hard-hearted father, who drove to desperation so noble a youth."

My heart sank within me as I entreated Madame de Louvois to be seated, and begged her to favour me with the history of the young man in question. Madame put her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, with true French sentiment, and proceeded to give in detail the history which I purpose to give in a few words. She told me, with much circumlocution, that Mademoiselle was the only child of her parents, who were well to do in a small way; that the brother of her papa, on his death-bed, had bequeathed to him his only wealth in the person of a boy, a few years older than his own child; that the young people had grown up together; and the love they bore each other in childhood had increased with their years. For some time all went on well. At length the parents of Madeleine received an offer of marriage on her behalf from a thriving notary of Rouen; and when it is remembered that the Normans are allowed to be the most litigious people on the face of the earth, the disappointment occasioned by Madeleine's calm declaration that she would have nothing to do with him were he as rich as Crœsus, may readily be conceived.—Papa *sacred;* mamma wept; and Monsieur *le Curé* was summoned: they scolded, and entreated, and cajoled—in vain; and at length the young lady added temerity to disobedience, by declaring that not only would she not marry the notary, but that she would marry her poor cousin! At this declaration they crossed themselves, and locked her up.

The next morning on opening her casement, a note was discovered between the branches of the grape vine. It contained a few hurried lines from Pierre, to the purport that he could not bear to be the cause of disunion in a family to which he was so much indebted; that he loved her far better than life itself; that it was his intention to join in the army, then about to leave the port of Marseilles on an expedition to Algiers; that if fortune favoured him he would return, and claim her hand; and that if not, she would never see him again!

It were vain to describe the consternation that followed this discovery. The maiden refused to be comforted, and at the end of the week the whole party were obliged to capitulate; a messenger was dispatched, and Pierre was to be recalled. The summons was, however, too late; the vessels had left the harbour, and had been long out of sight. "Since that period," added Madame, "Mademoiselle has walked about like a ghost, marring by her presence every spectacle to which her mother carries her. The only enjoyment *she* seeks, is to sit at the foot of the old cross on sunny afternoons, to watch the vessels that enter the harbour, and to search the journals for news from Algiers."—I thanked my hostess for her story, and bowed to her superior experience in love matters, when she added, in a whisper, "that such conduct proved Mademoiselle to be little better than an innocent."

I need hardly say, that after this story I discontinued my attentions to the lady—save in the single instance of presenting the holy water. This pleasure I could not deny myself; until it seemed an understood thing between us, that I should offer, and that she should receive this courtesy at my hands. At length the beginning of July arrived, and I was thinking of taking my departure from Dieppe. Mademoiselle had disappeared from church. A rumour reached us, that a part of a fleet had arrived at Marseilles, crowned with victory from Algiers. The news was confirmed,—the Gazette announced that Pierre Vermont had distinguished himself so highly during an engagement, that he was specially recommended by his superior officers to his majesty for promotion.

I delayed my departure from Dieppe a fortnight longer, and had the pleasure of dancing with Madame Vermont, on her wedding day.

Since my return, my taste has been flattered by the discovery that I am not the only Englishman to whom the fair Madeleine has proved an object of attraction. Unless my memory strangely deceives me, I recognize her portrait in the Cauchoise Girl of Newton, which adorns the magnificent collection of Colonel Hugh Baillie.—*Literary Souvenir.*

Customs.

The following is given by Jaffer Shureef as the opinions formed on each day of the week by the Moosulmans of India:

If a person have his measure taken for new clothes on a Sunday, he will be sorrowful and crying. If on a Monday, he will have ample food and provisions. If on a Tuesday, his clothes will be burnt. If on a Wednesday, he will enjoy happiness and tranquillity. If on a Thursday, it will be good and propitious. If on a Friday, it will be well. If on a Saturday, he will experience numerous troubles and misfortunes.

If one put on a suit of new clothes on a Sunday, he will experience happiness and ease. If on a Monday, his clothes will tear. If on a Tuesday, even if he stand in water his clothes will catch fire. If on a Wednesday, he will readily obtain a new suit. If on a Thursday, his dress will appear neat and elegant. If on a Friday, as long as the suit remains new he will remain happy and delighted. If on a Saturday, he will be taken ill.

If a person put on a suit of new clothes in the morning, he will become wealthy and fortunate. If at noon, it will appear elegant. If at about sunset, he will become wretched. If in the evening, he will continue ill.

If a person bathe on a Sunday, he will experience affliction. If on a Monday, his property will increase. If on a Tuesday, he will labour under anxiety of mind. If on a Wednesday, he will increase in beauty. If on a Thursday, his property will increase. If on a Friday, all his sins will be forgiven him. If on a Saturday, all his ailments will be removed.

For *shaving*, four days of the week are preferable to the rest, viz. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; the other three are evil and inauspicious.

MOHAMMEDAN MIRACLES.—A certain person's ship sprang a leak at sea, and the vessel was nigh sinking, when the captain vowed with a sincere heart, that should Qadir Wullee Sahib vouchsafe to stop the leak, he would offer up, in his excellency's name, the profits of the cargo, and likewise a couple of small models of vessels formed of gold and silver. At that moment the saint was engaged with the barber, in the operation of shaving, and instantly became acquainted with the predicament in which the captain stood. Out of kindness he threw away the looking-glass he held in his hand,[*] which by some wise dispensation of Providence flew off to the vessel, and adhering to the aperture of the ship stopped the leak. On the vessel's reaching its destination in safety, the commander, agreeably to promise, brought his offering of gold and two little vessels, one of gold, the other of silver, and presented them to him. The saint directed the captain to restore to the barber his looking-glass; on which the skipper, in astonishment, inquired what looking-glass he meant; and received in answer, that it was the one adhering to the aperture at the bottom of his ship where the water had entered. On inspection, it was found firmly attached to the vessel; and was accordingly removed and produced.—Near the sacred tomb of this saint is a grove of cocoa-nut trees. The custom-house officer observed to the owner, that the revenue which it yielded was considerable, and that therefore it was but just that he should pay a tax for it. The proprietor replied, that the garden belonged to a great *wullee*, and had never been taxed before, and why should it now? The other said, it did not signify to whom it belonged—the duty must be paid: adding, that cocoa-nuts had no horns that he should be afraid of them. No sooner had he uttered these words, than horns sprouted out of a couple of them! From this circumstance the duty on these trees has been dispensed with. To this day are the two-horned cocoa-nuts suspended near the head of his blessed shrine.

Table Talk.

CHAK SAVAK A BRAHMANEE DUCK.—The Hindoos imagine that, for some transgression committed in the human body, the souls of the offending persons are condemned to animate these birds, who are compelled to part at sunset; the male and female flying on different sides of the river, each imagining that the other has voluntarily forsaken the nest, and inviting the supposed wanderer's return with lamentable cries. The brahmins, compassionating the melancholy condition of these birds, hold them sacred, and will not allow them to be molested within the precincts of their jurisdiction.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—The Rev. John Kinderley's connexion with Scotland had procured him the acquaintance of several families in the north, among whom Lord — was one of his most intimate friends. This nobleman had met with a lady at Bath, both young and attractive, and who passed for the widow of an officer. His lordship becoming attached to this lady, he married her, and they soon after left England to reside on the Continent. Here, after a few years, she was seized with an alarming illness, and earnestly desired her lord, in case of her death, that she might be conveyed to England and interred in a particular church, which she named. Upon this event taking place, Lord D— accompanied the body in the same ship, and, upon landing at Harwich, the chest in which the remains of his lady were enclosed excited the suspicions of the custom-house officers, who insisted upon ascertaining its contents. Being a good deal shocked with such a threat, Lord D— proposed that it should be removed to the church, and opened in the presence of the clergyman of the parish, who could vouch for its containing what he assured them was within. Accordingly the proposal was yielded to, and the body conveyed to the appointed place, when, upon opening the chest, the attending minister recognised in the features of the deceased his own wife! and communicated the unwelcome discovery to his lordship on the spot. It appeared, upon further conversation, that Lady D— had been married against her inclination to this person, and, determining to separate entirely from him, had gone he knew not whither, and under an assumed name and character had become the wife of Lord D—. The two husbands followed her remains to the grave the next day; and on the same evening Lord D—, in great distress of mind, attended by one servant, came to his friend's house, in Norwich, for consolation. It was winter, and about six o'clock when he arrived. Mr. Kinderley was called out to speak to a stranger, and returning to his wife, desired her to leave them together, pretending that a stranger from Scotland was arrived on particular business. Lord D—sat up with Mr. Kinderley the whole night, to unbosom his affliction and extraordinary fate to his friend; and, at day-break, in order to avoid any interview with his host's family, for which his spirits were unequal. he departed.

Memoir of the late Sir J. E. Smith.

GOLD DISCOVERED IN EGYPT.—A letter from Alexandria, in Egypt, dated August 12, states that M. Linant, a French traveller, has discovered a rich mine of gold in the mountains that run along the Isthmus of Suez. He conveyed nine chests of the ore to Cairo, some of which, on being smelted, rendered one-fifth of pure metal. The most productive of the mines of Peru do not afford a larger proportion. But these mountains do not supply any potable water, or any species of fuel, without which it will be absolutely impossible to work the mines. This was the principal cause of the abandonment of the emerald mines, which are supposed to have been formerly very productive.

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[*] It is customary with natives, while the barber shaves, for the individual who undergoes the operation to look at himself in a small looking-glass which he holds before him.

THE DYING HINDOO. — There are few things more shocking to European eyes than the publicity of death-bed scenes in India, and the apathetical indifference displayed by the Hindoos while attending the expiring moments of their nearest relatives or friends. Frequently only a few yards from a crowded ghaut thronged by the inhabitants of some neighbouring village, who are laughing, singing, and following their ordinary occupations with the utmost gaiety, a dying person may be seen stretched upon a *charpoy* (bedstead) close to the river's brink, surrounded by a group of three or four individuals, who look upon the sufferer without the slightest appearance of interest. As soon as the breath has left the body, the corpse is thrown into the river, death being often precipitated by stuffing the mouth and nostrils with mud. Strangers, attracted by some superb lotus floating down the stream, are disgusted by the sight of a dead body rapidly descending with the tide, the ghastly head appearing above the surface of the water. Every Hindoo is anxious to draw his last sigh on the banks of the Ganges, or some equally sacred stream flowing into its holy waters; the relatives therefore of expiring persons fulfil the last offices of humanity in the manner most desirable to them, by bringing a dying friend to the edge of the river, and consigning the body, when the vital spark has fled, to the hallowed stream. The corse of a rich Hindoo is burned upon a funeral pile; but, as wood is dear, the poorer classes either dispense with it entirely, or merely scorch the flesh previously to launching it into the river. *Oriental Scenes, &c.*

DR. WOLCOT THE CELEBRATED PETER PINDAR.—The death of this satirical writer is described in Taylor's Records of his own Life, as follows:

"As a proof that he was a kind and considerate master, when one of his servants came to tell me that he had been taken ill, and was delirious when she left him, she wept all the time that she described his situation. I went as soon as I could in the afternoon, and then learned that he had recovered his faculties, but was asleep. I sat by his bedside, expecting he would awake, amusing myself with a volume of his works until ten o'clock. He then awoke, and I told him how long I had been there, observing that it was a dreary way home, and, perhaps not quite safe, concluding with saying, 'Is there any thing on earth that I can do for you?' His answer, delivered in a deep and strong tone, was, 'Bring back my youth.' He fell into a sleep again, and I left him. On calling on him the next day, I found he had died, as might be said, in his sleep, and those words were the last he ever uttered. . . .

"The doctor's love of life was intense. He has often said that he would take a lease of five hundred years from nature. 'What!' said I, 'with all your infirmities?' 'Yes,' said he; 'for while here you are something, but when dead you are nothing:' yet he firmly believed in the existence of a Supreme Being. I remember once mentioning the doctor's love of life to Mr. Sheridan, expressing my surprise. Mr. Sheridan said, that he would not only take a lease for five hundred years, but for ever, provided he was in health, in good circumstanses and with such friends as he then possessed. Yet, if he had taken due care of his health, and prudently managed his fortune, he might still be alive and an ornament to the country."

EFFECTS OF WAR.—"Mar Antoni Helcel, was the son of Helcel, a banker at Cracow, in Poland. When the intelligence arrived of the revolt of the Poles, he immediately bade his companions adieu, and hastened home. 'My son! my son!' cried the alarmed father, when Antoni, whom he imagined to be safe at Heidelberg, suddenly presented himself: 'in an evil hour are you come! I have but two of you—this young lad and myself—and I cannot spare you, Antoni. You must be a father to him when I am gone. What is your purpose, my rash, but beloved boy?' 'I thought you might be in danger, father,' replied Antoni, 'and I came to see that you, and my mother, and my young brother, were well cared for in these disastrous times. But I am now weary and faint with travel; let me lie down to rest, and you shall know all in the morning.' He went to bed in the same room with his brother. The anxious parents got up betimes, and stole softly to listen whether he was awake. All was silent; and a great part of the morning elapsed before they could determine on disturbing the slumbers of their sons. At length, becoming almost alarmed, they entered the room. It was empty. With a quaking heart the father saw that the arms which had hung by the wall as an ornament were absent too. The predictions of his heart were verified. Antoni and his young brother, in the middle of the night, had left their parents in the keeping of God, and had gone to offer their swords to their country. The battle of Grochow was fought a few days after. The noble youths arrived just in time to share the glory; *and were both slain.*" *Picturesque.*

Making the most of the Moon, a Real saving.—At Northampton the economy of the gas company is such, that a man is employed literally to watch the phases of the *Moon*; and when she shines, though the 'light is *not* her own'—the man *out* of the Moon *extinguishes the gas,* inviting all roving gallants to serenade the Northampton ladies with the popular air.

"Meet me by Moon-light,"
"Now the gas is gone." P.

Ravenous Wolf.—"The French were not the only assailants at this period. A hussar piquet was one night led to turn out by the repeated firing of one of the videttes, who soon came galloping in, with a countenance expressive of the greatest alarm and anxiety. But his foe had been a wolf! The animal had, he stated, made several springs at him and his horse, and he was induced to fire in self-preservation; but neither pistol nor carbine could divert the ravenous animal from its prey, and he had ridden off at full speed, as the only means of safety. The officer who commanded the piquet, doubting the truth of this story, went to the point at which the man had been posted; and here the tracks of the assailant, as well as the marks of the bullets, verified the statement of the hussar."—*Hist. of the King's German Legion.*

The Late King of Poland.—The colonel related to me a very curious anecdote, on which I rely, as I always found him consistent in his narrations. When Prince Poniatowski, who was afterwards Stanislaus, the last King of Poland, was in this country, his chief, I might perhaps truly say his only, companion was Colonel Frederick. They were accustomed to walk together round the suburbs of the town, and to dine at a tavern or common eating-house. On one occasion the prince had some bills to discount in the city, and took Frederick with him to transact the business. The prince remained at Batson's Coffee-house, Cornhill, while Frederick was employed on the bills. Some impediment occurred, which prevented the affair from being settled that day, and they proceeded on their usual walk before dinner round Islington. After their walk, they went to Dolly's in Paternoster Row. Their dinner was beef-steaks, a pot of porter, and a bottle of port. The bill was presented to the prince, who, on looking over it, said it was reasonable, and handed it to Frederick, who concurred in the same opinion, and returned it to the prince, who desired him to pay. "I have no money," said Frederick. "Nor have I," said the prince. "What are we to do!" he added. Frederick paused a few moments; then desiring the prince to remain until he returned, left the place, pledged his watch at the nearest pawnbroker's, and thus discharged the reckoning.

The prince, after he became king of Poland, occasionally kept up an intercourse with Frederick, and in one of his letters asked the latter if he remembered when they were 'in pawn at the London tavern.'

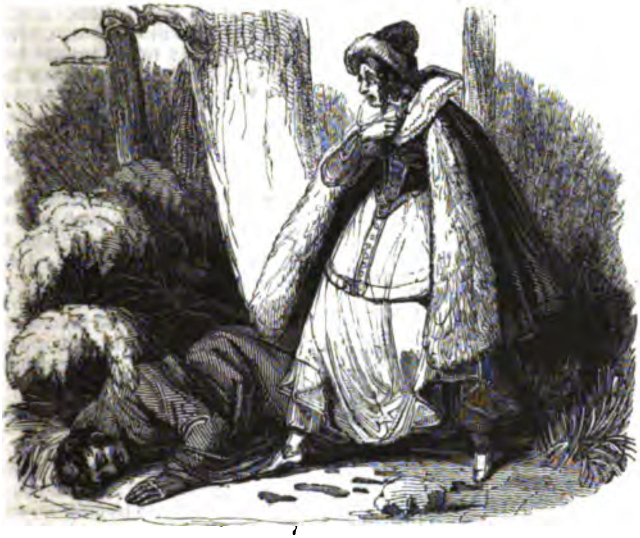
Colonel Frederick's father was in the Fleet prison for debt. Sir John Stewart was a fellow-prisoner on the same account. The latter had a turkey presented to him by a friend, and he invited King Theodore and his son Frederick to partake of it. Lady Jane Douglas was of the party. She had her child, and a girl with her as a maid-servant, to carry the child; she lived in an obscure lodging at Chelsea. In the evening, Colonel Frederick offered to attend her home, and she accepted his courtesy. The child was carried in turn by the mother, the girl, and the colonel. On their journey he said there was a slight rain, and common civility would have induced him to call a coach, but that he had no money in his pocket, and he was afraid that Lady Jane was in the same predicament. He was therefore obliged to submit to the suspicion of churlish meanness or poverty, and to content himself with occasionally carrying the child to the end of the journey. *Taylor's Records.*

To Correspondents.—We are much in arrear with our Contributors: if possible, *all* shall be answered on the wrapper of the Monthly Part, which will appear on the 1st of Nov.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XIV.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Nov. 3, 1832.*



See page 212

Illustrated Article.

THE SLEEPER'S SHRIFT.*

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

It was one of the darkest afternoons of winter, immediately after New Year's day, that the young heiress of Wanderstein caused an unusually good fire to be kindled in her dressing-room, and summoned her old attendant, half nurse, half confidante, to assist her at her toilet; giving herself up to its cares with that comfortable deliberation, which is at once a token of abundant leisure, and the exquisite effects intended to be produced therein.

"Nay, Richilda," said the fair Lady Jane, looking in the glass, "undo this stiff structure of curls; thou hast made my head look like a field-marshal's peruke. I will have it,—let me see,—no, not braided,—how was it on my birth-day?"

"The day on which Count Seltzermann was here last?"

"Have done, Richilda; or rather do not begin."

"Well, then," returned the confidante, peevishly, "I do not remember; how should I, if I am not allowed to talk about it?"

"Thou art as combustible as a dry pine branch, Richilda," said the lady; "and I must be my own tirewoman: come out, you stiff cannons of curls! I will be simple to-night, with only a ribbon, or a small knot of pearls."

The young lady, who, in her way, was as spoiled as her attendant, shook her head from under her hands, and began in some heat to demolish her work.

"Well, well, child," said Richilda, "I see that thou wilt only make thyself a fright, instead of a fairy; if thou combest thyself in such a temper. I will do as I am bidden, and say as little as the dumb hair-dresser of Erfurt, whose history thou lovedst to hear when thou wert a child."

"Now thou art vexed, dear old nurse," replied her charge, "vexed at my conceits; a truce then—we will fret each other no more; thou shalt dress my hair in a simple taste, and I will talk as much as thou likest of Count Seltzermann. Come, where shall we begin?"

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* The above is extracted from that amusing and splendid Annual *The Literary Souvenir* for 1833.

"O spoiled girl!" said the old woman, relenting, "as if I did not know that thou lovest to speak of him better than any thing else in the world. As if I had not seen thee in a sweet fit of absence, embroidering his name on thy housewife-case, where thine own should have been. Well, he comes to-night, that is certain; I hope, to fix the day of the wedding; for remember, I am to go with thee."

"Wedding, Richilda? we are far from that yet; remember that I have had my doubts and dreams; I am not sure that he loves me; I mean, properly, as my husband must do."

"What dost thou mean by properly?"

"I mean as I love people whom I like! superlatively—then, if he should look hale and ruddy, when he comes, I shall think that he has not felt our separation."

"Yet thou art ruddy, if not strong."

"Have done now, you teazing Richilda. Well, I mean,—I cannot say what I mean,—I only wish I could find out. O for a fairy telescope, to spy into that stout shut-up heart of his, and there to see one's self sitting as in a little shrine! Sweet Richilda! you know every thing, cannot you help me to *one* peep? Is there no way, think you, by which I can steal the knowledge I wish?'

"Ask him when he is asleep!" said the old woman.

"How?"

"Hast thou never heard, that if you ask a sleeper a question, he must answer truly, whether he will or no?"

"Is that indeed true?"

"Yes; but you must speak low, not to awaken him."

"O, charming! I'll put him to his confession to-night! But how to catch an opportunity?"

"Perhaps," said Richilda, "he may fall asleep in his chair after supper, as your papa does."

"Out upon you, for an owl yourself!" cried the Lady Jane; "I would never speak to him again if he did; I'll find out some way, that is certain. Well, I like my new head. Yes; that loop of pearls shows well upon my forehead. Your servant, sweet Lady Jane! and now, Richilda, for my purple cramosy."

In such talk as this, the toilet was performed, though it lasted two hours and three-quarters, fairly told by the conscientious hall clock; and then followed a period of waiting, and listening, and looking abroad into the dim night. At length, after long expectation, a hoof-tramp was heard at a considerable distance; in an instant more it was at the castle gate; in another instant the rider of the steed had alighted, was up stairs, and his lady in his arms.

"Ah! idle Philip! to be so long, so very long in coming."

"Nay, sweetest, see what haste I have made! my spurs are an inch thick with mud, and I am far fitter for the stable than your drawing-room. Lights and water to my chamber! I will be with you again in an instant."

"Suppose," whispered old Richilda, when Count Philip had been absent for a few minutes, "that Count Seltzermann should spend as long a time over his toilet as some folks I know."

"Hush, what nonsense! Richilda, he looks very pale and thin?"

"There you are with your fears again," retorted the gouvernante, impatiently: "when I had a lover, I took good care never to trouble myself with such forebodings. But, hark! I hear his step on the stairs. Well, that is very meritorious. I'll withdraw and keep your papa in talk, while you discuss your own private affairs;"—and very good-naturedly, she went and seated herself close to the ear of the deaf old baron, who saw little and understood less, of what passed around him.

Meanwhile the lovers, seated closely side by side, were deeply engaged with each other. At length Richilda, who very soon talked her companion into a nap, and was now making good use of her ears, heard Philip say, "Then you have no fear of becoming the wife of a poor man?"

The answer was a murmur of denial, with one shade of gentle reproach at the possibility of such a supposition.

"If that stupid cousin Ausler of mine, were but a jot less avaricious, he might help me forward a little; but he grows worse and worse every day. He accompanied me the greater part of the way, on his road to his castle near Vienna. I wish he may have found it in ruins! it would only be a proper punishment for his churlishness, when I asked his help."

"Hush, hush, dear Philip! don't let that disturb you."

"It *does* disturb me," replied he, angrily: "he knows that half of what he has, is mine by right; though a law-quibble gave it to him,—and still he refuses me even the least friendly assistance; not that I shall need it though, while I have my sword, and you are willing to wait."

"Well, let us not think of it!" said the Lady Jane, soothingly, and endeavoured to beguile away her lover's vexation; but even her arts of consolation were attended with indifferent success. The evening meal, however, was an interruption; and the lady comforted herself with the hope, that much of this depression must be caused by fatigue, and that he would be better after a night's sound rest; so, much sooner after supper than was her wont, she withdrew, with a gentle recommendation to poor Philip to betake himself to bed, which he seemed disposed to adopt.

For her own part, she never felt more vigilant than on that night. She peremptorily dismissed Richilda, and instead of undressing herself, opened a book: it would not do. Then for awhile she stood in her window, watching the various clouds as they floated heavily across a moon three quarters old, now beginning to show a feeble glimmer above the wood-tops. Then, she suddenly recollected that she had left below stairs a small ring, which Philip had that evening given to her: of course it was not to be expected that she could sleep without it on her finger, and opening her chamber door very quietly, she descended to the dining room to seek it.

This was a spacious chamber wainscoted all round with black-oak; a wood fire had been burning upon the hearth, but it was now very low; close to this, Count Seltzermann had thrown himself into a large easy chair when her father had retired, and overcome by fatigue, had fallen asleep after supper, as Richilda had hinted. His lady-love, however, did not become aware of this, until she had advanced far into the room; the table on which, as she believed, she had left the ring, being in the opposite corner. Her first impulse, on perceiving that Philip was there, was to step back hastily; her next, upon seeing by his relaxed yet fixed attitude, that he was asleep, to attempt to regain her treasure (for she knew herself to be as noiseless-footed as a spirit); her third was, to remember Richilda's advice, and to *question the sleeper*.

You must remember that the Lady Jane was motherless, and a beauty; whence it follows, that she was only ruled by her own sweet will, and rarely stinted herself of the gratification of any fancy. One slight misgiving, however, crossed her mind on this occasion; but this was succeeded by an intense eagerness to try the experiment recommended by her nurse; and, as she stood irresolute in the middle of the floor, her heart beat so violently, that she could hear its pulsations as distinctly as the flapping of a bird's wing. It was midnight, or rather past, and a sensation of awe mingled with her curiosity. Deep sleep is so like death, that it seemed to her as if she were about to pry into the secrets of the grave. And then the answer that would come! she felt that she *must* put the charm to the proof,—and approached, pale and trembling, close to the chair where her lover had reclined.—While she bent over him, ere she could frame a word, she was alarmingly struck by the haggard paleness of his brow, and the care that sat heavily on his firmly compressed lips. She paused but a moment; and then, in the most hesitating tone of her musical voice, spoke—though her speech was at first abortive and imperfect—she could only say one word, and that was—"Philip!"

Was there a spell in that adjuration?—The sleeper raised his head, unclosed his large dark eyes, and looked full upon the affrighted girl: but she knew by the stony composure of his countenance and attitude, that he yet slumbered. It was very fearful to see such unconscious consciousness, and still more to hear his answer, in low but steady words, totally different, both in tone and articulation, from his speech when awake:—"Well Jane what do you ask?" Terrified as she was by the success of her enquiry, she was still fascinated as by some spell of power; and therefore, with a strong effort of self-command, to maintain the quietness of her attitude (a very slight motion would have made her touch, and in all probability awaken him), she continued in her purpose, though she dared not come at once to the question she longed to ask. "What have you been thinking of all this day?" said she, tremblingly. His second answer did not come as quickly as his first, and when it came was broken and indistinct. She only caught the strange, and to her, incomprehensible words — "*Money*," and

"*Murder.*" These passed over her ear as of no consequence: she wished for another reply, but still durst not inquire for it directly. "But what are you thinking of now?" asked she.

"I shall not be found out; I hid him carefully in the chestnut wood," was the answer.

"What do you mean?" continued the breathless girl, horror-struck at the promptitude of his replies, and their hideous import. "My cousin Ausler," returned her lover, steadily, in the same unnatural tone, "*I have murdered him!*"

It was well that the Lady Jane had a stout spirit; otherwise she would have shrieked aloud with amazement and terror, upon hearing so dreadful a story as that set forth in the answers of the sleeper. With the idea full upon her mind, that she had extorted a horrible secret from her lover,—corroborated, too, by recalling, as she did, all his anxious looks and troubled words, it required no small measure of fortitude to withdraw without daring another word, or awakening the sleeper, and charging him with his spontaneously avowed crime. This, however, she did, and managed to reach her chamber without detection. Once there, the awe of the hour, and the dreadful communication she had extorted, totally overcame her, and she fell upon her bed, fainting, and half senseless.

It was no uncommon thing for the heiress of Wanderstein to arise betimes in the morning, even at that bitter season of the year, and to walk abroad. She was a keen lover of nature, and had from her infancy been accustomed to disregard cold and storm. But it was not to look at the icicles of the waterfall, or to watch the sun coming up red behind the snowy hills, that she went forth on the next morning, wrapped in her warm, furred mantle. She stole out as silently as though she had been going to adventure some charm, the success of which depended upon the secresy of its performance. One imagination had engrossed her mind all the night, and she hastened onwards with feverish speed, despising all the difficulties and weariness of a long forest walk. It was hardly perfect daylight, and the complete stillness of the icy woods, would have been fearful to her in another state of mind, but she did not heed it then. She reached the chestnut wood, and gasping for breath, went on. A bye-road crossed this part of the domain, about a hundred paces distant from the spot where she stood: and a thick underwood of briers filled up the interstices between the huge leafless trees. As she hurried on, looking to the right and left, she was struck by some brighter colour in one of these thickets than the hue of fallen leaves or late ripened berries. Gasping for breath, and, in spite of the speed at which she had walked, as pale as fallen snow, she approached nearer to the object of her suspicion; when she discovered, thrust up among the underwood, the body of a man clad in the fragments of a scarlet mantle. It was turned half upon its face; and except the cloak, which was much rent, had little other covering. A livid mark was round the neck, as though the unfortunate wretch had been strangled. The shape of the head, the form, and as much of the unpleasant, and now distorted features as could be seen, hardly admitted of a doubt; but she tore away the briers wildly, and drew closer to the corpse, to make assurance certainty. The words of the slumberer were verified, there lay the lifeless form of the avaricious and surly Herr Ausler!

To her dying day she could never tell how she reached her own home again. One solitary idea possessed her, born of the strong promptings of a woman's love,—it was, to hide the tremendous crime which had been so mysteriously revealed to her. She knew that the knowledge she possessed, must for ever place a gulf between her and her betrothed. The idea of wedding a murderer was hateful,—was impossible; and to meet him full of the consciousness of his guilt, and yet with the composure requisite to ensure its concealment, would be to impose a restraint upon her feelings, which she felt was at present too mighty to bear. She therefore pleaded a violent headache, as an excuse for confining herself to her chamber all that day, and remained totally alone and silent behind the closely drawn curtains of her bed. In vain did the kind Richilda endeavour to discover some reason for this sudden malady; and Philip came at least a hundred times to her door, to inqure if she felt herself better. The sound of his step made her shiver. Then, the wind, howling around the old castle, and the hoof-tramps of passing horsemen, were all so many causes of fresh dread and misery. The murderer had been discovered,—and they were coming to drag the criminal to justice. So did she torment herself with terrible musings all that long day; but she kept her resolution, and told to none the cause of her sufferings, which as night came on, seemed as though they would increase to an agony she could no longer bear. She had never looked on a dead person before; and the image of the murdered miser, multiplied into a thousand distorted forms, seemed to stare upon her from every side, and filled her dreams, when at length exhausted by the conflict of spirit for so many hours, she slept.

Another morning came; the pretext of illness could no longer be maintained, and at a late hour she descended to the breakfast parlour, with a tolerably composed brow. Philip was there, apparently expecting her appearance with considerable impatience; he was walking hastily to and fro, and when he saw her, he greeted her eagerly. The Lady Jane shrunk back from him, and replied in a cold and confused manner to his affectionate words.

"You look ill yet, my love!" he said; "and I grieve that I must leave you so soon,—my horse and servant are, I see already approaching the portal."

"I thought," stammered she, "that you were going to pay us a longer visit."

"Fie upon you! whispered Richilda, who stood close behind her; how constrained you are, and capricious; and poor Count Philip notices it too."

The cavalier did, in truth, seem greatly troubled in mind, and at a loss to account for the uncertain manners of the young lady. "I am indeed sorry," said he, "to leave you thus; but tidings have reached me within this half-hour, which call me away imperatively; but I pray you to believe that I shall return in another week, when all obstacles will be done away with. I can explain myself no further."

"At these words, unintelligible to every one else, the young lady turned deadly faint, and would have fallen, had not Count Philip caught her in his arms. "What can this mean, Richilda?" said he, much distressed: "she is very ill, her forehead is as cold as clay, and her pulse is almost gone."

The Lady Jane endeavoured to rally herself; and feebly disengaging herself from his embrace, "I am indeed weaker than I thought," said she; "but, if you *must* go, farewell! and—"

"There, again! cried Richilda, in high displeasure; "as if you were the proper person to put him in mind of his hurry; what is the matter with you? You are as chill as marble this morning."

"Nay, peace, good Richilda," said Philip: "she is really very ill, and shall not be scolded; take care of her until I return, and I will bring you both good tidings. Farewell, sweetest! I must go:" and folding her in an embrace which she had no power to resist, he left her in the arms of her old nurse, who first wondered, and then wept, at the unaccountable events of the morning. "Such a doleful love-visit as this," cried she, "was surely never known: Count Philip gone, the saints know whither! and my lady in this miserable hysterical way: heaven take away the evil spell that is hanging over us!"

It was about noon, when the cause of Count Philip's departure, which had made a great commotion in the neighbourhood, became known at Wanderstein.—The murder of Herr Ausler had been discovered by some labouring woodmen, and a band of notorious forest thieves had been apprehended, in whose possession such valuables were found as a traveller on horseback would be likely to carry—arms, a portmanteau, and many articles of clothing, all readily identified as having belonged to the deceased. His horse, too, had been found loose in the forest, at the distance of a few miles from the spot where the deed of violence had been committed. Richilda flew openmouthed with the news of this to her lady, who heard her tale and shuddered: "I shall, then," she said to herself, "bear my dismal secret with me to my grave."

"And O, my sweet lady!" continued the talkative old woman, "now that Count Philip will doubtless succeed to the estates of his cousin, you will be married immediately; that is, as soon as a decent time has elapsed; though I don't suppose that any one will think of mourning very long for that wicked old gentleman, although his end was so unlucky; and we will have the gayest wedding imaginable."

"Pray, dear Richilda, have done; you know not how you distress me."

"Nay, my sweet child, if you weep, I have done; but I do not half understand you. I must go and tell your papa, at least, for I am sure that no one else will have patience to explain to him the whole story properly."

"Any thing!" said the unhappy girl to herself, as the door closed upon Richilda; "any thing rather to bear than her vociferous joy;" and burying her face in the cushion of her couch, she lay for many hours without speaking or moving.

. . . .

And now three months have elapsed, and the scene of my legend is changed from Castle Wanderstein to the venerable city of Prague: here in one of the oldest houses of one of its widest streets, lay the Lady Jane, ill as was believed to death of some grievous internal complaint. Her lover had re-appeared at the end of the week, as he had promised, and, declaring himself heir to the vast possessions of his cousin Ausler, as stated in a will, entreated her to seal their long-plighted compact by becoming his. But the Lady Jane, at once, totally and decidedly refused to fulfil her engagements. Every word he uttered—his exultation in the possession of wealth,—the natural manner in which he seemed already to have arranged his affairs for the present and future,—were to her confirmation deep and fearful of her worst forebodings. It mattered not that the nominal murderers had been brought to justice; they had died protesting that they were guiltless; she held the real key of the mystery in her hand, and was firm in her purpose. Yet more, to strengthen her suspicions, with an impetuosity far different from the patience of his early love, he almost *commanded* her to explain the cause of her change of sentiments; reproaching her with an air of fierceness, which she could only ascribe to a recent familiarity with desperate actions. She *would* have explained herself—she *would* have told him what she knew; but a lurking and undefinable feeling restrained her utterance. The possession of wealth had obviously made no change in his love for her; nay, it was, perhaps, for her sake that he had loaded his soul with the guilt of murder; and though she resolved that she would never, never become his wife, she loved him in spite of his crime,—she loved him, and was silent in return to his vehement wrath: seeing the total inefficacy of which, he left her; tokens were returned, an eternal farewell exchanged, and the lovers parted to meet no more.

What wonder was it then, that the Lady Jane drooped day by day, till her life was pronounced to be in danger, and it was judged expedient to send her to Prague, for the benefit of better medical skill than their desolate mountain residence afforded. She was attended by Richilda, whose love bore up cheerfully against all the petulances and changes of mood of the invalid, and in only one point neglected her wishes. She would talk of Count Seltzermann: the fault was all his, she knew it was; but so it was, that money always made young gentlemen quarrelsome and changeable; and now, not content with having half killed her lady, he was going to marry a counsellor's widow, twice as poor and not half as pretty, merely because she had nursed him through a fever. The audacious woman! as if *she* were fit to stand in her sweet mistress' shoes!" All which information was as true in substance as if it had not passed through Richilda's keeping to the ear of her feeble and quickly waning charge.

Count Seltzermann *had* had a fever; and a pretty counsellor's widow, a neighbour, and an intriguante, *had* contrived to insinuate herself into the house, for the purpose of nursing him. "Poor soul!" she said, "he sadly needed a kind and careful woman to see after him: and she never took infection." As she spoke, so she acted; and she tended the youth to such good purpose, that in his delirium, he promised he knew not what; only that she contrived to remind him of it immediately upon his recovery. What will not an angry man do? and what cannot a persevering woman manage? In short, the wedding now only waited the arrival of his steward (who had descended to him with his estates) from Vienna, with deeds, &c., &c., and he was expected almost daily. At last the morning was fixed. Richilda, however, knew it not. One fancy possessed her. She would feast her mortification and her curiosity, by beholding her lady's rival; and after many plans, considered and rejected, the fortunate accident of the change of a servant, gave her an excuse of calling upon that odious woman, the widow Linburg.

Had her mistress known her purpose, she would doubtless have prevented it; but it was far too trifling a matter wherewith to trouble the poor dying girl, who only prayed for a quiet passage to the grave. Early one morning, before she awaked, Richilda bent her way towards the widow's house. Many and great were the signs of preparation and gaiety. Musicians, cooks, clergymen, and gaily attired guests were thronging into the house; among whom our dear old woman entered, only for one peep at the bride, and one bitter word to the bridegroom,—that she *would* say, if she were to be sent to the pillory for it on the instant;

and was she curious?—no, indeed, how should she be curious! Thus settling her plans, she allowed herself to be swept along with the company into the state apartment, where the gentleman, lady, and guests were assembled, and a splendid collation had been prepared.

The crowd round the principal personages was very great, but Richilda could see that Count Seltzermann looked deadly pale and anxious, and that the bride expectant was no more to be compared to her mistress, than a sun-flower to a rose. There was some stir soon after she had entered,—the demolition of the feast being concluded; and Count Seltzermann, starting up, cried out, "Here comes old Schrievogel at last! Well, sirrah, what excuse have you to give for your long delay, and neglect of my repeated letters?"

The person in question, an old, spectral-looking man, made no reply to any of these high words; but gazing wildly round, he said, "Is there any monk or magistrate here, who will receive my confession; and to whose trust I may deliver the will of my late master, the Herr Ausler?"—as he spoke, producing a sealed packet from one of the ample pockets of his grey riding coat.

"What dost thou mean?" asked a counsellor, looking up from a deed of settlement which he had just completed; "the will lies beside me."

"Are you drunk or insane?" cried Count Philip, impatiently, "what foolery is this?"

To be concluded in our next.

STANZAS.

For the Olio.

The pensive moon behind yon cloud
 Is veiled, and night has passed away,
The crimson streaks that deck the east,
 Proclaim the fast approach of day.

But ere that rising sun shall set,
 The sweetest dreams of life are o'er,
And I must haste from this dear spot
 To some far distant lonely shore.

And there 'midst strangers' smiles to seek
 My weary moments to beguile,
Or mourn in hopeless solitude
 My much lamented, native Isle.

When on some wild and desert land,
 Where hope no more can lend its beam,
The recollections of the past
 Will glide before me as a dream.

The groves, endeared from childhood's hours,
 No more shall be retraced by me,
Where oft my wavering fancy roved,
 When blest with friends, hope, love, and thee!

But still, when day's bright landscape fades,
 'Twill be thy happier fate to stray
Beneath these much loved peaceful shades,
 When I, alas! am far away.

Then ere I go one last farewell,
 All hope of future years were vain,
For Fate has whispered to my heart
 That we must never meet again.

H. F. S.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HIS WORKS AND THE PUBLIC.

For the Olio.

How mutable is human glory! The splendour of one day is clouded by the next, and the vista becomes eclipsed ere the succeeding night. We cannot, therefore, sufficiently estimate that which we admire in the passing moment, knowing as we do our moments pass also. This is the true reason we are equally affected, or we ought to be so affected, by what is so intimate with our experience. If we look back a few years and compare the current times, how differently the picture is represented. The first view gave us the "Waverley Novels," by an unknown hand; they were read and re-read—admired—their author extolled. Conjecture and means were instituted to ascertain the inheritor of so fine a genius. Other volumes emanated from the same pen, evincing a kindred spirit and obtaining renewed interest. Papers were added to papers by talented writers *pro* and *con*. Why the author of such splendid romance should conceal himself, appeared surprising to both readers and controversists. But such was the case till no satisfaction could be obtained, further than that he really existed and still continued productive. Hence, with other epithets partaking of eulogism, the "Great Unknown" became identified with whatever issued from the press in this class of writing, notwithstanding many imitators in the field struggled hard to keep an equal fame, but in vain. As none can say what causes intervene, when "truth will out," so the unfortunate and unmerited speculations in books were the reasons which occasioned the veil to be drawn aside, and the picture of Sir Walter Scott appeared in his *propria persona*. Though this was generally believed; and, in short, anticipated by thousands, particularly on the other side of the Tweed, yet which in other instances with other writers would have rather injured their sale of writings than, perhaps, enhanced their value—how different with the Waverley Novels! They have passed through illustrated editions, and are valued by all classes of readers as standard works.

Not to say any thing of Smollet, Richardson, Fielding, and others. Now the hand of death has passed over the halo of Sir Walter Scott, and his remains are hushed in the quiet of the grave, earthly honours, of which the deceased has no idea, are pouring in all quarters. The theatres, in particular, are foremost in the field, and exhibit all their forces and energies in rivalry of purpose and unison of pursuit and feeling. These efforts, whatever be the motive for their exhibition, and we are not among the number to call their purity in question, are certainly conducive in reviving a recollection of the beauties of Sir Walter Scott, as he appears in his works, with regard in particular to those who have ever been his ardent admirers, and will also afford a new opportunity to those of the rising generation to study with avidity the productions of unquestionable genius. The present representations smack something of French adulation over the obsequies of departed talent, but they are well-timed; and, admitting the English people are too apt to neglect merit when living, we are quite sure in this instance no man witnessed more honour, or experienced greater kindness, as he deserved, than the immortal subject who has occupied these attentions of the "Olio."

TABLETS FOR THE ANNUALS.

FIT SECOND.

For the Olio.

6. PICTURESQUE ANNUAL.

Each Doctor Syntax *here* his search enjoys:
Grots, ruins, temples, sceneries wild and grand;
Nature, in volumed loveliness, ne'er cloys,
But proves the Author by the Artist's hand.

7. MUSICAL ANNUAL.

By modern Orpheus skill'd, in song and tone,
Wrought in the rapture of seraphic power;
Adapted for the sirens of our zone,
That win affections as they cheer the hour.

8. NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The "New Year's Gift" comes down the stream of Time
In young Love's golden boat of radiant light,
Freighted with gifted pictures, prose and rhyme.
Such as amuse the mind and charm the sight.

9. GEOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL.

Descriptive scenes of Earth on which we live;
Taking choice spots, which *truth* alone can give.

10. BIBLICAL ANNUAL.

Producing "Sacred History" to the view,
With "old things past away," and some things new.

11. LITERARY SOUVENIR.

A pure and faithful 'Earnest' that the mind
Will never die; that Thought, like Hope, is free:
It breathes affection of the tend'rest kind,
And mildly whispers—"Love! Remember me!"

12. LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.

Earth's Landscape varies with the varying skies—
This "Landscape" changes only with the year;
It's mellow'd beauties, when contrasted, rise,
And make the Engravers' excellence appear.

INTERLOCUTOR.

THE RELIGIOUS TENETS OF THE ST. SIMONIANS.

One of the leading tenets of the new religion, is the utter denial of the infallibility of the Pope, or of bishops assembled in general council. On the subject of temporal power, the new creed declares that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and that that there is no divine right but that of the people. A total separation is maintained between spiritual and temporal power, and the obedience of the clergy is prescribed in all cases to the government *de facto*. The only relations admitted between these two species of power, are protection, by the temporal government to the spiritual authorities; and submission, by the spiritual authorities, in all that relates to their civil duties, but complete independence in spiritual affairs. It is declared, that the temporal authorities have no right to exact any profession of faith; and the present government is blamed for having permitted the French bishops to wait for the sanction of the Pope to pray for his present Majesty King Louisse Phillipe. Every marriage is considered valid, which has been performed before the civil magistrate; but the nuptial benediction is considered as a christian duty. The dispensations of the Pope, in favour of marriages within prohibited degrees, is denounced as a vile traffic, and the priests of the new religion are directed to pronounce the nuptial benediction, on the exhibition of evidence that the civil contract has been performed.

It is expressly declared, that the reason of each individual ought to be the fundamental rule of his belief, and that every one should follow his own conviction, although in direct opposition to that of his neighbours. The Bible is admitted in the new church, as the only rule of faith. The canonical books of the Old and New Testament adopted by the primitive church, are admitted as works of inspiration. The seven sacraments of the catholic church are recognized, and the celibacy of the clergy is denounced, as contrary to religion, good morals and civilization. The whole of the sacraments of the church are administered in the vulgar tongue. Auricular confession is not prescribed to persons of mature age, but is recommended to young persons, preparatory to their first communion. Fast days and abstinence are treated as an absurdity, but the sacrifice of the mass is retained, on condition of its being performed in the vulgar tongue. The veneration of the saints is limited to the offering of thanks to God for the salvation he has granted them. The duty of preaching is prescribed to the clergy, who are forbidden to introduce into their sermons any subjects of a political nature. As I have already hinted, the new faith recognizes the establishment of a hierarchy, of which the Abbe Chatel, with the title of primate, has declared himself the chief, supported by a series of bishops, priests, and deacons. *Old Mon.*

A REAL CUPID.

For the Olio.

Cupid exists in Farmer Greig,
  And Love to him must yield:
His *bow* is in his crooked leg—
  His h-*arrow* in the field.

His *shafts* are to his harness link'd—
  His *feathers* with his fowls;
And some assert his *eyes* are *blink'd*,
  While all declare he s-*cowls*.

Ladies! with hearts above all price!
  Avoid the farmer's skill!
But—if you will *not* take advice—
  He lives at—*Shooter's Hill.*

J. R. P.

AN ADVENTURE IN CAPE TOWN.

For the Olio.

During my residence in Cape Town, some time since, I made one of a party who assembled on the evening previous to the departure of my friend —— for England. Among other persons present upon the occasion, were two officers, belonging to the Hon. Company's ship ——, then in Table Bay. As we kept it up rather late, and they were totally unacquainted with the intricacies of Cape Town (for I will defy any stranger to find his way through it after dark, as the streets are nearly all alike, so much so indeed that it requires some experience to distinguish one from the other after nightfall,) three or four of us, therefore, agreed to escort them to George's Hotel, where they intended to take up their quarters for the night. Nothing can exceed the gloomy appearance of Cape Town on a starless night, after the time when the greater part of its inhabitants have retired to rest; there are no lamps to cheer the eye—all is wrapt in obscurity, and the silence equals that of the grave. Here and there the figure of a policeman may be traced, standing under the shadow of a wall; or, occasionally, a slave is to be seen with a glimmering lanthorn* in his hand, gliding along with noiseless footsteps.

It was on such a night as this that we sallied forth with our companions, the two jolly sons of Neptune, who could not precisely be said to be inebriated, but they were so far advanced in that state as to be ripe for mischief, and we had much ado to prevent them from roaring "Glorious Apollo" as they walked along. On proceeding down Long-street, our attention was arrested by a very unusual appearance; one of the houses had lights in all its windows, which were thrown up, and the street-door was also wide open. Around it were gathered an assemblage of individuals, apparently of the lower class, and a loud sound as of men singing was heard within. Impelled by curiosity, we approached the entrance, with the intention of inquiring the cause of the mirth and festivity; but before we had time to ask the question, a man cleared the way, and requested us to walk in. We accepted this polite invitation, and proceeded through a dark passage, from which we emerged into a large room that bore the appearance of a kitchen, in which a number of people were employed in the avocation of cooking, and preparations were evidently being made for a great feast. Here were individuals of every shade of colour, from a jet black to a whited brown, busily scampering about with the various culinary utensils. By the bye, if the old saying of "too many cooks spoil the broth" be authentic, the company who partook of this collation were not to be envied, for the fire was literally obscured by their numbers. This scene would have furnished a rich subject for George Cruikshanks. On the opposite side was a staircase leading to rooms above, up which we directed our steps.

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* No slave is permitted to be out after dark without a lanthorn.

The first exploit of one of our heroes was to throw *en passant* a wet dish-clout, that lay on a table hard by, at the head of an old Malay woman, who seemed to be enjoying the blessings of sweet repose in an arm-chair, and was snoring most melodiously. This instantly chased away her slumbers, and a fierce altercation ensued, innumerable soup ladles, &c. were raised against the delinquent, whom we, with great difficulty and by dint of apologies, delivered from being anointed with their contents. Having ascended the staircase, we found ourselves in a kind of lobby, which was crammed as full as it would well hold of a motley assembly, consisting of Malays, Mosambiques, and people of divers other nations and tongues: we managed to squeeze our way to the further end, where rather a curious scene met our view. It proved to be a Malay festival. We could view the proceedings of the priests and their votaries through the door of the chamber in which they were congregated, but were not permitted to enter.

It was a large apartment, hung all round with white drapery, several chandeliers were suspended from the roof, and at one extremity was erected rather an elegant canopy, composed of white and crimson draperies. Three handsome old Malays, with long beards, habited in white robes, were seated upon the carpet, and were chaunting some service in a discordant strain, the chorus of which was taken up by other men squatted in a similar position, who wore their ordinary dresses. At this time we heard one of our worthy companions exclaim, "D—n it, M—— let us douse the glims, and go in and sit upon the throne." We immediately laid violent hands upon the mad-brained sailor, who had already advanced several steps into the room, in order to put his proposition into execution. To prevent this attempted outrage necessarily produced a tremendous uproar, and it was not without making numberless entreaties that we prevented the multitude from inflicting summary vengeance upon the culprit.

This being the second scrape he had got us into, and not deeming it prudent to trust to the issue of a third, we accordingly made the best of our way out of the house, with good reason to think ourselves fortunate that we had escaped scathless.

WM. HENRY.

THE PRAYER OF CHILDHOOD.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
WORDSWORTH.

It is a sight the heart to thrill
With many a thought of earlier years;
It is a sight the eye to fill
With long disused, delicious tears;
It is a sight to look upon
With sighs for life's long erring road;—
To send us to a father's throne,
And lift our stubborn hearts to God!

Oh! who can mark those faces mild,
Those upturned eyes of earnest love,
Nor long to be again a child,
Raising a sinless prayer above!
I gaze till every hallowed feeling
Of bygone years returns to me;
Once more I am an infant, kneeling
Beside my gentle mother's knee.

Once more she bends—that gentle mother—
The guileless lips' devotions o'er;
Once more thy little arm, my brother,
Entwines my neck as heretofore!
Once more, as when our prayers ascended,
At morn and eve, a mingled strain;
Two young pure hearts together blended;
Ah! ne'er to be so pure again.

The world's cold clouds have dimmed that morrow,
Yet, gazing on this lovely scene,
Who would not turn from present sorrow,
To muse on peace that once had been!
They pray—untouched by care or ill,
With brows as calm as summer even;
Their eyes' clear depths retaining still
Some radiance from their native heaven!

They pray,—upon those parted lips
Truth's simple spirit sits alone;
The world hath cast no dim eclipse
Betwixt them and their Maker's throne:
They pray,—and then the kind, "Good night,"
The loving kiss, shall end the prayer;
Theirs sure will be a slumber light,
With God's own blessing resting there.

Sweet innocents! and must it be
That this shall pass like morning dew;
Children of pale mortality,
Oh, must its curse be on ye too!
Shall weary day, and sleepless night,
Succeed the peace that fills ye now!
Shall sorrow cloud those eyes' soft light,
Those brows shall care's deep furrows plough!
Upon those bosom-temples' throne
Shall earth's foul spirits fix abode!
Shall life's wild path, advancing on,
But lead ye further from your God!
Dark thought and faithless—hence, away!
A holier trust be mine alone,
That God—He died for such as they—
Hath still the power to keep his own.

Yes, far on waves of trouble tost,
Their lone and lowly bark may roam;
Yet know I they shall not be lost,
He whom they sought shall guide them home.
Pure and unsullied are they still,
But taint of earth is on their bloom;
And earth has paths that wind through ill,
And care, and anguish, to the tomb.

Yet view I even such lot on earth,
With hope that soars o'er coward fears:
Tears must they shed,—than worldling's mirth,
Oh! better, holier far are tears.
Then leave them to their Father's hand;
By him their onward course be given;
Young pilgrims in a foreign land;
Yet destined heirs of rest in heaven!

Literary Souvenir.

HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS.*

"In the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, his mother Helena, when almost an octogenarian, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her pious zeal was particularly directed to the search of the holy sepulchre, and of the cross on which Jesus Christ had suffered; and, according to her own judgment at least, she was successful in both. A vision, or perhaps a dream, disclosed the place of the holy sepulchre: the three crosses were found buried near it; and that of the Saviour is said to have been distinguished from the others by its healing powers on the sick, and even restoring a corpse to life. This discovery caused great and general rejoicing throughout Christendom. The spot was immediately consecrated by a church called the New Jerusalem; and of such magnificence, that the celebrated Eusebius is strongly inclined to look upon its building as the fulfilment of the prophecies in the Scriptures for a city of that name. A verse of the sybil was also remembered or composed, which, like all predictions after the event, tallied in a surprising manner with the holy object so happily revealed. The greater share of the cross was left at Jerusalem, set in a case of silver, and the remainder was sent to Constantine, who in hopes of securing the prosperity and duration of his empire, enclosed it within his own statue on the Byzantine forum. The pilgrims, also, who thronged to Jerusalem during a long course of years, were always eager, and often successful, in obtaining a small fragment of the cross for themselves; so that at length, according to the strong expression of St. Cyril, the whole earth was filled with this sacred wood. Even at present, there is scarcely a Roman Catholic cathedral which does not display some pretended pieces of this relic; and it has been computed, with some exaggeration, that, were they all collected together, they might prove sufficient for building a ship of the line. To account for this extraordinary diffusion of so limited a quantity, the Catholic writers have been obliged to assert its preternatural growth and vegetation, which the saint already quoted, ingeniously compares to the miracle of the loaves and fishes. That the guardians of this cross at Jerusalem should have had recourse to such evident and undoubted falsehood, should, I think, very much increase our doubts whether the cross itself was genuine, and whether the old age and credulity of Helena may not have been grossly imposed upon. Where we see one fraud, we may justly suspect another. From this period, however, the history of this fragment of wood may be clearly and accurately traced during the twelve succeeding centuries. In spite of its frequent partitions, the holy cross, say the monkish writers, thus remained undiminished at Jerusalem, receiving the homage of innumerable pilgrims, until the year 614, when this city was besieged and taken by the Persians. Their barbarous fanaticism reduced to ruins or burnt to the ground nearly all the sacred buildings, and made a great slaughter of the Christians, in which they are said to have been actively assisted by the resident Jews. The bishop and the relic in question were removed into Persia, and continued in that country fourteen years, until the victories of the Emperor Heraclius led to an honourable peace, in which the restoration of this most precious treasure was expressly stipulated. During its captivity it had happily escaped the pollution of infidel hands; the case which contained it was brought back unopened to Jerusalem, and Heraclius himself undertook a journey in order to replace it in its former station on Mount Calvary. The prelude to this religious ceremony was a general massacre of the Jews, which the Emperor had long withstood, but at length granted to the earnest and renewed entreaties of the monks of Alsik. The fact itself, and all its details are so disgraceful to the parties concerned, that I would gladly reject it as false or overcharged, did it not rest on the authority of a patriarch of Alexandria. Heraclius then—attended by a solemn procession, but laying aside his diadem and purple—bore the cross on his own shoulders towards the holy sepulchre. An officer was appointed to its peculiar care, with the title of Staurophulax: and the anniversary of this event, the 14th of September, is still celebrated in the Greek church as a festival, under the name of the Exaltation of the Cross. The relic did not long continue in the place to which the valour and piety of Heraclius restored it, but was doomed to undergo still further vicissitudes of fortune. Only eight years afterwards (A. D. 636), an army of Arabs, the new and fervent proselytes of Mahomet, invaded Palestine. At the battle of Yermuk the imperial forces were totally routed; and Heraclius, downcast and dismayed, returned to Constantinople, bearing with him, as a source of consolation, the invaluable fragment, whose alleged miraculous powers were never exerted for its own protection. It is rarely that when a sovereign despairs of success, his subjects have the courage (it would, perhaps, be termed the disloyal presumption) to prolong their resistance; but the inhabitants of Jerusalem were animated by religious zeal and local associations, and did not, till after a doubtful siege of several months, yield the holy city to the Saracens. The event soon justified the prudent foresight of Heraclius in removing the cross from the danger of Mahometan masters. The caliph of Omar experienced some difficulties in the construction of a mosque at Jerusalem; he immediately supposed those difficulties to be supernatural, and, by the advice of the Jews, destroyed a great number of the neighbouring crosses: so that it seems certain that the wood of the real crucifixion could still less have escaped the effects of his ignorant fanaticism. At Constantinople, on the contrary, it was preserved with the utmost veneration in the metropolitan church of St. Sophia, and the honours paid to it are attested and described by the father of English historians. Never, but on the three most solemn festivals of the year, was its costly case unclosed. On the first day, it received the adoration of the emperor and principal officers of state; on the next, the empress and chief ladies repeated the same ceremony; and the bishops and clergy were admitted on the third. While exposed to view on the altar, a grateful odour pervaded the whole church, and a fluid resembling oil distilled from the knots in the wood, of which the least drop was thought sufficient to cure the most inveterate disease. This precious fluid is also mentioned by Pope Gregory the Great in one of his letters to Leontius:—'I have received your present,' writes the pope, 'some oil of the holy cross and some wood of aloes, of which one confers blessing by its very touch, and the other, when burnt, diffuses a pleasant perfume.' In a period of several centuries, during which this relic remained at Constantinople, we find it occasionally mentioned in the annals of the time. It was on the holy cross that Heracleonas swore to cherish and defend his nephews; it was to the same fragment that the son of Justinian the Second clung for protection, in the revolution which hurled his father from the throne: and we might entertain more respect for the superstition of the Greeks, if the supposed sanctity of this relic had produced either the observance of the oath or the safety of the suppliant. At length, in the year 1078, the object of my narrative recommenced its travels. A wealthy citizen of Amalfi, whose name is not recorded, had long felt a wish to exchange active life for the cloister, and had selected the monastery of Casinum as the place of his future retirement. Being present in the eastern capital during the tumultuous deposition of Michael the Seventh, he perceived in the general confusion a favourable opportunity for appropriating this precious fragment to himself. His zeal did not forget at the same time to secure the golden case, richly embossed with jewels, which contained it; and both were laid as a welcome offering before the shrine of St. Benedict, at Casinum. The good fathers must have felt no little pride when strangers beheld, in their secluded and obscure retreat, a relic which a long succession of the most illustrious princes had gloried in possessing. The next place to which we can trace the cross is Palestine, during the crusades, to which it had doubtless been conveyed for the purpose of restoring it to its more ancient and appropriate station at Jerusalem. In that country it was exposed to frequent hazards, as the crusaders appear to have been in the habit of bearing it in the van of their armies when marching against the Mussulmans, hoping by its presence amongst them to secure the victory. One of their battles against the forces of Saladin by no means fulfilled their expectations, and in the course of it the sacred relic itself was unfortunately severed; one half of it being captured by the enemy, and most probably destroyed. This untoward accident, however, by no means impaired their veneration for the remaining fragment; and at the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is again recorded as taking the field with the King of Hungary and the Duke of Austria. From these it passed into the hands of their brother crusaders, the Latin sovereigns of Constantinople; and thus, by a singular train of circumstances, a change of dynasty restored this precious relic to the people which had so long enjoyed its possession. It does not, however, appear to have received the full measure of its ancient veneration; and a new crown of thorns, alleged to be that of the passion, held at this period a far higher rank with the public. In the year 1238, the pressure of poverty and impending ruin compelled the Emperor Baldwin the Second to sell what the piety of St. Louis, King of France, induced him as eagerly to purchase. A very considerable sum was given in exchange for the holy wood, and on its arrival in Paris it was deposited by King Louis in a chapel which he built on this occasion. There the cross remained for above 300 years, until at length, on the 20th of May, 1575, it disappeared from its station. The most anxious researches failed in tracing the robber, or recovering the spoil; and the report which accused King Henry the Third of having secretly sold it to the Venetians, may be considered as a proof of the popular animosity rather than of royal avarice. To appease in some degree the loud and angry murmurs of his subjects, Henry, the next year, on Easter Day, announced that a new cross had been prepared for their consolation, of the same shape, size, and appearance, as the stolen relic; and asserted, most probably with perfect truth, that in divine powers, or claim to religious worship, it was but little inferior to its model. 'The people of Paris,' says Estoile, an eye-witness of this transaction, 'being very devout, and of easy faith on such subjects' (he is speaking of the sixteenth century), 'gratefully hailed the restoration of some tangible and immediate object for their prayers.' Of the original fragment I can discern no further authentic trace; and here, then, it seems to have ended its long and adventurous career."

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* Amulet, as abridged for the Lit. Gaz.

VISIT TO TIBERIAS.

The enterprising John Carne thus describes Tiberias:—Approaching this celebrated place, " we passed by a spot on the left (says he), on a gentle declivity where, tradition says, the five thousand were miraculously fed. The town of Tiberias is surrounded by a wall, but is rather a wretched place within. No ancient remains of any interest are at present found here. On the shore of the lake Tiberias, at some distance to the south of the town, are warm mineral baths, which are much used and esteemed. At the extremity of the north-eastern shore, some remains are said still to exist where Capernaum formerly stood. The inhabitants of the town are chiefly Jews, with some Turks. We lodged in the house of one of the Jews, a wealthy old merchant of Aleppo, who had come hither in his old age, and built his house far from his native home, in order that he might die at the lake of Tiberias. The attachment of the Jews to the places of their ancient record and glory, is sometimes excessively strong. In walking along the shores, we met occasionally Jews from Poland, chiefly elderly men, who had come from their native country to this spot, from no other motive but to spend their last years round the lake.

"On the night of our arrival, we walked on the terraced roof to enjoy the coolness of the air. It was moonlight, and the lake and its shores were as beautiful a scene as can be conceived. It brought to mind the night, though so different a one, when Christ walked on the surface of the waves to rescue his disciples. Yet Tiberias is a scene where Nature seems still to wear as sublime and lovely an aspect, as in the day when it drew the visitations and mercies of the Lord. No curse rests on its shores, as on those of the Dead Sea; but a hallowed calm, and a majestic beauty, that are irresistably delightful. The length of the lake is about fourteen miles, and the breadth five. The fish it contains have a most delicious flavour, and are much the size and colour of a mullet. The boats used on it are, in some seasons of the year, much exposed from the sudden squalls of wind which issue from between the mountains. The water is perfectly sweet and clear. The Jordan is seen to enter it at its northern extremity, and its source is distinctly visible through the whole extent of the lake. The range of mountains forming its eastern shore is very lofty; their steep and rocky sides are barren, with sprinkling of trees on a few of the summits. The western shore, where the town stands, is level, but its picturesque hills, divided by sweet vallies, are covered with a rich carpet of verdure, but almost destitute of trees. The side to the southern end of the lake is very pleasant, where the Jordan flows out of it. An ancient bridge, some of whose ruined and lofty arches still stand in the river, add much to the beauty of the scene. We bathed here in the Jordan, which issues out in a stream of about fifty feet wide, and flows down a rich and deserted valley, enclosed by bare and lofty mountains.

The stream was here clear and shallow; but it soon became deep and rapid. Little is said in the Scriptures respecting the extensive valley of the Jordan between Tiberias and Jericho. It must have been thickly populated from its luxuriance, being watered throughout by the river. Yet with all the charms of its situation, the air around the lake, during the summer, is close and sultry. Of all places in Palestine, however, a stranger would desire to fix his residence here; as a situation on any of the verdant hills around would be exempt from the often oppressive air on its banks."

ANECDOTE OF JUNOT,

ON HIS ORDER FOR THE FRENCH SOLDIERS HAVING THEIR HAIR CUT.

One morning whilst we were at breakfast, Junot was informed that a soldier wished to speak to him. The aide-de-camp on duty was directed to ascertain what the man wanted. The latter replied, that he wished to have an audience of the general, and would return if he could not then be admitted. Junot was always accessible. He had not forgotten that he had himself served in the ranks. He therefore ordered that the soldier should be shewn into the drawing-room. His brow, however, contracted, when the aide-de-camp said to him in an under-tone, "He wears a *top-knot*, general, and one with flour enough in it to make a hasty-pudding."

On his entering the drawing-room, we perceived a young man of six-and-twenty, tall, well-made, with agreeable features, and whose manner indicated that he prided himself not a little upon his smart soldier-like appearance. He bowed with an easy, natural air, seeming, however, embarrassed, as Junot with a severe look surveyed his powdered top-knot. But a circumstance which surprised me was, to see the soldier interchange a look of acquaintanceship with my daughter Josephine, whom I held by the hand. She was then three years and a half old, was always dressed as a boy, and the grenadiers called her *their little general*. She returned his salute by a nod of her beautiful little head, and whispered to me, "It is M. Anselme."

"What is your pleasure, my friend?" said Junot to the young man.

"General, I wish respectfully to ask, whether there is *an order* for us to cut off our hair? As it was not in general orders this morning, I thought that—"

—"I have given no *order*," said Junot. "I *insist* upon nothing of the kind. I only *requested*, that my grenadiers, whom I consider my friends and my children, would do that for me, at which they ought not to feel repugnance, inasmuch as it is for their own benefit. I thought, that in return for what I have done for them,—in return for what I have obtained for the corps, the most favoured in the service,—my companions in danger and glory would not refuse to sacrifice to my wish a handful of hair, which is as inconvenient to themselves, as it is unpleasant to one who admires the fine fellows he has the honour to command. And I must say,—the whole of my brave grenadiers have not acted like you, for they have almost all complied with my wishes; a circumstance which makes me feel more sensibly the obstinacy of those who have not....But, what is it you want?"

Junot was angry, and I perceived that he had some difficulty in restraining himself. The young man betrayed emotion, but not fear. Having advanced a few steps, he said,

"General, throughout the division which you command, there is not a heart more devoted to you than that of Anselme Pelet. I am not disobedient, general, nor am I obstinate. Permit me to prove it."

"General," he continued, "I have a mother whom I love and respect, as it is said you love and respect yours. When I left my home to join my regiment, she asked me to cut off my hair and leave it to her. I refused....I have also a mistress to whom I am passionately devoted;" as the young man said this, he blushed deeply. "She too asked me for some of my hair to make a necklace, and I refused to give her even a lock.....I could refuse even the Emperor himself.....But I see I must sacrifice this hair.....I am the only one of my company who has not done so. ....They have all done it for you, general, and shall I be the only one to displease you? No, sir, I will not; but I have a favour to ask in return."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a large pair of scissors, and presented them to Junot, who asked him what he meant.

"Why, general, that you will, with your own hands, cut off my hair. If it be a sacrifice, I shall then feel it less."

As he ceased speaking, he held down his head covered with a profusion of the most beautiful hair I ever beheld. It was long, thick, flowing in natural ringlets, and of the most perfect auburn. On receiving the scissors, and seeing his head bowed down before him, waiting to be shorn of its locks, Junot, naturally kind, felt so much emotion, that his hand was not steady.

"My friend," he said to the young soldier, "this is a *sacrifice*, as you said just now, and I wish for no *sacrifices*. Keep your hair."

"No, general, it must be cut off. If it were not, I should be the only one in my company who wore it.....I am not quarrelsome, but I never shun any man who wishes to quarrel with me; and I should not like to be the cause of disturbances, to which my singularity could not fail to lead.....Pray, general, cut off the first lock." And he again bent his head.

"Consider of it again," said Junot. "Would you like to leave the grenadiers and return to your former corps?"

The soldier drew himself up: his eyes, though moist with emotion, emitted sparks of fire.

"Would you then send me back as guilty of insubordination, general? I have always done my duty, and General Dupas will tell you, that Anselme Pelet is a good and loyal soldier."

Junot made no further remark, but, approaching the young man, cut off his hair, which fell in large masses around him.

"Where do you come from?" said Junot.

"From Burgundy, general."

"Indeed."

"Yes, general, from Etormay, near Bussy-le-Grand."

"And why did you not tell me that we were countrymen?"

"Because I should have seemed to be soliciting a favour, and I would obtain favours only as a reward for good service."

Junot and I interchanged looks. "That lad will get on," said he, after the soldier was gone; "a man with such feelings as he evinces is adapted for great and noble actions."

Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes as translated for the Athenæum.

Customs.

ATTRIBUTES TO THE SUN AND MOON.

For the Olio.

As many names were given by the ancients in their devotions to the sun, so were there many given also to the moon. The one as the *king*, and the other as the *queen*,—they were honoured and worshipped in proportion to their known, or supposed, attributes. Astaroth was an idol of the Zidonians. In her temple, the armour of Saul was suspended, after his death. The moon was here understood, as Astarte, Juno, and Urania. As a lesser, celestial light, she was called *Astro*-arch, in Herodian, the *queen of the planets*; and by Horace, the *queen of the stars*; and by Virgil, the *queen of the gods*. As the sun was worshipped in the likeness of a *ram*, emblematic of *heat*; so was the moon, as a *sheep*—Astaroth signifying a *flock of sheep*. The custom being to expose certain idols at the tops of their houses, they were supposed also to be influenced by the sun and moon in the progress of their revolutions.

As Jupiter Ammon was painted (according to Lucan) with *horns*, so was the *moon* also. The reasons adduced chiefly are three: the first peculiar to the sun, the other common both to sun and moon. First, the sun was painted with *rams' horns*, by reason of his entering Aries, the ram, in the first sign of the zodiac. Secondly, because as the strength of horned animals consists in their horns, so the virtues and influences of the sun and moon are derived into sublunary creatures by their beams. Thirdly, because the light of the sun and moon gives a cornuted reflection. When Moses descended the Mount, Aaron and the people observed his face shone, hence it is that Moses is painted with horns, a beautiful specimen of which is in the "Encyclopœdia Metropolitana," by Michael Angelo, under the head Husbandry. These horns were termed by the ancient critics "horns of magnificence." The moon was also worshipped in the name of *Diana*. Yet though acknowledged as such in all Asia, she was so highly esteemed by the Ephesians as to make them exclaim—'Great is the Diana of the Ephesians!' This arose, says Pliny, partly in consequence of the extraordinary time that was spent in building her Temple, and partly from the great gain procured to the silversmiths in making and selling silver temples of Diana. There has been much dispute respecting these: some think they were little houses, or portable shrines, like the Temple with the image of Diana inclosed, as *closets* or shrines (in our day, the keeper of the closet with royalty is an office held sacred,) in which images were kept. Some writers think certain coins, or pieces of money, with the impress to have borne a similar signification. The like custom of naming coins from their sculpture was usual with the ancients. Another kind of idolatrous worship to the moon, once popular, was, that *men* sacrificed to her in *women's* apparel, and *vice versa*, because they thought the moon to be *male and female*. Hence the moon is called Lunus, or Luna; and Venus, whom Philocorus affirms to be the moon, is termed *Deus* Venus, as well as *Dea* Venus.

By the many titles given to the celestial phenomena, it may be deduced that in all the realms of poesy and imagination, they are diversified almost into obscurity as to their origin and import, till they are shorn of their beams! J.R.P.

Table Talk.

Sharp Retort.—One of the Yorkes, when at Malvern, in 1761, writing to a literary friend, gives the following anecdote:—" The Bishop of Norwich met with an old fellow here, who is reputed a deist. This gentleman thought proper to touch on some point of religion to his lordship, who, not choosing to enter far into the subject with him, said at last, " When I think a man much in the wrong in an opinion I may pity him, but I can never be angry with him for differing from me. I never knew a man change his opinion for being *kicked* DOWN *stairs*." " Very true, my lord," replied the other; " but I have known many a man do it for being *kicked* UP *stairs*." *New Mon.*

The Scottish Thistle.—This ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity, with its motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard they marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickled thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Pawnbrokers' Pledges, like Politicians, no Sinecure.—If a pledge of the value of only *four-pence* be received into a pawnbroker's care, for an hour, the article pledged will occasion *twenty-four* different operations, to pass the strict regularity required by the law. Well, indeed, may the pawnbrokers' apprentices carry a pen behind their ears and their ready wits about them, since each assistant has as much to perform as *four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row*. Why, pin-making is nothing compared with the *interest* taken in the *pledges* of our day; and parliamentary candidates might take a hint " on pledges." P.

Calculating Boys.—There are now living in Sicily three boys equally gifted with the aptitude for mathematical calculations. At the head of the triumvirate stands Vincent Zuechero, to whose extraordinary feats in calculation the public curiosity has of late been repeatedly directed. It would seem from recent experience, that this youth possesses a mind capable of devoting itself with rare success to other branches of study besides the mathematics. Two years ago he was ignorant even of his alphabet; but in consequence of the pains taken with him by the Abbe Minardi, who has been engaged as his tutor, through the liberal interposition of the government and corporation of Palermo, he is at this moment able to read off-hand the most difficult of the Latin and Italian classics, and has given public proofs of the unprecedented extent of his acquirements. Two other boys by name Ignatius Landulina and Joseph Puglisi, have come forward to enter the lists against him. The former has not reached his tenth year, and resolved some of the most obstruse questions in the highest branch in geometry, which were put to him by professors of the University of Catanio. Landolina did not confine himself to mere dry answers, but entered acutely into the metaphysics of the science. The third child Puglisi, who is about seven years old, affords no less striking proofs of his extraordinary talent in giving off-hand answers to problems, which usually require tedious arithmetical calculations. It is remarkable to see him, in the very act of listening to a question and giving his solution, pursuing his pastimes like any other child, as if both the one operation and the other were matters of equal ease and unconcern to him.

Erratum—Page 198, " On Sunset," read *here* after " the weary heart might."

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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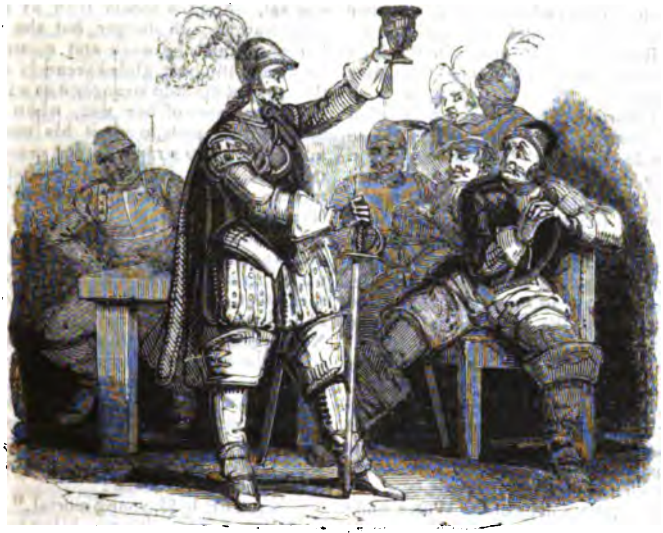

See page 226

Illustrated Article.

THE NYMPH OF THE LURLEI BERG.—A TALE.

O syrens, beware of a fair young knight,
He loves and he rides away.

A GROUP of armed men were sitting cheerlessly round a naked and ill-furnished board in one of those rugged castles that overhang the Rhine—they looked at the empty bowl, and they looked at the untempting platter—then they shrugged their shoulders, and looked foolishly at each other. A young knight, of a better presence than the rest, stalked gloomily into the hall.

"Well, comrades," said he, pausing in the centre of the room, and leaning on his sword, "I grieve to entertain ye no better—my father's gold is long gone—it bought your services while it lasted, and with these services, I, Rupert the Fearnought, won this castle from its Lord—levied tolls on the river—plundered the burgesses of Bingen—and played the chieftain as nobly as a robber may. But, alas! wealth flies—luck deserts us—we can no longer extract a doit from traveller or citizen. We must separate."

The armed men muttered something unintelligible—then they looked again at the dishes—then they shook their heads very dismally, and Rupert the Fearnought continued—

"For my part I love every thing that wealth purchases—I cannot live in poverty, and when you have all gone, I propose to drown myself in the Rhine."

The armed men shouted out very noisily their notions on the folly of such a project of relief; but Rupert sunk on a stone seat, folded his arms, and scarcely listened to them.

"Ah, if one could get some of the wealth that lies in the Rhine!" said an old marauder, "that would be worth diving for!"

"There cannot be much gold among the fishes I fancy," growled out another marauder, as he played with his dagger.

"Thou art a fool," quoth the old man; "gold there is, for I heard my father say so, and it may be won too by a handsome man, if he be brave enough."

Rupert lifted his head—"And how?" said he.

"The Water Spirits have the key to the treasure, and he who wins their love, may perhaps win their gold."

Rupert rose and took the old robber aside; they conversed long and secretly, and Rupert, returning to the hall, called for the last hogshead of wine the cellar contained.

"Comrades," said he, as he quaffed off a bumper—"Comrades, pledge to my safe return; I shall leave ye for a single month, since one element can yield no more, to try the beings of another; I may perish—I may return not. Tarry for me, therefore, but the time I have mentioned; if ye then see me not, depart in peace. Meanwhile, ye may manage to starve on, and if the worst come to the worst, ye can eat one another."

So saying, the young spendthrift (by birth a knight, by necessity a robber, and by name and nature, Rupert the Fearnought) threw down the cup, and walking forth from the hall, left his companions to digest his last words with what appetite they might.

Among the Spirits of the Water, none were like Lurline; she was gentle as the gentlest breeze that floats from the realms of Spring over the bosom of the Rhine, and wherever at night she glided along the waves, there the beams of the love-star lingered, and lit up her path with their tenderest ray. Her eyes were of the softest azure of a southern heaven, and her hair like its setting sun. But above all her charms was the melody of her voice, and often when she sat upon the Lurlei Rock by the lonely moonlight, and sent her wild song above the silent waters, the nightingale paused from her wail to listen, and the winds crept humbled round her feet, as at a sorcerer's spell.

One night as she thus sat, and poured forth her charmed strains, she saw a boat put from the opposite shore, and as it approached nearer and nearer towards her, she perceived it was guided by one solitary mariner; the moonlight rested upon his upward face, and it was the face of manhood's first dawn—beautiful, yet stern, and daring in its beauty—the light curls, surmounted by a plumed semi-casque, danced above a brow that was already marked by thought; and something keen and proud in the mien and air of the stranger, designated one who had learnt to act no less than to meditate. The Water Spirit paused as he approached, and gazed admiringly upon the fairest form that had ever yet chanced upon her solitude; she noted that the stranger too kept his eyes fixed upon her, and steered his boat to the rock on which she sat. And the shoals then as now were fraught with danger, but she laid her spell upon the wave and upon the rock, and the boat glided securely over them,—and the bold stranger was within but a few paces of her seat, when she forbade the waters to admit his nearer approach. The stranger stood erect in the boat, as it rocked tremulously to and fro, and still gazing upon the Water Nymph, he said—

"Who art thou, O beautiful maiden! and whence is thine art? Night after night I have kept watch among the wild rocks that tenanted the sacred Goar, and listened enamoured to thy lay. Never before on earth was such minstrelsy heard. Art thou a daughter of the river? and dost thou—as the greybeards say—lure us to destruction? Behold I render myself up to thee!—Sweet is death if it cradle me in thine arms! Welcome the whirpool, if it entomb me in thy home!"

"Thou art bold, young mortal," said the Water Spirit, with trembling tones, for she felt already the power of Love. "And wherefore say thy tribe such harsh legends of my song? Who ever perished by my art? Do I not rather allay the wind and smooth the mirror of the waves? Return to thine home safely and in peace, and vindicate, when thou hearest it maligned, the name of the Water Spirit of the Rhine."

"Return!" said the stranger haughtily, "never, until I have touched thee—knelt to thee—felt that thy beauty is not a dream. Even now my heart bounds as I gaze on thee! Even now I feel that thou *shalt* be mine! Behold! I trust myself to thine element! I fear nothing but the loss of thee!"

So saying the young man leapt into the water, and in a minute more he knelt by the side of Lurline.

It was the stillest hour of night; the stars were motionless in the heavens: the moonlight lay hushed on the rippling tide: from cliff to vale, no living thing was visible, save them, the Spirit and her human wooer.

"Oh!" said he, passionately, "never did I believe that thy voice was aught but some bodily music from another world;—in madness, and without hope, I tracked its sound homeward, and I have found *thee*. I touch thee!—thou livest!—the blood flows in thy form!—thou art as woman, but more lovely! Take me to thy blue caverns and be my bride!"

As a dream from the sleeper, as a vapour from the valley, Lurline glided from the arms of the stranger, and sunk into the waters; the wave closed over her, but, beneath its surface, he saw her form gliding along to the more shadowy depths; he saw, and plunged into the waves!

The morning came, and the boat still tossed by the Lurlei Berg—without a hand to steer it. The Rhine rolled bright to the dewy sun, but the stranger had returned not to its shores.

The cavern of the Water Spirit stretches in many chambers beneath the courses of the river, and in its inmost recess, several days after the stranger's disappearance, Lurline sat during the summer noon; but not alone. Love lighted up those everlasting spars, and even beneath the waters and beneath the earth held his temple and his throne.

"And tell me, my stranger bridegroom," said Lurline, as the stranger lay at her feet, listening to the dash of the waters against the cavern, "tell me of what country and parentage art thou? Art thou one of the many chiefs whose castles frown from the opposite cliffs? —or a wanderer from some distant land? What is thy mortal name?"

"Men call me Rupert the Fearnought," answered the stranger. "A penniless chief am I, and a cheerless castle do I hold; my sword is my heritage; and as for gold, the gold which my sire bequeathed me, alas on the land, beautiful Lurline, there are many more ways of getting rid of such dross than in thy peaceful dominions beneath the river. Yet, Lurline," and the countenance of Rupert became more anxious and more earnest —"is it not true that the Spirits of thy race hoard vast treasures of gems and buried gold within their caves? Do ye not gather all the wind and tempest have sunk beneath the waves in your rocky coffers? And have ye not the power to endow a mortal with the forgotten wealth of ages?'

"Ah yes!" answered the enamoured Water Spirit. "These chambers contain enough of such idle treasures, dull and useless, my beloved, to those who love."

"Eh, em!" quoth the mortal, "what thou sayest has certainly a great deal of truth in it; but, but just to pass away the next hour or two; suppose thou showest me, dearest Lurline, some of these curiosities of thine. Certes I am childishly fond of looking at coins and jewels."

"As thou wilt, my stranger," answered Lurline, and, rising, she led the way through the basalt arches that swept in long defiles through her palace, singing with the light heart of contented love to the waves that dashed around. The stranger followed wondering, but not fearing, with his hand every now and then, as they made some abrupt turning, mechanically wandering to his sword, and his long plume waving lightly to the rushing air, that at times with a hollow roar swept through their mighty prison. At length the Water Spirit came to a door, before which lay an enormous shell, and, as the stranger looked admiringly upon its gigantic size, a monstrous face gradually rose from the aperture of the shell, and with glaring eyes and glistening teeth gloated out upon the mortal.

Three steps backward did Rupert the Fearnought make, and three times did he cross himself with unwonted devotion, and very irreverently, and not in exact keeping with the ceremony, blurted he forth a northern seafarer's oath. Then outflashed his sword; and he asked Lurline if he were to prepare against a foe. The Water Spirit smiled, and murmuring some words in a language unknown to Rupert, the monster slowly wound itself from the cavities of the shell; and carrying the shell itself upon its back, crept with a long hiss and a trailing slime from the door, circuitously approaching Rupert the Fearnought by the rear. "*Christe beate!*" ejaculated the lover, veering round with extreme celerity, and presenting the point of the sword to the monster. "What singular shell fish there are at the bottom of the Rhine!" Then gazing more attentively on the monster, he perceived that it was in the shape of a dragon, substituting only the shell for wings.

"The dragon race," said the Water Spirit, "are the guardians of all treasure whether in the water or in the land. And deep in the very centre of the earth, the hugest of the tribe lies coiled around the loadstone of the world."

The door now opened. They entered a vast vault. Heavens! how wondrous was the treasure that greeted the Fearnought's eyes! All the various wrecks that from the earliest ages of the world had enriched the Rhine or its tributary streams, contributed their burthen to this mighty treasury; there was the first rude coin ever known in the North, cumbrous and massive, teaching betimes the moral that money is inseparable from the embarrassment of taking care of it. There were Roman vases and jewels in abundance; rings, and chains, and great necklaces of pearl: there, too, were immense fragments of silver that from time to time had been washed into the river, and hurried down into this universal recipient. And looking up the Fearnought saw that the only roof above was the waters, which rolled black and sullenly overhead, but were prevented either by a magic charm, or the wonderful resistance of the pent air, from penetrating farther. But wild, and loud, and hoarse was the roar above, and the Water Spirit told him, that they were then below the Gewirre or Whirlpool which howls along the bank opposite to the Lurlei Berg.

"I see," quoth the bold stranger, as he grasped at a heap of jewels, "that wherever there is treasure below the surface, there is peril above!"

"Rather say," answered the Water Spirit—"that the whirlpool betokens the vexation and strife which are the guardians and parents of riches."

The Fearnought made no answer; but he filled his garments with the most costly gems he could find, in order, doubtless, to examine them more attentively at his leisure.

And that evening as his head lay upon the lap of the Water Spirit, and she played with his wreathy hair, Rupert said, "Ah Lurline! ah, that thou wouldst accompany me to the land. Thou knowest not in these caves (certainly pretty in their way, but, thou must confess, placed in a prodigiously dull neighbourhood); — thou knowest not, dear Lurline, how charming a life it is to live in a beautiful castle on the land." And with that Rupert began to paint in the most eloquent terms the mode of existence then most approvedly in fashion. He dwelt with a singular flow of words on the pleasures of the chace; he dressed the water-nymph in green—mounted her on a snow-white courser—supposed her the admiration of all who flocked through the green wood to behold her. Then he painted the gorgeous banquet, the lords and dames that, glittering in jewels and cloth of gold, would fill the halls over which Lurline should preside—all confessing her beauty, and obedient to her sway; harps were for ever to sound her praises; minstrels to sing and knights to contest for it; and, above all he, Rupert himself, was to be eternally at her feet—"Not, dearest Love," (added he, gently rubbing his knees,) "on these rocky stones, but upon the softest velvets—or, at least, upon the greenest mosses."

The Water Spirit was moved, for the love of change and the dream of ambition can pierce even below the deepest beds of the stream; and the voice of flattery is more persuasive than were the melodies of the syren herself.

By degrees she allowed herself to participate in Rupert's desire for land; and, as she most tenderly loved him, his evident and growing ennui, his long silences, and his frequent yawns, made her anxious to meet his wishes, and fearful lest otherwise he should grow utterly wearied of her society. It was settled then that they should go to the land.

"But, oh, my beloved," said Rupert the Fearnought, "I am but a poor and mortgaged knight, and in my hall the winds whistle through dismantled casements, and over a wineless board. Shall I not go first to the shore, and with some of the baubles thou keepest all uselessly below, refit my castle among yonder vine-clad mountains, so that it shall be a worthy tenement for the daughter of the Rhine? then I shall hasten back for thee, and we will be wedded with all the pomp that befits thy station."

The poor Water Spirit, having lived at the bottom of the Rhine all her life, was not so well read in the world as might have been expected from a singer of her celebrity. She yielded to the proposition of Rupert; and that very night the moon beheld the beautiful Lurline assisting Rupert to fill his boat (that lay still by the feet of the Lurlei Berg) with all the largest jewels in her treasury. Rupert filled and filled, till he began to fear the boat would hold no more without sinking; and then, reluctantly ceasing, he seized the oars, and every now and then kissing his hand at Lurline with a melancholy expression of fondness, he rowed away to the town of St. Goar.

As soon as he had moored his boat in a little creek, overshadowed at that time by thick brambles, he sprang lightly on land; and seizing a hunting-horn that he wore round his neck, sounded a long blast. Five times was that blast echoed from the rock of the Lurlei Berg by the sympathising dwarf who dwelt there, and who, wiser than Lurline, knew that her mortal lover had parted from her for ever. Rupert started in dismay, but soon recovered his native daring. "Come fiend, sprite, or dragon," said he, "I will not give back the treasure I have won!" He looked defyingly to the stream, but no shape rose from its depths—the moonlight slept on the water—all was still, and without sign of life, as the echo died mournfully away. He looked wistfully to the land, and now crashing through the boughs came the armed tread of men—plumes waved—corslets glittered, and Rupert the Fearnought was surrounded by his marauding comrades. He stood with one foot on his boat, and pointed exultingly to the treasure. "Behold," he cried, to the old robber who had suggested the emprize, "I have redeemed my pledge, and plundered the coffer of the Spirits of the Deep!"

Then loud broke the robbers' voices over the still stream, and mailed hands grasped the heavy gems, and fierce eyes gloated on their splendour.

"And how didst thou win the treasure? with thy good sword, we'll warrant," cried the robbers.

"Nay," answered Rupert, "there is a weapon more dangerous to female, whether spirit or flesh, than the sword—a soft tongue and flattering words!—Away; take each what he can carry,—and away, I say, to our castle!"

Days and weeks rolled on, but the Mortal returned not to the Maiden of the Waters; and night after night Lurline sat alone on the moonlight rock, and mourned for her love in such wild and melancholy strains, as now at times the fisherman starts to hear. The Dwarf of the Lurlei Berg sometimes put forth his shaggy head, from the little door in his rock, and sought to solace her with wise aphorisms on human inconstancy: but the soft Lurline was not the more consoled by his wisdom, and still not the less she clung to the vain hope that Rupert the Flatterer would return.

And Rupert said to his comrades, as they quaffed the wine, and carved the meat at his castle board—

"I hear there is a maiden in the castle of Lorchausen, amidst the valleys, on the other side of the Rhine, fair to see, and rich to wed. She shall be the Bride of the Fearnought."

The robbers shouted at the proposal, and the next day, in their sheenest armour, they accompanied their beautiful chief in his wooing to the Lady of Lorchausen. But Rupert took care not to cross by the Lurlei Berg; for Fearnought as he was, he thought a defrauded dragon and a betrayed spirit were hard odds for a mortal chief. They arrived at the castle, and Rupert wooed with the same flattery and the same success as before. But as one female generally avenges the wrongs of another, so Rupert was caught by the arts he practised, and loved no less ardently than he was loved. The Chief of Lorchausen consented to the wedding, and the next week he promised to bring the bride and her dowry to the Fearnought's castle.

"But, ah! dearest Unna," said Rupert to his betrothed, "take heed as you pass the river that your bark steer not by the Lurlei Berg, for *there* lurks a dragon ever athirst for beauty and for gold; and he lashes with his tail the waters when such voyagers as thou pass, and whirls the vessel down into his cave below."

The beautiful Unna was terrified, and promised assent to so reasonable a request.

Rupert and his comrades returned home, and set the old castle in order for the coming of the bride.

To be concluded in our next.

THE HONOURABLE THIEF.

M. de Limoges was a banker, and was to leave Paris for Bordeaux the next day upon business. In the evening he went to the play, with a tortoise-shell snuff box set in gold, upon the cover of which was a beautiful miniature of his wife holding her son in her arms, painted by Augustin. The child was then about two years old, and remarkable for its beauty. Madame de Limoges was also a beautiful woman, and the execution of the picture was admirable. On leaving the theatre with a lady of his acquaintance, he felt some one press against him, and having turned suddenly round, a handsome young man, of seemingly elegant manners, apologized for having pushed him. He ought, perhaps, to have apologized for something else; for scarcely had M. de Limoges entered his house than he discovered that he had been robbed: his snuff-box was gone. This loss was doubly felt, because, independently of the subject, the painting was one of great value. He lodged a complaint at the police office; and in an advertisement, which he had inserted in all the papers, he promised ten louis to any person who would bring him back the miniature only. On his return from Bordeaux, two months after, he found a packet addressed to him, which, to his great delight, enclosed, not the snuff-box, but the miniature. It was accompanied by the following letter, of which I have seen the original:

"Sir,—I can easily imagine your regret at losing the miniature, which I have the honour to return to you. So charming a child, and so beautiful a wife, must necessarily be the pride and delight of him who has a right to have them painted. But permit me, sir, to offer a word of advice. A man who has such a wife and child, painted by Augustin, and carries them on the lid of a snuff-box, should have the latter of gold, and should surround the miniature with brilliants of the first water. Had you done so, it would have been more honourable for you, and more profitable to me.

"I have the honour, &c.
THE THIEF.

"P.S. You have promised ten louis to any one who should return the miniature into your hands. This is something like the promise of a gascon, for you could not suppose that I am such a simpleton as to put you to the test. If however, you really meant to keep your word, put the ten louis into your pocket, and come to the Favart theatre the day after to-morrow—I will then pay myself with my own hands."

This singular epistle was left at the house of M. de Limoges during his absence. On the night after his return, he put the ten louis into his pocket and went to the theatre, but he met not the thief. The latter perhaps had been more unfortunate with another than with him, and might have been in the hands of justice. Be that as it may, M. de Limoges never heard any more of him.

Athenæum.

MOORFIELDS:

ITS CHARACTER—AND CHARACTERS—ITS DECAY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY AN OCTOGENARY.

For the Olio.

MOORFIELDS must have been, at one time, the centre of attraction for the coxcombs and demireps that flaunted abroad in the sunshine of pleasure, and set the fashions, as well as set them off, for the imitation of their brethren and sisterhood less ostentatious, and mingling less in the promenades of Broker-row, and the *pave* of the Old Bethlem. For the low situation, it was a fine open space for breathing-time to those who sought a little recreation and edification at the same opportunity, and afforded an excuse for the young and the old to "see and be seen." I remember the trees forming a shadow in each of the square green patches, yielding much delight to the visitors; and the upper end, as it was called, lay open to Finsbury, and gave the eye a full stretch as far as the Shepherd and Shepherdess, with no deficience of umbrageous accommodation by seats and nooks. Each "taverne" on the right, over against Bunnhylle, displayed its "solars" for view and tankard, smoking and creaming, bun-eating and syllabub whipping. On the Sunday evening, parties of tens and twenties (for it was then customary to go forth in parties) both for show and protection, and for health's sake. The dread of infection on the one hand, and of cut-purses on the other, rendered the precaution really and obviously necessary. While an occasional silver-toned bell sounded shrilly in the air by its rapid tolling in the heart of the city, drawing an invalid on his crutches, and a staid matron, with their Charles the Martyr illustrated prayer-books, with all the saints in effigy, and strong clasps, to keep their contents from injury. While the few were attending the service in the hallowed cloisters of the dead, and walking meekly in the narrow path, the many were pouring into Moorfields—with now and then a pilgrim hastening into the Meeting-House on the Pavement; and, on the other side, the precise Dissenters, going as it were by stealth into Broad-street, side sanctuary, snugly concealed by trees in a corner.

Each corner of the Moor, as it was termed, possessed its characteristic attraction. Beside the Moorgate, Dr. Bossey made his appearance on a horse-block or upping-stock, and by his eccentric conduct kept a large auditory in key-some, making their *debut*, and giving place for others, who occupied their standing room. On the Broad-street side, his opponent, the celebrated Bille Tomkyne raised his form and exerted the bellows of his lungs on a porter-bench, and out-heroded Bossey, for hyperbole and nostrum, to the vast amusement of his patronimica. In the corner, towards Long Alley, Whitfield raised his sanctum sanctorum, 'dealing d——n round the land,' and, like a second Jupiter on his celestial throne, hurling the bolts of thunder and lightning on those who walked away and scoffed; and speaking accents of mercy to those who remained to pray.

At the Finsbury end, John Westley took his stand. By the elegance of his manner, and the eloquence of his lips, he gained perhaps the largest multitude; though Whitfield enjoyed the patronage of the more select.

Such a concourse of persons—of such a motley description—so many really devotional—so many really impious—so many real impostors and sharpers and simpletons of every grade. Fruits, pies, ballads, divine chaunts, squibs, lampoons, and pedlary were handed and bandied about—cried and set forth by Jews, Romans, and Gentiles, in all the gewgaw of a popular wake. Alas! alas! how little attention was paid to the keeping of the Sunday evening properly! The devout appeared then as the devout appear now. But, in every gap, the sneer and the poor man's lot were visible. The proud man's contumely was signalised by his driving, or riding, up to the gate, listening a few minutes, and then giving his horses the lash, or his steed the spurs, and off he went in his own regality. Yet, after all, who can find fault? In a free country like this, it is man's prerogative to do what he will with his own: and nothing is, intrinsically, his own, like his *opinion!* Is it, then, remarkable, that the heroes in Moorfields, like others in other times, played their parts?

The scene, however, as it was in Moor-*fields* will never be reacted. The sword may return to its scabbard, the scimetar to the sickle—the plough-share and the pruning-hook rest in the land and the vineyard; but who can prophesy the time when this populated spot will become barren, its edifices be laid waste, its space be re-simplified by the agrarian model of Roman cultivation—and a new ruralry hereafter congregate in a new and vernal aspect of a new *series* of Moorfields!

One reflection, however, remains, without proceeding by speculative theories, and this is a practical and experimental fact—that, out of the *four* pillars of the state, the two conjuring mountebanks—Bossey and Tomkyne—are gone, and have not left a trace of their stamp behind them; while Whitfield and Westley have left a name and a sect each, of a very numerous class of professing Christians, differing now, as they were begun, only in faith and practice; but softened down by the experience of the age in which we live to a cordial sociality and praiseworthy comparative union—though, not like certain *electioneering* candidates, forming a coalition for a future seat in the ranks of the "just made perfect," but striving might and main which shall have the ascendancy—parodying a popular phrase, 'may the *best man* win!'

LUDICROUS SCENE ON THE HEIGHTS OF BOULOGNE.

Madame B—r, the mother of Madame Laplanche-Mortier, had never before been so near the Emperor; and nothing could prevent her from leaving the barrack, that she might get a better sight of him. As she was the mother-in-law of an officer of the palace, the Emperor could not be angry if he met her on his road. Being, however, in an ill-humour, he might, perhaps, give her a specimen of it; but Madame B—r feared nothing, and boldly ventured forth.

It required more courage than people would imagine, to go out at this moment. One of the gales of the autumnal equinox was blowing in full fury, and the whirls of the flags above the throne indicated to Madame B—r that a similar effect would be produced upon her petticoats. On my making the observation to her, she replied that she would hold them down with her hands; and, in fact, we saw her for some time manœuvre so as to preserve things in decent order. The Emperor, occupied with what was passing eighty or a hundred feet below him, continued to walk rapidly up and down the terrace, without, however, passing a certain limit on either side. Madame B—r, who could not see him from the place where she stood, determined to go boldly round to the other side of the barrack, facing the throne. In this undertaking she exposed herself to the fury of the wind, which had increased in violence, and threatened this day of pageantry with a termination not very agreeable to the *legionnaires* who were to dine under an awning. The Emperor, much vexed, spoke very loud, and in a manner sufficiently energetic to excite in the highest degree the curiosity of a woman capable of appreciating Napoleon; and who must have been desirous of seeing him at a time when he evinced that he was not exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. She forgot the storm, and, as I have already stated, turned the corner of the barrack. At this instant she was struck by a sudden gust, which got into her large bonnet, and loosened the ribbons with which it was fastened. Madame B—r wore a wig, which she felt would follow the bonnet; she therefore let go her petticoats to secure the head-gear; but the wind, bent upon having its own way, twirled and twisted about Madame B—r, who, by the bye, was of immense size, and without any ceremony began to lift up her gown and petticoats. It then became necessary for the hands to go to the assistance of the lower extremities. Thus the bonnet, abandoned to the caprice of the storm, was carried away, together with the wig, and poor Madame B—r saved the honour of her legs at the expence of her naked scalp, which stood confessed before Napoleon, who at that instant turned round to speak to the Minister of Marine, whom he thought to be close behind him. It must be confessed that such a spectacle was a difficult ordeal for the Emperor's gravity. It was impossible to help laughing at the sight of an immensely fat woman presenting a fat, white, round head, close shaved; her countenance expressing wildness and terror; and her whole body strained by her exertions to keep down her petticoats. The Emperor, however, behaved very well; his smile as he passed her was scarcely perceptible. *Athenæum.*

TOM CRINGLE'S DESCRIPTION OF A BOY ATTACKED BY A SHARK.

About an hour after this a very melancholy accident happened to a poor boy on board, of about fifteen years of age, who had already become a great favourite of mine from his modest, quiet deportment, as well as of all the gun-room-officers, although he had not been above a fortnight in the ship. He had let himself down over the bows by the cable to bathe. There were several of his comrades standing on the forecastle looking at him, and he asked one of them to go out on the spritsail-yard, and look round to see if there were any sharks in the neighbourhood; but all around was deep, clear, green water. He kept fast hold of the cable, however, and seemed determined not to put himself in harms way, until a wicked little urchin, that used to wait on the warrant-officers' mess, a small meddling snipe of a creature, who got flogged in well behaved weeks *only* once, began to taunt my mild little favourite.

"Why you chicken-heart, I'll wager a thimbleful of grog, that such a tailor as you are in the water can't for the life of you swim out to the buoy there."

"Never you mind, Pepperbottom," said the boy, giving the imp the name he had richly earned by repeated flagellations. "Never you mind. I am not ashamed to shew my naked hide, you know. But it is against orders in these seas to go overboard, unless with a sail under-foot; so I sha'n't run the risk of being tattooed by the boatswain's mate, like some one I could tell of."

"Coward," muttered the little wasp, "you are afraid sir;" and the other boys abetting the mischief-maker, the lad was goaded to leave his hold of the cable, and strike out for the buoy. He reached it, and then turned, and pulled towards the ship again, when he caught my eye.

"Who is that overboard? How dare you, sir, disobey the standing order of the ship; Come in, boy; Come in."

My hailing the little fellow shoved him off his balance, and he lost his presence of mind for a moment or two, during which he, if any thing, widened his distance from the ship.

At this instant the lad on the spritsail-yard sung out quick and suddenly, "A shark, a shark!"

And the monster, like a silver pillar, suddenly shot up perpendicularly from out the dark green depths of the sleeping pool, with the waters sparkling and hissing around him, as if he had been a sea-demon rushing on his prey.

"Pull for the cable, Louis," shouted fifty voices at once—"pull for the cable."

The boy did so—we all ran forward. He reached the cable—grasped it with both hands, and hung on, but before he could swing himself out of the water, the fierce fish had turned. His whitish-green belly glanced in the sun—the poor little fellow gave a heart-splitting yell, which was shattered amongst the impending rocks into piercing echoes, and these again were reverberated from cavern to cavern, until they died away amongst the hollows in the distance, as if they had been the faint shrieks of the damned—yet he held fast for a second or two—the ravenous tyrant of the sea tug, tug, tugging at him, till the stiff taught cable shook again. At length he was torn from his hold, but did not disappear; the animal continuing on the surface crunching his prey with his teeth, and digging at him with his jaws, as if trying to gorge a morsel too large to be swallowed, and making the water flash up in foam over the boats in pursuit, by the powerful strokes of his tail, but without ever letting go his hold. The poor lad only cried once more—but such a cry—oh God, I never shall forget it!—and could it be possible, in his last shriek, his piercing expiring cry, his youngvoice seemed to pronounce my name—at least so I thought at the time, and others thought so too. The next moment he appeared quite dead. No less than three boats had been in the water alongside when the accident happened, and they were all on the spot by this time. And there was the bleeding and mangled boy, torn along the surface of the water by the shark, with the boats in pursuit, leaving a long stream of blood, mottled with white specks of fat and marrow in his wake. At length the man in the bow of the gig laid hold of him by the arm, another sailor caught the other arm, boat-hooks and oars were dug into and launched at the monster, who relinquished his prey at last, stripping off the flesh, however, from the upper part of the right thigh, until his teeth reached the knee, where he nipped the shank clean off, and made sail with the leg in his jaws. Poor little Louis never once moved after we took him in. *Blac. Mag*

TABLETS FOR THE ANNUALS.

FIT THIRD.

For the Olio.

13. DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

A *Fisher* angles in the drawing-room,
And baits his scraps with *Landon's* sweetest thought;
Votaries, enamoured of the choice perfume,
In fancied dreams of happiness are caught.

14. JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT.

The young look forward in the spring of health
To prospects bright—Experience here arrives:
And, with a simple volume fraught with wealth,
Instruction of the purest kind contrives.

15. MEDICAL ANNUAL.

The healing art, with sound and useful sense,
Is offered to the reader—All the fees
Included in the purchase, which dispense
Appropriate medicines, giving strength and ease.

15. HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

With dainty joints, in plates, well cut and drest,
Suited for tastes that relish much and good,
That by their pungencies produce a zest,
And to the cook an annual *liveli-hood*.

The gastric Mistress Glasse—the *Cuisinier*—
The pepp'rous Ude, the critics fires have stood;
But, Janus-like, are *book'd* from y *ear* to y-*ear*
Two faces—Sad and Glad—beneath *one* Hood.

17. TIME'S TELESCOPE.

Days, memoirs, portraits, works in wood and steel;
Themes astronomic for the students' ken:
The Naturalist, with hints correct and real—
Developing the ways of God to men.

INTERLOCUTOR.

THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

ALL places have their peculiarities: now that of Dalton was discourse—that species of discourse which Johnson's Dictionary entitles 'conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves.' Everybody knew what everybody did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, wakings, sleepings, walkings, talkings, doings,—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town. There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame, who lived upon an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour—that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly; for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market-place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or the meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A.'s pair of fowls, and Mrs. B.'s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that in the hurry of observing her neighbours' dinners Mrs. Smith had forgot to order her own. It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger, who took up his abode at the White Hart: not that there was any thing remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain middle aged, respectable-looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and Heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of boiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal: he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the *Morning Herald* (for the post came in of the evening), and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was most extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There were no chalybeate springs, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighbourhood, left expressly for antiquarians and pic-nic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes —in short, there was 'no nothing.' It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements.—The stranger's name was Mr. Williams—but that was the extent of their knowledge; and, shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakspeare, 'exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.' Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped from a mad-house, a second that he had killed some one in a duel: but all agreed that he came there for no good. It was the 23d of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to 'John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton.' Eagerly was it compressed in the long fingers of Mrs Mary Smith of dinnerless memory; the fat landlady of the White Hart was on tip-toe to peep; while the post-mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a close and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in deciphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. 'Oh, the monster!' shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words: —'We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife—the horror is too great.' Not a syllable more could they make out; but what they had read was enough. 'He told me,' gasped the landlady, 'that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh, the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart: and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!' Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation. 'I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing,' observed Mrs. Mary Smith. 'I daresay,' returned the post-mistress, 'Williams is not his real name.' 'I don't know that,' interrupted the landlady; 'Williams is a good hanging name: there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who burked all those poor dear children; I daresay he is some relation of theirs; but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him: he sha'n't poison his wife in my house; out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself.' 'Lord! Lord! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letters;' and the post-mistress thought in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure. Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentlewoman with an annuity and a front and back parlour, was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post-mistress and the landlady. It seemed that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate. 'Murder will out,' said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which like Tom Tough, had seen a deal of service; and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate. Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past the 'witching hour of night,' deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams; and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner-table which was intended to be the scene of his crime. 'He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience,' pointing to Mr Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it a hack chaise: out of it stept, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity redoubled—such a pretty young, creature, not above nineteen! 'I see how it is,' thought she, 'the old wretch is jealous.' All efforts to catch her eye were in vain—the dinner was ready, and down they sat. The hostess of the

White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but catching her hand, exclaimed 'Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!' All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. 'I am happy, madam,' said the little bustling magistrate, 'to have been, under Heaven, the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity.' Mr. Crampton paused in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas. 'My life!' ejaculated the astonished lady. 'Yes, madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account.' And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected; but when he came to the terrible words—'We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife'—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentleman, the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too. 'I can explain all,' at last interrupted the visitor. 'Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labours of genius: he is writing a melo-drame called My Wife—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather objected to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses.' The disconcerted magistrate shook his head, and muttered something about theatres being very immoral. 'Quite mistaken, sir,' said Mr. Williams. 'Our soup is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterwards, I shall be proud to read My Wife aloud, in the hope of your approval, at least of your indulgence'—and with the same hope, I bid farewell to my readers."

Keepsake.

THE SLEEPER'S SHRIFT.

BY H. F. CHORLEY.

(Concluded from page 215.)

In the mean time the officious man of law had snatched the packet and broken the seals: and the old man repeated solemnly, "I declare this to be the last will of my master, drawn in Vienna, six months before his decease; and that this is as true and substantial a fact, as that *I murdered him*, this day four months ago; which crime I am now come here to confess, and abide its punishment."

"Can this be?" said one to another.

"This, at least, is a valid document;" said the counsellor. "I know these signatures well to be those of the leading lawyers in Vienna; and," continued he, raising his voice, "it sets forth that the Herr Ausler, being displeased at the importunity of his cousin Count Philip Seltzermann, had bequeathed all his possessions of land and money to the holy fathers of the church in Prague and Vienna: a portion of the same to be applied to the purchase of masses for the repose of his soul."

"What?" shrieked Madame Limburg.

"Pious man!" ejaculated all the ecclesiastics at once.

"It is even so!" repeated the counsellor; "shall we proceed with the ceremony, or examine yonder old fellow first?"

"Ceremony!" exclaimed the widow; "wretched duped woman that I am! What throw myself away upon a beggar? Never, never!

"Stick to that," mumbled Richilda to herself, "and all may come right yet; and, by Our Lady, Count Philip bears the loss of lands and lady easily enough. I'll get upon this bench, and see what comes next."

Upon inquiry, it was discovered that one of the witnesses to this document was even then in Prague, and while a messenger was dispatched to summon him, the remainder of the old man's story claimed examination; and it proved on minute inquiry to run in this wise. The steward Schreivogel had been deeply trusted by the murdered miser, and in fact was one of three who witnessed this his last will; wherein, in his spleen, he had cut off his gallant young cousin from deriving any advantage from the immense wealth he left behind him. But they had often violent and secret disagreements; and on the recent occasion, the Herr Ausler having dispatched him to Vienna on business of importance, was seized with one of those suspicious fits so common to avaricious people, and resolved to follow him, and watch if he were indeed as faithful a servant as he seemed; for this purpose he set out a few days after his steward. Schrievogel, never dreaming of such a freak, even on the part of his eccentric master, had taken his own time for the journey; and in fact, had visited an old companion in iniquity, who lived in the woods near Wanderstein, and who allowed his comrade the use of his house, as a place of deposit for the gain which, with his superior cunning, he contrived to wring from his flinty-hearted master.

It chanced, that upon the noon of the day on which my story commences, the steward had encountered Philip, who was riding along in no pleasant frame of mind, smarting under the cold-hearted and peremptory unkindness of the Herr Ausler. Schrievogel, whose malicious spirit was chafed by the remembrance of some recent quarrel, joined the young soldier; and, after some greeting they began to talk. The old man had always shewn kindness to Philip; and knowing that his disorderly habits could not much longer be concealed from the scrutiny of his miserly master, had many times conceived the idea of getting rid of old Ausler, and laying a foundation for the acquisition of new importance and wealth, by putting Philip in his place, and if possible, acquiring an ascendancy over him—by making him participate, if not in the crime, at least in its concealment. Many times had he hinted the subject to him, but without success; that day, however, he allowed himself to be thrown off his guard, and proposed the murder in language not to be misunderstood. He represented to Philip, that his frequent residences at Wanderstein, would afford him numerous opportunities of surprising his ungenerous relation: he even pointed out the identical chestnut wood as they passed it, as a place where the deed might be committed without a chance of discovery. Philip was young and irascible: he had borne that day the taunts of all others the hardest to bear, the insolent assumption of the rich and mean, over the poor and high-minded; but he cast back the temptation with disdain. "What, become a murderer!" said he, vehemently; "get thee behind me Satan!" and they parted abruptly. As the lover spurred his steed through the forest, it may be, however, that the temptation recurred to him more strongly than he dared to confess. Before him, lay wealth, prosperity, love,—the deed was in his power. It was an act of justice towards one who had committed such glaring injustice; of mercy, towards one who had so little enjoyment of life. Torturing himself with these sophisms, he arrived at Wanderstein, as we have seen, dispirited and perturbed.

Schrievogel in his turn rode on his way, in great alarm that his master was in pursuit of him. It boded ill for the continuance of that course of fraud in which he had so long rioted: with the daring of one used to contemplate desperate designs, he resolved to perform the deed himself, and to rely upon his long-tried craftiness for maintaining an ascendancy over the new heir. He loitered on the road till nightfall, when his master came up. The Herr Ausler, as usual addressed violent and provoking language to his steward, who, on this occasion, lost his self-control. From words they came to blows, and then followed a more deadly strife:—the steward was the stronger man of the two; and whilst his victim lay prostrate upon the ground, he seized him suddenly, and winding the long sash which he wore around his neck, put an end at once to his existence, and stood beside the body of his patron and master a murderer.

The wicked man retained self-possession enough to remember that these woods were notorious as the hiding-place for banditti; and perceiving the facilities that this circumstance would afford for his escape, disposed of the body as I have already described; stripping it—turning the horse of the dead man loose, and scattering his property in frequented parts of the road, knowing that a band of officers was then in pursuit of the robbers; and that if, as he doubted not, they should presently find the dead man's property, the tale of its acquirement would meet with little credence. Fortune stood his friend in this instance: a notorious gang of robbers did pass that way; appropriated the prize which had been thus left in their way: and, as we have seen, were the next day discovered by the ministers of justice, who passed, and executed a summary sentence of death upon them.

Schreivogel fled to Vienna, to secure the will, which he knew to be deposited in the escrutoir of his deceased master. He saw at once what his only sure game was to be. He would keep this last will suspended *in terrorem* over the head of the young man, for his own purposes;

never doubting but that Philip would willingly join in its suppression,—and he remained at Vienna, to pillage as much as he dared the wealth of the new heir, so as to secure a certain fund whereon he might retire, in case his last stratagem should fail. He resolved, to increase Philip's difficulties, to allow the marriage to take place before he revealed the extent of his power over the property; and for that purpose remained till the last minute at Vienna, purposing to arrive at Prague, seemingly by accident, the day after the ceremony. All this while preserving, in his letters to his new master, a happy mixture of profound respect and attention to his interests, by which he hoped to efface from his mind the remembrance of their interview in the forest;—and so well did he wear the mask, that Philip could not but be satisfied by the zeal and alacrity with which he devoted himself to his service. Had he not been weakened by illness and grief, it is likely that the task of deceiving him would not have been so easy.

But the Almighty has his own ways of working upon the vilest; and the wretch felt uneasy and restless when left alone at night, at the thoughts of his sin. It chanced too, that an accident which happened to the public conveyance, compelled the passengers from Prague to Vienna, to proceed on foot through the chestnut wood; and that it was night-fall when they entered it, deepening the dreariness of the place as they walked along, by the details of many acts of atrocity, formerly committed there. Schreivogel trembled like an aspen leaf, and gave back when the sound of a horse's feet approaching, broke the conversation. It was ridden by a man of stern and cruel face clad in a scarlet mantle. The features of the rider, dimly seen through the gathering twilight, were unknown to all, save the murderer. It was possibly only the phantasm conjured up by a guilty conscience, from the coincidence of dress and situation. But on him it acted with all the hideous reality of an apparition from the grave, and seemed to glare upon him as it passed. And the steward, whose superstition only equalled his guilt, finding the weight upon his conscience an intolerable burden, resolved, at the end of his journey, to make a full confession of his crime, and to endeavour, with his ill-amassed wealth, to buy from the church, peace for his soul.

He had scarcely finished his story, when the messenger returned with the notary who had drawn the will. And now, for the comfort of those who hate a long story, I will finish mine in three paragraphs.

First—The widow Limburg, as she could not marry the gold rejected the gallant, who made good Richilda's remark, by seeming to care marvellously little for the loss of either.

In the second place—and how it was brought about let every fair lady settle as best pleases her—before an hour was over, Count Philip was at the Lady Jane's feet.

In the third—For the credit of the Catholic Church, let me recount one good deed: the heads of the monasteries in Prague and Vienna, on its being represented to them that much of the property of the deceased, did in equity really belong to Count Philip, bestowed a handsome dowry upon the aforesaid Lady Jane on her wedding day.

MY DOG QUAIL.

The following from the *Juvenile Forget Me Not* will interest many of our youthful readers:—

"Great pains had been bestowed on Quail's education; she was instructed by me and my brothers in every thing we supposed her capable of learning. These she acquired with extraordinary readiness, and very little severity. But the accomplishments thus taught her, numerous as they were, bore no proportion to those which natural intelligence conferred upon her without instruction. When young, the first preparatory step was to make her perfect in fetching and carrying whatever she was sent for, both in and out of the water, till both elements were alike to her: and this seemed the foundation of every thing else. She soon learned to distinguish what belonged to every person, and to every part of the person. If I lost a glove, I shewed my hand to Quail, and she set out on a quest, searched every place in and near the house, and almost always succeeded in finding it. This she soon improved into finding, of herself, whatever was dropped, and conveying it to us. Many a pocket-handkerchief was saved in this way, which we never thought of sending Quail in search of. If I met, out of doors, a companion who asked me to walk, and I did not wish to lose time by returning for my hat, I had only to touch my head to Quail, and go on. Our hats lay on the hall table, and Quail never failed to return to the house, select mine from the rest, and holding it carefully out of the dirt, as she had been taught, bring it to me to a considerable distance. When sent back on such occasions, she sometimes found the door shut, and could not get in: having tried in vain to obtain entrance by scratching, she then adopted another method. There was no rapper to the back door, and the persons knocking generally thumped with their fist; this Quail of her own sagacity learned to imitate with her tail; she turned her side, wagged it against the door, and produced a sound which never failed to bring the people to open it, as if for some human being. Her capability of finding lost things was very useful to us. On one occasion I remember I went out to shoot rails, and having fired at a bird, I prepared to charge again, but could not find my powder-horn. This loss Quail soon comprehended, and instantly set back in search of it. My way had been through several meadows and fields, and across roads and ditches, since I had last used it: through all these she retraced my footsteps, frequently questing through the intricate crossings I had made several times over the same fields, and so unravelling the whole distance I had gone for several miles, at length found the powder-horn, and returned to me with it, after an absence of nearly an hour. The faculty of recognising and carrying away things that had been touched by us was used for a bad purpose, and severely compromised her character. There was an old woman who sold apples and oranges at the corner of the next street. We had a servant boy who often set his eyes on them. One day he took up an orange, and asked the price of it; but thinking it too dear, the old woman snatched it out of his hand, and bid him go home. This was observed by Quail; and when he returned, she immediately ran back, snapped up the orange, and brought it to him in triumph. When this quality was discovered, it was soon put into requisition, and all the fruit-women in the town were laid under contribution. The appearance of Quail in the market put every one on the alert; and many a severe blow she received in doing as she was bid. She at last, however, became so sagacious, that she stole quietly behind the stall, watching her opportunity, and carried off the fruit without being perceived. When we found it out, we severely prohibited the practice. Her talent in carrying things in this way was sometimes useful to the servants. We had a very old woman who was fond of snuff, but not able to go for it herself. The boy was not always willing, and he taught Quail to be his substitute. When her box was empty, he put a halfpenny into it, and gave it to Quail, who forthwith carried it in her mouth to the snuff-shop; and then, rising up to the counter with her fore-legs, she shook her head and rattled the halfpenny in the box. This was soon understood by the shopman, who took the money and filled the box, which Quail brought safely back to our old woman. Within doors her utility and sagacity were equally in requisition. We sat, in the winter time, in a large parlour, reading round the fire, with Quail between the legs of one of us, her head resting on our knees, and waiting for orders, either to ring the bell or shut the door, as occasion might require. On this latter duty she was often sent, as it was usually left open by whoever came in, and the room was sometimes very cold. Her method was to lift up her right paw (for she had actually a human preference for the use of the right hand), and push the door forward till the lock clicked. On one occasion she could not move the door; and after sundry efforts she returned, whining in that peculiar way by which she expressed embarrassment. It appeared that the room was smoking, and the servant had opened the door to let the smoke out, and placed a smoothing iron against it to keep it so. Quail pondered for some time on the case, with her head on one side, when, as if the cause suddenly struck her, she ran at the smoothing-iron, and having dragged it away, she pushed with both her feet against the door, shut it, and returned to us rejoicing, with the same feelings, no doubt, as the philosopher when he discovered the mathematical problem. We have often placed similar obstructions there, but Quail was never again embarrassed to find out the cause; she always, however, barked at it, and shook it after she had removed it, as if to express her displeasure for the trouble it gave her. When she found any thing that was mislaid, she was rewarded, and she was not long in applying this to profit. If a knife or spoon was dropped at dinner, she always took it up and presented it to the person next to it. When this did not happen, and she waited in vain, she proceeded to the sideboard where knives were laid, with the handles sometimes projecting over the edge. Here she waited her opportunity, and when no one was observing, slily drew a knife forward, then let it fall with a noise, took it up, and proceeded to the next person and claimed her reward. It would be endless to mention all the instances in which she improved, by her natural sagacity, every thing she had been mechanically taught; and there were always such traces of reasoning on cause and effect, that it was almost impossible to suppose she was not gifted, to a certain extent, with the human faculty of arguing cases in her own mind and drawing conclusions. Her power of distinguishing persons was also very great, and decided by means very different from the mere instinct of smell. A circumstance of this kind occurred, which highly gratified an eminent and very sensible artist. Of all the inmates of our family, Quail was most attached to my mother, who returned her good-will, and was very kind to her. She had sat for her picture, and afterwards gone on a visit to a friend for a short time: and Quail seemed very uneasy at her absence. The picture, which was a strong likeness, was sent home; and before it was hung up, it stood on the sofa where my mother used to sit. I could not account one day for the boisterous joy of Quail in the dining-room; but on looking in, I saw that she had recognised the picture, and was wagging her tail and frisking about, as she always did to express her joy, frequently looking up and licking the face—a mark of affection she tried to pay to those she was fond of. When the picture was hung up, she never failed to notice it when she entered the room, and lay for sometime before it on the carpet, gazing at it intently; and this practice she continued till my mother's return, and the original quite absorbed her attention from the representation. The ingenious artist who drew it frequently declared, that he considered this recognition the highest compliment that could be paid him, and he preferred it to the most elaborate eulogy of a connoisseur."

The Naturalist.

Dog Races.—At Keswick Races a dog-race takes place, which is not only a singular thing, but an interesting sport. A train of scent is laid down by the keeper, consisting of 'aniseed and turpentine.' In the last races in August, a course of fourteen dogs set off for the prize, and in the midst of some horsemen, pedestrians, and ladies mounted on their palfreys, they scented the ground up and down with great swiftness and interest. Such a scene so far off from the metropolis contains novelty, and particularly so as it is not, we believe, exhibited in any of the rural sports within the "Bills of Mortality."

Pedes.

Habits of Animals.—It has been asserted, from of old, that the river Falcon (Falco haliætus, Linn.) seizes at times upon fish of so large a size, that he is unable to carry it away with him, and is dragged under water by his prey, and drowned. Nor is it an uncommon thing to find the skeleton of this bird adhering to fish, which inhabit those pieces of water, to which he resorts. But, says the celebrated German naturalist, Brehm, I could never succeed in obtaining a proof of the fact, until the autumn of 1828. On the 7th of October, in that year, a countryman, who was walking near a pond, observed a large bird sitting on the edge of it: he approached the bird, and to his great astonishment, found her perched upon a fish of very large size, from which she could not extricate herself. He crept as gently as he could close up to her, and threw his stick at her with so much force, as to break one of her wings. He then killed her, but found it an extremely difficult task to disengage her claws from the gills of the captive fish. The falcon was a female, of the Pendion alticeps species, and I have given her a place in my collection, in common with a record of the extraordinary circumstances of her death. The same naturalist, when speaking of the wasp buzzard (Pernis, Cuvier,) which draws out the sting of the insect before he swallows it, communicates an interesting extract from a letter, which he had received from a noble friend. "I was informed," says Baron de Seyffertitz, "that a large bird had been for some time sitting in my garden, hard at work. The next morning he returned to the spot as soon as it was light, and taking up my gun, I crept, under covert of a currant bush, to within twenty paces of him. I now perceived that he was at work on a wasp's nest, which lay under-ground, and labouring at it might and main. With a view to prevent too many wasps from coming out at a time, he closed the opening into the nest with one of his wings, sprung after the wasps, which were getting away with great nimbleness, beat them to the ground with his other wing, and then dispatched them. He pursued this game until he had reached the nest itself; this he gradually pulled to pieces, devouring the poor insects as they turned up. My patience was by this time exhausted, and I shot him dead." This, adds Brehm, is an incontrovertible proof, that the wasp buzzard, as well as the fox, dig up wasp's nests from below the surface, and are each, in their way, very useful animals. *Athenæum.*

Table Talk.

Bishop Burnet.—In conversation, he is described as having been often unintentionally disagreeable, through a singular want of consideration. One day, during Marlborough's disgrace, and voluntary exile, Burnet, while dining with the Duchess, who was a reputed termagant, compared the Duke to Belisarius. "How do you account," inquired her Grace, "for so great a man as that celebrated Roman having been so miserable and detested?"—"Oh! madam," replied the bishop, "he had, as you know, such a sad brimstone of a wife!"

Dying Fortitude. — Amongst the number of misguided men who engaged in the Irish rebellion, was a Mr. Jackson, a clergyman. He was tried and found guilty, but contrived to escape the penalties of the law by swallowing a large dose of arsenic. The intrepidity with which he bore the excruciating pains of that poison was remarkable. A motion in arrest of judgment was made: he concealed the pangs he was suffering so well, that when called upon to know what he had to say, why sentence should not be passed upon him, though at the time actually unable to speak, with a smiling air he bowed and pointed to his counsel. His fortitude did not fail him to the last, for it was scarcely suspected that he was ill, until he fell down in the midst of his counsel's argument. — The following anecdote is related of him in a work written by Dr. M'Niven:—"While preparing for his trial, and fully apprised of what would be its result, a friend was, by the kindness of the gaoler, permitted to remain with him until a very late hour at night. On the departure of his friend, Mr. Jackson accompanied him to the outer door of the prison, which was locked, the key remaining in the door, and the keeper in a profound sleep, probably oppressed with liquor. There could have been no difficulty in his escaping, even subsequent to the departure of his friend, and without his consent; but he adopted a different conduct—he locked the door after his guest, awoke the keeper, gave him the key, and retired to his apartment."—This is recorded by Dr. M'Niven to prove that Jackson had a high sense of honour. The honour which remains to be hanged, when by opening a door escape is certain, appears romantic and unnatural; nor is it likely such a feeling would operate, in such a situation, on any human being. He was probably bewildered and confused by the unexpectedness of the occurrence; and, stupified and infatuated, had not presence of mind to seize the critical moment of escaping from death, though afterwards he had fortitude to meet it undaunted.

Loss of a Nose.—A man who has lost his nose has peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages: he cannot follow his nose—but then he cannot be said to be pocking his nose into every thing. He cannot blow his nose—but then he saves pocket handkerchiefs. He cannot be stuffed up in his nose—but then he cannot take snuff, which is, however, another saving. If he goes to sleep, you cannot tickle his nose; and when he is awake, he cannot run his nose against a post. Let him drink what he will, he will never have a red nose, and never be exposed to the nickname of *Nosey;* and let him be as impertinent as he will, he may defy you to pull his nose. "Sir," said a man to another with a false proboscis, "I'll pull your nose."—"Sir," retorted the other, "I defy you—I shall put my nose in my pocket."

New Way of Naming a Street without Letters.—On a person seeing a blank painted in white at the corner of a street, on which its name was intended to be written, inquiring of a bystander if he knew what street it was. "Oh, yes!" said he, "it is *White Street*, to be sure" "Then, I am right," the other replied, "for I have got a '*carte blanche*' for a young lady, and the street I want must be *nameless*." P.

A COCKNEY EPIGRAM.

When in hot water I immerse my feet,
  This to my taste a *pie-house treat* reveals:
Because an aspiration I repeat—
  And with a dainty flavour h-*eat* my *h-eels*.

J. R. Jr.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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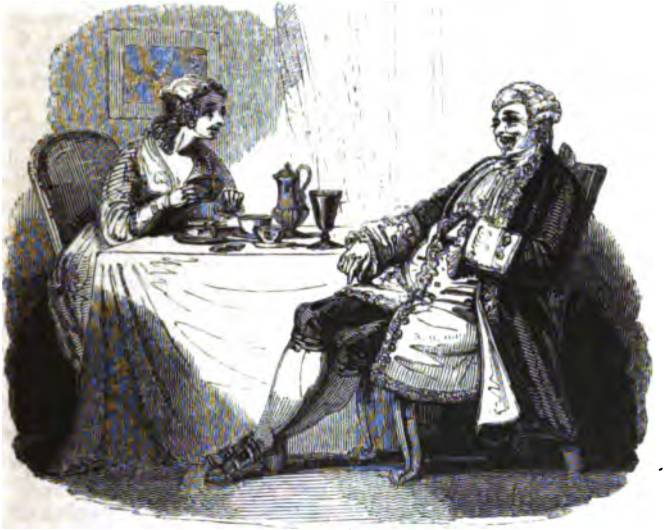

See page 244

Illustrated Article.

THE HARE-HOUND AND THE WITCH.*

On the western coast of Ireland is a certain dangerous bay: into it the broad Atlantic rolls its vast waters. Two leagues inland from its mouth high black cliffs frown over it, at both sides, of which the bases are hollowed into caverns; and when the winds blow angrily—and any wind can effectually visit the open and exposed estuary—tremendous and terrific is the roar, the dash, and the foam, which deafen the ears, and distract the eyes of a spectator. That hapless vessel, which, in a storm, cannot avoid an entrance into this merciless turmoil of mad waters, has sealed its doom.

Formerly, a great number of ships, from different countries, used to be dashed to splinters against the iron-bound coast; and a few people conjecture, that the diminution of such terrible accidents, in the present day, is partially owing to some improvement in seamanship, or else to the timely warning now given to distant mariners, by lights erected at the mouth of the bay. But other persons, and by far the greater number in the neighbourhood, think that the comparative paucity of wrecks may more naturally and satisfactorily be accounted for in another way. In fact, there does not now reside, as formerly there did, in an almost unapproachable cavern, high up on the face of one of the black cliffs, "a real witch, of the right sort."

Not that her witchship always dwelt in her cave; no, her visits to it were but occasional. Nor did it ever become necessary for her to proclaim her presence on the coast, by exhibiting her person; the results of her close neighbourhood sufficiently "prated of her whereabouts." Farmers' wives toiled in vain at their churns; and when no butter would come, self-evident it was that the witch was at that moment in her cavern, seated on her heels before a vessel of plain water, from which, by drawing a dead man's hand through it, she appropriated the produce of other people's honest labour. Cows suddenly went back in their milk; and then it was known, that, by passing a wheaten straw between her finger and thumb, the witch amply filled her can, while the owner of the beautiful animal uselessly tugged at its udder. Cattle swelled, and died, too; and, once again, every one knew who was in the cave under the cliff; and if none of those events, or similar ones, proved her disagreeable proximity, the direful storms and the frightful wrecks in the bay abundantly warranted it. Often amid the bellowing of the tempest she had raised, swelled her shrieking voice; and while the despairing creatures in the doomed vessel topped each short, high, foam-maned billow, which nearer and nearer dashed them on to their dread fate, the terrified watchers on the cliff's brow have heard her devilish laugh, until at last it broke into frenzied loudness, as the ship burst like a glass bubble, against the sharp rocks under her dwelling-hole.

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* Tait's Magazine.

No one could tell whence she came or whither she went, when, for a time, no longer visible on the coast. Occasionally she was observed in conference with certain notorious smugglers; and the men appeared, it was well known, to petition and bribe her for a fair wind with which to enter the bay, and for a foul one to keep their pursuers out of it. And this was fully proved by the fact, that invariably their light lugger got in, and was safely moored in some little creek, against danger of coming storm; while, the moment the revenue-cutter appeared in the offing, out burst the wildest winds, from the witch's cavern, and up swelled the sea, and the bay, in mountain billows; and his Majesty's vessel was sure to be wrecked during the night.

Like all of her sisterhood of that famous period, she could change herself, at pleasure, into various shapes. We give a serious proof of her talent in this respect.

A few miles from the coast which she so despotically ruled, resided a considerable landed proprietor. A great hunter of hares and foxes was he. His wife had just blessed him with an heir to his estate. And the boy was their only child. Of this event, the good squire was not a little proud: for, in case of his not leaving male issue, his property was to pass away to a distant, obscure, and neglected relation, a bone in whose skin its immediate possessor neither loved nor liked; for the heir-presumptive was mean in his habits and associations, uneducated and graceless; and it would be a sad thing to know that the fine old family acres were to go into such hands.

Shortly after his wife's confinement, and while she and her baby were "doing well," the squire, to dissipate the recent anxiety he had suffered, sallied forth for a hunting. His pack of harriers were his attendants, on this occasion, for the hare was the object of the day's sport.

And, surely, never had such a hare been followed by dogs, or "sohoed" by mortal lips, as the hare he and his friends and pack started, and hunted, upon that memorable day. From breakfast till dinner time, a sweeping and erratic chace did she lead them all; the dogs at full stretch, and the horses at top speed. Various accidents happened to the sportsmen; one maimed his steed; another fractured his collar-bone; some swampt in bogs; and none, except our good squire and his huntsman, escaped without injury or disaster. But, from starting to polling up, they gallantly kept at the dogs' tails.

After "an unprecedented run," the hare suddenly scudded towards the cliffs of the bay, immediately over the witch's cavern. The good harriers pursued; and the eager squire did not stay behind them; his huntsman closely following. The hare gained the verge of the cliff. Sheela, the prime bitch of the pack, just had time to close her, make a chop at her, and take a mouthful of flesh from her haunch, before she leaped down the face of almost a precipice. Dogs and horsemen were at a pause; none dared follow her.

In some time, nearly all the other discomfited members of the hunt came up; soiled, wounded, or jaded. They heard of the termination of the chase; and all wondered at the extraordinary freaks of the little animal, which had so distressed and baffled the best harriers and the best hunters in the country, taking men and horses together.

"By —!" suddenly exclaimed the huntsman, a young fellow of known hardihood of character, swearing a great oath, "I'll tell you how it is; ye are afther huntin' the witch of the cave sthraight undher us! It is'nt' the first time that creatures like her have made a laugh, in this way, of nearly as good men as we all are, standin' here together."

Most of his auditors ridiculed the

speaker; one or two, however, looked grave: perhaps in patronage of his assertions; perhaps because the pains and aches resulting from their many falls, during the day, lengthened their faces, darkened their brows, and puckered their lips. The huntsman offered, if any one would accompany him on the dangerous enterprize, to scale down the cliff, penetrate the witch's cavern, and prove his saying. One did volunteer to be his companion: an humble friend of his own, forming an individual of the crowd of gaping peasants assembled round the gentlemen hunters.

The adventurers succeeded in reaching and entering the awful cave. Upon their return, over the line of the cliff, they reported that they had found the witch at home, stretched, panting and exhausted, upon some straw, in a dark corner of the cave; that they had dragged her, much against her will (and indeed her screams certainly had reached the squire and his friends above) to the light, at its opening; had, with main force, examined her person; and, sure enough, had found a deficiency of flesh in her haunch, with plainly the marks of Sheela's teeth in and about the wound, from which the blood freshly streamed. To be sure the better-informed of the hearers of this story, or at least the majority of them, still laughed at it; but whatever they might think, those to whom the talents and capabilities of witches were better known, firmly believed that the Squire and his companions hunted all that day, a hare, which was no hare after all; and that the courageous little Sheela had tasted flesh of a forbidden kind.

And happy had it been for the Squire and his pet bitch had they proved less eager after their sport. Poor Sheela died in great agonies upon the very night of that day, and her master was doomed to a speedy punishment for his own audacity.

Nothing daunted at the idea of whom he had been hunting, he took the fields again a few days after; and now no question could be raised as to the nature of the game he a second time started and pursued. Puss, did not, indeed, immediately make for the sea; but this was only a ruse to effect her own malignant purposes. She wanted to get her enemy alone at the edge of the cliff. And for this purpose, her speed and her manners quite outdid those of a former day; so much so, that, in a few hours, even the dare-neck and dare-devil huntsman was thrown out, and returned with a lamed horse and a sprained ankle to the gentleman who had suffered before him, leaving the squire alone close upon the dogs.

For a considerable time he and his master's friends awaited the re-appearance of the persevering Nimrod. Finally, they repaired to the cliff, which the huntsman had left him speedily approaching. There they found his horse without a rider; but himself they never again beheld. The unbelievers in witchcraft immediately surmised that his high-blooded hunter had borne him against his will to the edge of the cliff; had there suddenly started back; and that by the quick and violent action, the unhappy gentleman had been thrown forward out of his saddle, and precipitated from rock to rock hundreds of feet downward. A few who were able for the effort, cautiously descended towards the sea. On their way they discovered their friend's hunting-cap on the sharp pinnacle of a rock; its iron headpiece was stove in; and it became evident that, after having been loosed from its wearer, by the force of the concussion which had fractured it, the squire's body had tumbled still farther downward. They reached the sea's level. His remains were not visible; they must have fallen into the sea, and been floated away by its tide. The witch of the cavern disappeared with her victim,—her victims, we should say: for her vengeance on the squire was not limited to his own destruction. At the story of his shocking death, hastily and injudiciously communicated, his wife, yet enfeebled by her recent confinement, sickened, and in a few days died; nay, nearly within the hour of her departure from this world, her only child, the heir to her husband's estate, disappeared; no one could tell whither or by what means. Strange enough to say, however, part of the baby's dress was found on the identical pinnacle of rock where his father's hunting-cap had been met with; and, in the minds of the educated and wealthy of the neighbourhood, this circumstance started doubts of fair-dealing towards father and child. Suspicion, however, could fasten itself upon no object; and inquiry and investigation did not lead to any solution of the mystery. It need not be added, that by far the greater number of the population of the district smiled at the useless efforts to establish a case of human, that is, ordinarily human agency: or that they went on tranquilly believing that the squire and his family, not forgetting his bitch, had been punished for the mouthful snatched by young Sheela from the haunch of a certain person.

. . . .

Twenty years after the time of the tragedy we have detailed, our story is resumed. The once indigent and despised relation, of whom mention has before been made, sits at his breakfast-table in the old family house. He is in his forty-fifth year. Like other gentlemen of his day, he carries in his hair the contents of a large pomatum-pot; four tiers of curls rise over his ears; on the top of his head is a huge *toupee*, and a great *queue* lolls, like an ox's tongue, between his broad shoulders. On his loose, wide-sleeved, long-skirted, frock-like coat, is a profusion of gold embroidery; a lace cravat coils round his throat; ruffles flaunt over his knuckles; his gaudy waistcoat reaches only to his knees; and satin is his breeches, and silk his hose, and ponderous square silver buckles are in his shoes. So much for the outside of the jocular Squire Hogan. As to his interior pretensions, and, indeed, some of his external ones, too, the least said the soonest mended. He had never been able to raise himself above much of the homely acquisitions of his youth; but, though we cannot present to the reader, in his person, a model of the true Irish gentleman of his day, we do introduce him in the character of—(to repeat what every one said of him)—as worthy a soul as ever broke the world's bread.

Squire Hogan, upon the morning when we met him, paid earnest attention to his breakfast. Powdered beef often filled his plate, and as often rapidly disappeared. And yet something seemed to gratify his mental palate as well as his corporeal one. A gluish, self-contented smile played over his round, ruddy face; his small blue eyes glittered; and, to the accompaniment of a short, liquorish laugh, occasionally were drawn up at the corners, as he glanced at his daughter, a good-natured, good-tempered, sensible, and (of course) beautiful girl of nineteen, who sat opposite to him, sipping her coffee and picking her muffins. And, whenever their eyes met, well did Catherine know that the chuckling of her papa had reference to some little triumph which, as he believed, he had cleverly and cunningly achieved over herself. At length the good Squire relaxed in his meal; emptied the silver tankard of October which lay at his hand; leaned back in his chair, and laughingly said—

"By Jove, Kate, my girl, I nicked you there!"

"Indeed, papa, you played me a roguish turn," assented Kate, convinced, from experience, that it was very pleasant to her parent to have the talent of his practical jokes fully admitted.

"Where did I tell you we were driving to, out of Dublin town, eh?"

"You told me, sir, with as serious a face as you could make, that we were only going to visit a friend a few miles out of Dublin."

"Ho, ho! Good, by Cork! Choice! a capital hoax, as I'm a living sinner! and I told you this confounded lie, with such a serious face, you say?"

"With such a mock-serious face, I meant to say, papa."

"Right, Kate; you are right, beyond yea and nay: a *mock*-serious face; yes, and there lay the best of it; if I had not been able to keep myself from laughing you might have suspected something; but I *was* able, as you yourself saw, and as now you don't deny; though, by Jove, Kate, it was enough to make a dead man shout out, seeing you sitting opposite to me, and believing every word I told you!"

"You kept up the farce cleverly, I must, and do admit it, sir."

"Did'nt I, Kate, didn't I? And here we are, this morning, eighty miles from Dublin, in our own house, and taxing no man's hospitality. But devil's in it! there's no fun in playing a good trick on you, Kate."

"Why so, dear papa? am I not as easily blinded as your heart could wish?"

"To be sure you are! What else could you be? I never met man, woman, nor child, that I could not puzzle. That's not the thing at all. No; but succeed as I may with you, 'tis impossible to make you a little cross. Why, if I had a lass of spirit to deal with, there would be no end to her tears and her pouts, and her petitions, the moment she found that I was whisking her away from her balls, and her drums, and her beaux, and all the other dear delights of Dublin."

"And I hope that my merry papa does not really wish to have me peevish and short-tempered, even for a greater provocation?"

"Kiss me, Kate, I believe not; and yet I don't know either, by Cork! There would be fun in tormenting you a bit, in a harmless way. But, Kate, can you give a guess why I ran away with you in such a devil of a hurry?"

"Let me see, papa. I remember you telling me of some original matches you had on hand before we set out for Dublin. Perhaps you have engaged the two cripples to run a race on their crutches?"

"No, that's put off—ho, ho!

"Or the two old women to hop against time, carrying weight for age?"

"Ho, ho! wrong again!"

"Probably you have succeeded in making the two schoolmasters promise to fight out their battle of the squares and angles with their respective birches; their scholars standing by to shew fair play?"

"Ho, ho, ho! though that's a matter not to be let slip out of reach neither."

"Then all my guesses are out papa."

"I'll help you, then. Tell me you little baggage, what is it on earth you most wish for?"

"Indeed, my dear papa, I have no particular wish to gratify, at the present moment."

"Get out! get out, for a young hypocrite! Kate, wouldn't something like a husband be agreeable to you?"

The girl blushed the colour of a certain young gentleman's coat, and drooped her head. Of that certain young gentleman, however, her worthy father knew nothing; at least in connexion with the present topic.

"Oh, ho! I thought I saw how the land lay."

"Indeed, my dear papa"—

"Say nothing more about it. Leave it all to me, lass. I'll get him for you. None of your half-dead-and-alive fellows, that you could knock down with a tap of your fan! no, he shall be an able, rattling, rollocking chap, able to take your part by land or sea. Did your mother never tell you how I came by her, my girl?"

Kate, dispirited by her father's coarse humour, as well as by other things answered in the negative.

"I'll tell you, then, as truly as if she were alive to hear me. Though as poor as a church mouse at that time, I was a hearty young shaver; ay, as hearty, though not so matured as I am this day; now that I am squire of the townland, and a justice of the peace, to boot. By the way, I wish they'd make the parish clerk a justice of the peace in my stead; for I hate to be trying to look as grave as a mustard-pot, and as solemn as a wig-block. Well, I was at a Christmas raffle, Kate, and your mother's father was there too; as comical an old boy as you'd wish to know! I had a great regard for him, by Cork! and so, away he and I raffled, and he lost to me every throw, until at last I didn't leave him a stiver. 'All I've won from you, and my watch to boot, against your daughter Nelly!' cries I of a sudden. 'Done!' cries he; and we threw again; and he lost, and I won again; and that's the way I got your mother, Kate! And now, do you guess any thing else I'm going to say about yourself, Kate?"

"Oh, papa, I hope"—

"I know you do hope. Yes, Kate, I am going to provide for you in something like the same way"—

"Now good heavens, papa!"—

"Don't speak a word more till you hear me out. At the last club dinner in Dublin, Ned O'Brien calls me aside with a face as long as my own when I'm on the bench; and after a long-winded beginning, he prays my interest with you, Kate. 'To be sure, man,' says I, 'you must have it.' Then, up sneaks George Dempsey, and his business was the same. 'By Cork, I'll court her, in style, for you, my boy,' was my word to George. And then, Mick Driscoll takes a turn at me, and begs of me, for the Lord's sake, to listen to him; and I was obliged to listen to him, all about his title-deeds and his pedigree; and he, too, craved my countenance with the prettiest girl, and (what he didn't call you) the richest heiress in the province; and, 'By Jove! I'll do my best for you, Mick,' says I; and Mick nearly pulled the arm out o' my body, shaking my hand; but I'm not done yet. Harry Walshe made his way to me; and the boy to my fancy is Harry Walshe, Kate. 'I'm up to the saddle-skirts in love with your beautiful Kate,' says Harry. 'Pull away, my hearty fellow,' answers I; 'never fear, but I'll poll for your election.'"

"My dear, papa"—

"Let me make an end, as I told you, Kate. Well, after dinner, and the bottle going merrily round, and every one of us right jovial, I rehearsed, for the benefit of the whole company, all the promises I had made, and a high joke it was; and then, 'Here's what I'll do among you all, my good boys,' said I; 'Let every one of Kate's wooers be on the turf the first morning of the next hunting-season, each mounted in his best style; let there be no pull-in from the cover to the death; no baulking or shying, but smooth smack over every thing, that offers; and the lad that mounts the brush may come a-courting to my daughter, Kate.' Well, my girl, you'd think they had all lost their wits at this proposal; such joy amongst them, such shouting; many a bottle the rivals emptied, each to his own success; and in ten days from this blessed morning, the match comes off. my girl; and whoever wins, Kate, will have a wooer worth throwing a cap at."

Kate remained silent; tears of mortification and disgust, unseen by her father, streaming from her eyes.

"But the cream of the jest I have not told you, Kate. Rattler is in training, privately, the last two months—no one the wiser; and, harkee, Kate! by Cork's own town, I intend to start for you, myself! and the brush I'll wear in my own cap; and then, if I hav'n't my laugh, right out, why, in that case, 'tis the devil that made little apples!"

And before the sensitive, and high-minded, and spirited girl could reply, away went her father to superintend Rattler, greatly chuckling over his scheme; and poor Catherine sat alone to blush and weep at the thought of being made, by her own father, the object of a vulgar and foolish contention.

Other sad thoughts mingled with her reveries. The unestated military hero, to whom, while in Dublin, she had all but plighted her troth, had promised, in answer to a letter she dispatched to him from the first post where she had halted with her father, on their flight from town, to make his appearance in the country, and try his fortune with the squire; but days had now rolled over, and he came not! neither did he send a line to account for his absence. This was sad mortification to the pure ardency of a first love, in the breast of such a girl as Catherine; particularly when she recollected the most disagreeable predicament in which her father's unthinking folly and indelicacy had placed her.

The morning of the hunt drew near, and still her lover was absent and silent. The match had become the talk of the whole country. With great difficulty and perseverance, Catherine succeeded in bringing her father's mind to contemplate her position in something of a vein of seriousness. He could not, indeed, "for the life of him," surmise why she seemed so earnest and afflicted. But he did see and comprehend that she was really unhappy; and the best that he could think of, to cheer her, he said and swore. He would break his neck with pleasure, and to a dead certainty, rather than not bring home the brush, and fling it into her lap. And when Kate's fears at this solemn declaration, took. naturally, another turn, the honest Squire was again at a loss to account for her tears, her clinging, though gentle embraces, and "her tantrums." He bawled right out in utter mystification, at her entreaties that, come what might he would not join the hunt; and, in fact, upon the appointed morning, away he rode towards the fox-cover, mounted on his crack hunter Morgan Rattler, as full of buoyancy, and vigour, and solicitude, as the youngest of the competitors he expected to meet.

Great shouts rent the skies, as, one by one, the candidates for the gentle Catherine arrived at the appointed ground. Their horses, as well as themselves, were examined by curious and critical eyes, and heavy bets were laid upon the issue of the day's chase. The Squire, without communicating to any of his rivals his intention to hunt for his daughter himself, had contrived that his own fox-hounds should be in requisition; because he well knew that Morgan Rattler would do surpassing wonders on their tails.

To be concluded in our next.

THE BLACKS AND WHITES OF THE MENDICANT CLASS.

For the Olio.

Not *Ariels* they, of *broomstick* fare—
Here shall *street* Charity repair!

The winter months in England are considered by some persons so gloomy and disheartening, that they labour under a visitation of hypochondriasy. A few instances are on record of persons who have gone so far into despondency as to cut their throats—the unkindest cut of all: cut the fogs, and welcome; for these pervade the horizon, whether atmospherical, casuistic, or frigid.—There is a class, however, not thus affected, of an importance so considerable as to be very imposing to the sole understanding of pedestrians. This is the *pathetic* portion of the Mendicant Class. An observer will now identify the pertinacious activity of the way-cleaners that make the *crosses* their own, to make the comforts theirs also. Like insects that merge from a chrysalis state, they are all bustle, activity, and grandiloquence. Many new avenues are politely crossed in the neighbourhood of a church, chapel, or much frequented part, either for new performers in the broom character, or to secure sweeping measures against enemies opening new connections out of their pale. but in their grade, for the making, like other great folks, appointments suitably adapted to the talents of their aspirants, worthy of advancement during the legislation of the brumal campaign in the line of causeways, mud-baths, and snowdrop channels. I know not if persons are regularly tutored as histrionic candidates are, for their better earlier, and first appearances, when so much precosity is required; but it has not escaped my notice that new patches are placed on eyes and new perforations placed on arms and legs; above all, a new visit of lumbago, or a new limp, with a besom is indispensable; for this besom of destruction shows the centinel to be at his post, and proves him to be a disciple of M'Adam's granite race

But as manners are the means of distinguishing each elevation in society, so the mendicants of the sweeping genera are known by their operative qualities. In these, *proh, pudor!* the Blacks far excel the Whites: their curly hair, good-natured looks, with apparent sheen or chubby faces, lit up by the contrast of their eyes; their humble attitude, want of clothing.—without blankets, a hot climate, a workhouse, or a friend, are strong arguments in their behalf. In spite of avarice, these negroes excite commiseration, and are in the ascendant, in all the best West-end soliciting quarters. Their civility, above all, is worthy of notice, for they bow equally for the *mite* as for *nothing*. The dingy white, irascible, creatures in complexion are far otherwise. How often the muttering anathema is wafted to the ear, after passing a crossway at which the sturdy appellant stands, if the imploration is not generously rewarded. Where Hope, Faith, and Charity, are sickly shivering near a bleak current and on a damp ground—whose heart is stout enough to resist or who would not assist in the general benevolence of the day's passengers? Many impostors are placed in eligible situations for alms-deeds; but it is better to err by relieving such, than to withdraw the eleemosinary hand from one real sufferer that may be mistaken in the application. Not a few of the street mendicants, however, have dependencies on regular customers. A known giver, when passing. ordinarily, will always command the spinal curve, in defiance of real or affected rheum. The courtesy dip, the facile effort of making the road agreeable, and the obeisant clip of the double purposed hat, are evidences of generous estimation. To a purseless person, genteely dressed. that passes the swept ground daily, the operator, once scanning his character, neither smiles nor moves. He is looked upon as selfish, or a proscriptive member of an anti-liberal society, and is treated with the sweeper's contumation. Kindly intentioned, single and married ladies, of a certain age, are great encouragers of upright ways and nice crossings. Franklin recommends *tradesmen*, particularly, to this object; and shopkeepers, of the best school, adopt the recommendation. I intended giving a *schedule* of some of the most celebrated sweepers, since the demise of that civil wight, that kept his coast so clear at the Bridge-street end of Fleet Market. But I find the space required would be considerable. These ciphers in the great account, are not monopolists in the necessities of life, like the wealthy; nor menders of the ways of our moralities, or mysteries, but wayfaring mortals. A *black* of the first order holds his levee near the Asylum. I never saw the *art* better displayed. He looks, he acts, the character admirably. "*Pray sir! do sir!*" has been a celebrated actress in her day, in the purlieus of Sadler's Wells. *Children?* she must have called a hundred to her bosom, and hushed their pretty tongues to sleep in her arms; whether she continues to keep catarrhs in her eyes for a blind, or not, I cannot say. but she has been a successful special pleader in the class. The man with the wooden legs at the Angel. The negroes in Cranbourne Alley and Piccadilly. The aged sweeper in crutches, in Aldgate. The dwarfish palaverer at the Obelisk. The Old Soldier at Knightsbridge. The sailor with one arm, one eye, one leg, and one *yarn*, at Pimlico. The little short old man, with an odd walk, an odd look, an odd address, and an odd squint, in the Camden Town range. The running and beseeching boys and girls at King'scross. The *pious* man that holds his hand and shields his eyes at Barnsbury; and many others, *gone* and *going*, will ere long, be swept in the mass; and the rising generations will know them not, unless they bear record in the archives of the "OLIO."

AN AUTHOR.—(For the Olio.)

His body is a lamp—Genius the oil
Which feeds the readers with a mental light,
His judgment trims it, that it may not soil:
And life preserves it steadily and bright.

J. R. P.

AN ODD ODE.

BY A SILLY CIT.

For the Olio.

How do I love thee, country breezes!—
As wife does love the spouse she teazes;
As he loves her, too—when she pleases;
As sportsman loves the game he seizes;
As lawyer loves to call all fees, his;
Miser to call all cash he sees, his;
As doctor loves to cure diseases!
As patient loves the dram that eases;
As bishop's love for bended knees is;
As beadles love to keep the peace is;
As gard'ner's love for shrubs and trees is;
As sailor's love for ships and seas is;
As soldier loves war—when it ceases;
As cooky loves the joint she greases;
As skater loves the lake that freezes;
Conveyancer his bond and leases;
Tobacconist a man who sneezes;
As Flora loves her Strephon's squeezes:—
Strong as the love of each of these is,
My love for thee, O country breezes!

A. M. P.

ESCAPE FROM A SHIP ON FIRE.

Many of the party, having retired to their hammocks soon after the commencement of the storm, were only partially clothed, when they made their escape; but the seamen on the watch, in consequence of the heavy rain, having cased themselves in double or treble dresses, supplied their supernumerary articles of clothing to those who had none. We happily succeeded in bringing away two compasses from the binnacle, and a few candles from the cuddy table, one of them lighted; one bottle of wine, and another of porter, were handed to us, with the table-cloth and a knife, which proved very useful; but the fire raged so fiercely in the body of the vessel, that neither bread nor water could be obtained. The rain still poured in torrents; the lightning, followed by loud bursting of thunder, continued to stream from one side of the heavens to the other,—one moment dazzling us by its glare, and the next moment leaving us in darkness, relieved only by the red flames of the conflagration from which we were endeavouring to escape. Our first object was to proceed to a distance from the vessel, lest she should explode and overwhelm us; but, to our inexpressible distress, we discovered that the yawl had no rudder, and that for the two boats we had only three oars. All exertions to obtain more from the ship proved unsuccessful. The gig had a rudder; from this they threw out a rope to take us in tow; and by means of a few paddles, made by tearing up the lining of the boat, we assisted in moving ourselves slowly through the water. Providentially, the sea was comparatively smooth, or our overloaded boats would have swamped, and we should only have escaped the flames to perish in the deep. The wind was light, but variable, and acting on the sails, which, being drenched with the rain, did not soon take fire, drove the burning mass, in terrific grandeur, over the surface of the ocean, the darkness of which was only illuminated by the quick glancing of the lightning on the glare of the conflagration. Our situation was for some time exceedingly perilous. The vessel neared us more than once, and apparently threatened to involve us in one common destruction. The cargo, consisting of dry provisions, spirits, cotton goods, and other articles equally combustible, burned with great violence, while the fury of the destroying element, the amazing height of the flames, the continued storm, amidst the thick darkness of the night, rendered the scene appalling and terrible. About ten o'clock, the masts, after swaying from side to side, fell with a dreadful crash into the sea, and the hull of the vessel continued to burn amidst the shattered fragments of the wreck, till the sides were consumed to the water's edge. The spectacle was truly magnificent, could it even have been contemplated by us without a recollection of our own circumstances. The torments endured by the dogs, sheep, and other animals on board, at any other time would have excited our deepest commiseration; but at present, the object before us, our stately ship, that had for the last four months been our social home, the scene of our enjoyments, our labours, and our rest, now a prey to the destroying element; the suddenness with which we had been hurried from circumstances of comfort and comparative security, to those of destitution and peril, and with which the most exhilarating hopes had been exchanged for disappointment as unexpected as it was afflictive; the sudden death of the two seamen, our own narrow escape, and lonely situation on the face of the deep, and the great probability even yet, although we had succeeded in removing to a greater distance from the vessel, that we ourselves should never again see the light of day, or set foot on solid ground, absorbed every feeling. For some time the silence was scarcely broken, and the thoughts of many, I doubt not, were engaged on subjects most suitable to immortal beings on the brink of eternity. The number of persons in the two boats was forty-eight; and all, with the exception of the two ladies, who bore this severe visitation with uncommon fortitude, worked by turns at the oars and paddles. After some time, to our great relief, the rain ceased; the labour of baling water from the boats was then considerably diminished. We were frequently hailed during the night by our companions in the small boat, and returned the call, while the brave and generous-hearted seamen occasionally enlivened the solitude of the deep by a simultaneous 'Hurra!' to cheer each other's labours, and to animate their spirits. The Tanjore rose in the water as its contents were gradually consumed. We saw it burning the whole night, and at day-break could distinguish a column of smoke, which, however, soon ceased, and every sign of our favourite vessel disappeared. When the sun rose, our anxiety and uncertainty as to our situation were greatly relieved by discovering land a-head; the sight of it filled us with grateful joy, and nerved us with fresh vigour for the exertion required in managing the boats. With the advance of the day we discerned more clearly the nature of the country. It was wild and covered with jungle, without any appearance of population: could we have got ashore, therefore, many of us might have perished before assistance could have been procured; but the breakers, dashing upon the rocks, convinced us that landing was impracticable. In the course of the morning we discovered a native vessel, or dhoney, lying at anchor, at some distance; the wind at that time beginning to favour us, every means was devised to render it available. In the yawl we extended the table-cloth as a sail, and in the other boat a blanket served the same purpose. This additional help was the more seasonable as the rays of the sun had become almost intolerable to our partially covered bodies. Some of the seamen attempted to quench their thirst by salt water; but the passengers encouraged each other to abstain. About noon we reached the dhoney. The natives on board were astonished and alarmed at our appearance, and expressed some unwillingness to receive us; but our circumstances would admit of no denial; and we scarcely waited till our Singalese fellow-passenger could interpret to them our situation and our wants, before we ascended the sides of their vessel, assuring them that every expense and loss sustained on our account should be amply repaid. *Missionary Annual.*

THE BROTHERS.

For the Olio.

The same fond bosom nourish'd,
It pillow'd to repose;
Like two fair flowers they flourish'd,
Ere wintry tempest blows.

The same their sports of infant years;
And if at times some pearly tears,
Like morning's dew drops shone,
Short was the bright intruder's stay,
By cherub lips soon kiss'd away.
—— Each loved and lovely one
Seem'd bound in tenderness for ever—
Oh! who could dream such hearts could sever.

The elder o'er the younger threw,
As years stole on, his shelt'ring care;
The younger like the ivy grew,
Twined round the young elm's branches fair:
The summer sun—the wint'ry wind—
Pass'd o'er their yearly years—but never
That tender union could unbind,
Or bid the elm and ivy sever.

Alas! that time, with changeful wing,
Should chase such blissful scenes away!
Stern winter nip the buds of spring,
And clouds o'ershade morn's golden ray!

That future hours, with other ties,
Should chill such hearts, and rend for ever
Those sweet, those sacred sympathies,
Which Nature form'd—no more to sever!

MRS. KENTISH

HENRY OF NEMOURS; OR THE IRON CAGE.

About the year 1480, their reigned in France a king called Louis the XIth, who was greatly disliked by his subjects on account of the cruelty of his disposition, so much so, in fact, that his own brother, the Duke of Guyenne, entered into a conspiracy, along with certain other persons, to deprive him of the crown: one of the principal assistants of the duke in this unnatural undertaking was James of Armagnac, a nobleman of Languedoc, and constable of the kingdom of France. Before, however, their designs could be carried into effect, the Duke of Guyenne was poisoned in consequence of eating of some fish, which were presented to him by his confessor; and the lord of Armagnac, attaching himself anew to the party of the Dukes of Britany and Burgundy, they called to their assistance the arms of the English, who had been all along the hereditary enemies of the French. Their designs were on the very point of being carried into execution, when Louis was privately informed of their intentions, and James of Armagnac, having been taken into custody at a moment when he least expected it, was beheaded by order of the government.

This vigorous measure was no doubt dictated by prudence and good policy; but the enormities with which it was accompanied, and the cruelties inflicted on the unoffending offspring of the constable after his decease, have served to brand the name of Louis the XIth with well merited infamy. The unfortunate nobleman left behind him two children; the eldest, Henry, being about eight years of age, and his brother Francis scarcely seven, at the period of their father's death. During the time of his execution they were, by order of Louis, both clothed in white robes, and led beneath the scaffold on which their parent was to suffer, in order that his blood might flow upon their innocent heads; and when all was over, they were conducted by the guards of the king to the Bastile (the common prison of Paris) and there strictly confined, by the instructions of the barbarous monarch.

During their residence in this miserable abode, it is scarcely possible to conceive sufferings more exquisite than those which were inflicted on these helpless children. Indeed, were the facts not well attested by history, it would be difficult to credit the accounts which have reached us of their inhuman treatment.

By the directions of the king, two iron cages were suspended from the roof of their apartment; they were low, and of a conical shape, something like a tunnel, and so constructed that the little prisoners could neither lie down, stand upright, nor sit within them. In these they were accordingly enclosed, and, as may be conceived, from morning till night their pain was most acute; they could not possibly remain long in one position; and when they changed it for another, that became in a few minutes equally painful: by day they had no relief, and by night neither rest nor sleep: and their time was almost all spent in weeping for their father, and bewailing the sorrows of their afflicted mother, from whom they feared they were now separated for ever. Their only solace arose from being confined in the same room, and their cages being hung so closely together that they could converse with and even touch each other. Henry, the eldest, was a fine manly little fellow, and all his efforts were directed to console his poor little brother, who was much weaker and more delicate than himself.

Their only source of amusement, if, in such a situation, any thing could be called *amusement*, was the gambols of a little mouse, who used to descend from the ceiling into the cages, and eat the crumbs which were left from their scanty repasts. He came, day after day, till he at last grew so familiar as to become quite a companion, and play for hours with the poor little boys without being in the least afraid of them. As evening came on, it used to end its welcome visit, and retire to its nest in the ceiling.

In this manner the two brothers spent some months, without however being permitted to see or even hear from their mamma, and scarcely knowing whether she were still living. And at length, such is the force of custom, they were beginning to grow inured to their lot, and to suffer less pain from their confinement, when the cruel king, understanding such to be the fact, gave orders that a tooth should be drawn from each of the unfortunate children every eighth day.

No sooner was the command issued, than the surgeon of the prison arrived, to put into execution this new barbarity; and having stated his orders, he was about to commence with Francis, when Henry, regardless of his own sufferings, threw himself upon his knees, and with tears implored him not to add to their distress by fulfilling this cruel mandate. "My mamma," said he, "will die with sorrow, should she know that you have inflicted any injury on my poor little brother."

The person appointed to perform the barbarous office, represented to the affectionate child, "that in complying with his entreaties he should run the risk of losing his own life; "and beside," said he, "I am so narrowly watched, that I must of necessity produce the two teeth to the king." "Oh! then," replied Henry, "let me implore you to take them both from me, and to spare those of my brother; for I am very strong, and can endure the pain, but poor Frank is so weak and so young, that I know it will kill him."

Struck with such a display of brotherly affection, the surgeon, who was not in reality a cruel man, could not refrain from tears. His first idea was to renounce altogether a commission so revolting to his feelings; but this notion he quickly abandoned, on considering that a successor would be found who might not be induced to spare the younger child, who was in reality too delicate and weak to undergo the operation. He therefore acceded to the wishes of Henry; and arming himself with courage, absolutely extracted the two teeth, and bore them to the king.

Henry uttered a faint scream when the teeth were about to be extracted, but in a moment after, he declared that he was content to suffer for his brother; whilst the poor little Francis, on his part, could only weep, and lament the agony which the affectionate boy was undergoing for his sake. For many weeks the torture was repeated at stated periods, and the young Duke of Nemours (for that was the title to which Henry was the heir) absolutely paid to his last tooth, the penalty demanded of him and his innocent companion.

In the mean time, this excellent and courageous child could not long resist the evils which were pressing upon him. The want of air, of exercise, and those attentions requisite at so tender an age—the heart-rending recollections of the fate of his father—his sorrowful separation from his mother, and the continual pain which he endured; all conspired to produce decline; a slow fever ensued; it gained upon, and consumed him by degrees; and the innocent victim of so much barbarity descended in a few months to the grave.

On the evening of the last day he lived, he said to his brother, "My dear, dear Frank, I am about to leave you for ever. Oh, that I could but see my dear mamma before I die; but, alas! I shall never behold her again. But my heart tells me that you will, ere long, be restored to her; and oh! when you *do* see her, tell her, that when dying, I loved her far more dearly than when we were all so happy together." A sudden spasm seized him, from which he only sufficiently recovered to utter these words: "Give me your hand, my dear Frank, and let me feel mine clasped once more in yours."—These were the last words of this model of fraternal affection, and in a few minutes more he closed his eyes for ever.

The presentiment which he had formed, and to which he gave utterance in his last moments, proved correct. Little Francis survived under all the agonies of his situation; and Louis XIth having died sometime afterwards, this last scion of the Dukes of Nemours was set at liberty by Charles VIIIth, his successor. During the remainder of his life, however, he continued bent and deformed, in consequence of his privations and sufferings in the Iron Cage.

At the period of the revolution in France, in 1789, when the populace of Paris assaulted and destroyed the Bastile, in one of the apartments were discovered the two cages in which Henry and Francis had been so long confined: they were constructed with the utmost ingenuity, and admirably adapted to fulfil the cruel purpose for which they were intended; but the mob having torn them down, dashed them into a thousand pieces, with just and generous indignation. *Juvenile Souvenir.*

PUBLICIANS AND TAX-GATHERERS

For the Olio.

"Tribute to whom tribute—custom to whom custom."

MODERN publicans pay taxes, not collect them, otherwise than as duties inflicted on the public by the commodities they sell. Modern publicans are jolly, social and charitable; men that mix in society, and are held in generally good estimation; men that contribute largely to the revenue; and men that look well after their families and those in their callings of the unfortunate—the aged and the orphan, the widow and the oppressed. But the publicans of old were a very different class of men. Josephus, no ignoramus in tracing character, says:—After the Jews became tributary to Rome, effected by Pompey, sixty years before our Saviour, officers were appointed by the Roman Senate, to whom it belonged, as well among the Jews as in other provinces, to collect and gather up such custom money, or tribute, as was exacted by the Senate. Those that gathered up these public payments, says Cicero, were termed *publicans*; and, by reason of their covetous exactions, they were hated by the people. Each province had a society; each society a distinct governor. In respect to this, Zacheus is called *princeps publicanorum*—the chief receiver of the tribute, or chief publican. All the provincial governors in these several societies had one chief master, residing at Rome, to whom the other subordinate governors submitted their accounts. These publicans were hated in all the provinces, because of their exactions, but chiefly in the commonwealth of the Jews; because, though it were chiefly maintained by the Galileans, yet it was generally admitted by the Jews, that tribute ought not to be paid by them. This is confirmed by the rabbinical proverb,—"Take not a wife out of that family wherein there is a publican, for such are all publicans." Indeed, a faithful publican was so rare in Rome, that Sabinus, for his honest management of that office, had certain images erected to his commendation, with this superscription, *Kalos telonesanti*—"For the faithful publican!" Hence publicans and sinners were synonymous.

It is generally confirmed by ancient historians, that not only the Heathens, but the Jews themselves, sometimes became publicans. But Tertullian, on the contrary thought that all publicans were Heathens. Jerome and reason, however, confuted this. First Matthew, who was a publican, was afterwards an Apostle, and therefore unlikely to have been a Heathen. Secondly, Zacheus, his name was pure Hebrew, having no affinity with Roman etymon. Thirdly, the ground, or principal argument on which Tertullian built, was merely erroneous. Finally, of whatever name, country, or purpose, the tax-gatherers are the real publicans of the present day; and a few may be found, like Sabinus, honest men and of good report; but how many are there that exact the last farthing, are Christians in name, Heathens in practice, and at all scacrifices become public and parochial defaulters, in defiance of sympathetic poverty and lenient law, when themselves are visited in comparison with the oppressed?

PYLADES.

THE NYMPH OF THE LURLEI BERG.—A TALE.

Concluded from page 228.

The morning broke bright and clear—the birds sung out—the green vines waved merrily on the breeze—and the sunlight danced gaily upon the bosom of the Rhine. Rupert and his comrades stood ranged by the rocky land that borders St. Goar to welcome the bride. And now they heard the trumpets sounding far away, and looking adown the river they saw the feudal streamers of Lorchausen glittering on the tide, as the sail from which they waved cut its way along the waters.

Then the Dwarf of the Lurlei Berg, startled by the noise of the trumpets, peeped peevishly out of his little door, and he saw the vessel on the wave, and Rupert on the land; and at once he knew, as he was a wise dwarf, what was to happen. "Ho, ho!" said he to himself, "not so fast, my young gallant: I have long wanted to marry, myself. What if I get your bride, and what if my good friend the Dragon comfort himself for your fraud by a snap at her dowry—Lurline my cousin shall be avenged!" So with that the dwarf slipped into the water, and running along the cavern, came up to the Dragon quite out of breath. The monster trailed himself hastily out of his shell. "And what now, Master Dwarf?" quoth he, very angrily; "no thoroughfare here, I assure you." "Pooh!" said the Dwarf, "are you so stupid that you do not want to be avenged upon the insolent mortal who robbed your treasury, and deserted your mistress. Behold! he stands on the rocks of Goar, about to receive a bride, who sails along with a dowry, that shall swell thy exhausted coffers; behold! I say, I will marry the lady, and thou shalt have the dower."

Then the Dragon was exceedingly pleased—"And how shall it be managed?" said he, rubbing his claws with delight.

"Lock thy door, Master Dragon," answered the Dwarf, "and go up to the Gewirre above thee, and lash the waters with thy tail, so that no boat may approach."

The Dragon promised to obey, and away went the Dwarf to Lurline. He found her sitting listlessly in her crystal chamber, her long hair drooping over her face, and her eyes bent on the rocky floor, heavy with tears.

"Arouse thee, cousin," said the Dwarf, "thy lover may be yet regained. Behold he sails along the Rhine with a bride he is about to marry; and if thou wilt ascend the surface of the water, and sing, with thy sweetest voice, the melodies he loves, doubtless he will not have the heart to resist thee, and thou shalt yet gain the Faithless from his bride."

Lurline started wildly from her seat; she followed the Dwarf up to the Lurlei Berg, and seated herself on a ledge in the rock. The Dwarf pointed out to her in the boat the glittering casque and nodding plumes of the Lord of Lorchausen. "Behold thy lover!" said he, "but the helmet hides his face. See he sits by the bride—he whispers her—he presses her hand. Sing now thy sweetest song, I beseech thee."

"But who are they on the opposite bank?" asked the Water Spirit.

"Thy lover's vassals only," answered the Dwarf.

"Be cheered, child!" said the Chief of Lorchausen. "See how the day smiles on us—thy bridegroom waits thee yonder—even now I see him towering above his comrades."

"Oh! my father, my heart sinks with fear!" murmured Unna: "and behold the frightful Lurlei Berg frowns upon us. Thou knowest how Rupert cautioned us to avoid it."

"And did we not, my child, because of that caution, embark yonder at the mouth of the *Whisperback?* Even now our vessel glides towards the opposite shore, and nears not the mountain thy weak heart dreadest."

At that moment, a wild and most beautiful music broke tremulously along the waves; and they saw, sitting on the Lurlei Berg, a shape fairer than the shapes of the children of earth. "Hither," she sang, "hither, oh! gallant bark! Behold here is thy haven, and thy respite from the waters and the winds. Smooth is the surface of the tide around, and the rock hollows its bosom to receive thee. Hither, oh! nuptial band! The bridals are prepared. Here shall the betrothed gain the bridegroom, and the bridegroom welcome the bride!"

The boatmen paused, entranced with the air, the oars fell from their hands—the boat glided on towards the rock.

Rupert in dismay and terror heard the strain and recognized afar the silvery beauty of the Water Spirit. "Beware," he shouted—"beware—this way steer the vessel, nor let it near to the Lurlei Berg."

Then the Dwarf laughed within himself, and he took up the sound ere it fell, and five times across the water, louder far than the bridegroom's voice, was repeated "Near to the Lurlei Berg."

At this time by the Gewirre opposite, the dragon writhed his vast folds, and fierce and perilous whirled the waters round.

"See, my child," said the Chief of Lorchausen, "how the whirlpool foams and eddies on the opposite shore—wisely hath Sir Rupert dismissed superstition in the presence of real danger; and yon fair figure is doubtless stationed by his command to direct us how to steer from the whirlpool."

"Oh, no, no, my father!" cried Unna, clinging to his arm. "No, yon shape is but the false aspect of a fiend—I beseech you to put off from the Rock—see, we near—we near—its base!"

"Hark—hear ye not five voices telling us to near it!" answered the Chief; and he motioned to the rowers, who required no command to avoid the roar of the Gewirre.

"Death!" cried Rupert, stamping fiercely on the ground; "they heed me not!"—and he shouted again, "Hither, for dear life's sake hither!" And again, five times drowning his voice, came the echo from the Lurlei Berg, "For dear life's sake, hither!"

"Yes, hither!" sang once more the Water Spirit—"hither, O gallant bark!—as the brooklet to the river—as the bird to the sunny vine—flies the heart to the welcome of love!"

"Thou art avenged!" shouted the Dwarf, as he now stood visible and hideous on the Rock. "Lurline, thou art avenged!"

And from the opposite shore, the straining eyes of Rupert beheld the boat strike suddenly among the shoals—and lo, in the smoothest wave it reeled once, and vanished beneath for ever! An eddy—a rush and the Rhine flowed on without a sign of man upon its waves. "Lost, lost!" cried Rupert, clasping his hands, and five times from the Lurlei Berg echoed "Lost!"

And Rupert the Fearnought left his treasures and his castle, and the ruins still moulder to the nightly winds: and he sought the Sea-kings of the North; they fitted out a ship for the brave stranger, and he sailed on a distant cruize. And his name was a name of dread by the shores on which the fierce beak of his war-bark descended. And the bards rang it forth to their Runic harps over the blood-red wine. But at length they heard of his deeds no more—they traced not his whereabout—a sudden silence enwrapt him—his vessel had gone forth on a long voyage—it never returned, nor was heard of more. But still the undying Water Spirit mourns in her lonely caves—and still she fondly believes the Wanderer will yet return. Often she sits, when the night is hushed, and the stars watch over the sleep of earth, upon her desolate rock, and pours forth her melancholy strains. And yet the fishermen believe that she strives by her song to lure every raft and vessel that seems, to the deluded eyes of her passion, one which may contain her lover!

And still, too, when the Huntsman's horn sounds over the water—five times is the sound echoed from the Rock—the Dwarf himself may ever and anon be seen, in the new moon, walking on the heights of the Lurlei Berg, with a female form in an antique dress, devoutly believed to be the Lady of Lorchausen—who defrauded of a Knight, has reconciled herself to marriage with a dwarf!

New Mon. Mag.

EPIGRAM—(For the Olio.)

An angry man may *look* as *stern* as you—
To *write* as *Sterne*, you'll find but very few.

Varieties

Dr. Busby.—The doctor having chastised some of the boys at Westminster School, they resolved to revenge it, which they effected in the following manner:—They daubed with dirt the balustrades of the stairs leading to the school-room, which the doctor, being infirm, always laid hold of. He was much incensed at the trick, and on reaching the school, offered a reward of half-a-crown to any boy that would inform him who had a hand in it. The apprehension of those concerned in it may be imagined, when a junior boy rose and said that he would tell, provided the doctor promised not to flog him:: which being agreed to, the lad directly exclaimed—"You, Sir—you had a *hand in it!*" The doctor rewarded the boy for his ready wit.

Memory.—As the magnet, catching eagerly each particle of iron, lets golden sands roll on unheeded by, so memory treasures up our moments of misfortune long after those of gaiety and happiness are forgotten.

The Famous Sayings of Jemsheed.—The first was, "God has no partner in his wisdom; doubt not, therefore, though thou understandest not." The second, "Greatness followeth no man but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune." The third was written, "Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice." The fourth was, "Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances." The fifth, "He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong may be deceived; but he that saith thou art always right, is surely a liar." The sixth, "Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not his wisdom, be pitiful to merit his affection." The seventh, "Man is mixed of virtues and of vices; love his virtues in others, but abhor his vices in thyself." The eighth, "Seek not for faults, but search diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses are faded." *String of Pearls.*

Sir William Wise.—Having one day lente Henry VIII. his signet to seale a letter, which having powdered eremites on the seale, Why how now, Wise, quoth the king, what! hast thou lice here? And, if it like your majestie, quoth Sir William, a louse is a rich coate; for, by giving the louse, I part names with the French King, in that he giveth the *floure de lice*. Whereat the king laughed heartily to heare how prettily so byting a taunt (namely proceeding from a king) was so daintily turned to so pleasant a conceite.

Bitters.—The following ingredients are accounted excellent stomachic bitters, strengthening the digestive organs, creating an appetite, and giving a degree of energy to the relaxed muscular fibre.

Take—

1.	Gentian root . .	½ ounce.
	Peruvian bark .	1 ounce.
	Orange peel, dried	2 drachms.
	Cinnamon . .	1 drachm.

These are enough for two bottles of white wine in which they should be left to macerate for fourteen days.

Take—

2.	Gentian root . .	2 ounces.
	Orange peel, dried	1 ounce
	Smaller cardamoms	½ ounce.

For a quart of brandy; treated as above.

Take—

3.	Gentian root . .	1½ ounce.
	Orange peel, dried	2 drachms.
	Fresh lemon peel .	½ ounce.

For a pint and a half of boiling water. Let the infusion cool, then strain, and add a pint of brandy. In the morning or forenoon a wine glassful will be found a grateful solace to a stomach debilitated from excess of any kind.

The Highest Mountain in Scotland.—Ben Nevis has, till very lately, been considered the monarch of Scottish mountains, but it now appears, from the trigonometrical survey lately made by order of Government, that he must yield the palm to *Ben Macdui*, a mountain in Aberdeenshire, who o'ertops him by about 20 feet. The height of Ben Nevis is 4370 feet; of Ben Macdui, 4390 feet. Thus Ben Macdui is the loftiest mountain, not only in Scotland, but in Great Britain.

Remarkable Heat of the Earth.—The German papers contain the following intelligence, dated from the Lake of Geneva, Aug. 18:—"The extraordinary heat which has prevailed, almost without interruption, for nine weeks, has produced phenomena in the countries bordering our lake to which there is no parallel on record. At Geneva, a spontaneous combustion took place in the churchyard of Plain Palais, although in a rather damp plain *(plana palus)*. The high grass on the graves, the cypress, and fir-trees took fire, and it was necessary to bring the engines to extinguish it, which was effected, but not without difficulty. A more remarkable event took place in Savoy, near the village of Magland (province of Faucigny). All at once the alarm-bell was sounded, not only in the village, but the whole surrounding country, and in the whole valley, to summon the inhabitants with all speed to extinguish a dangerous fire, of a kind hitherto unheard of; for it was not houses, or trees, or heath that was burning, but the roots of the trees, two feet under the ground. This strange fire began at Seine (in the commune of Arrache): nothing appeared on the surface; the furze and bushes were untouched, till at once several trees fell, and were then consumed by the fire that burnt from their roots.—The people, indeed, felled the wood, that the fire might not spread, and would willingly have turned up the ground to extinguish the fire that was burning the roots; but, in the terrible drought, where were they to get water? This subterraneous fire, therefore, consumed 250 acres of fine forest. The fear of the subterraneous fire had such an effect on the inhabitants, that many villages (for instance, Colsane) were wholly deserted: and as the people were also afraid of going into the forest, they remained exposed to the scorching rays of the sun (generally 40° of Reaumur) in the naked plain, where the wells began to dry up.—This subterraneous fire is doubtless closely connected with the flames which at the same time issued from the earth in several places in Lausanne. The rain, which came a few days ago, and considerably lowered the temperature, seems to have checked this fire, though many persons fear that the rain was by no means of sufficiently long continuance to penetrate so deep into the earth as to remove all danger of the fires beginning again on the return of hot and dry weather, such as seems to be setting in."

Parliamentary Reporting.—The scheme of verbatim reporting has been tried, and met with the failure it merited. When Dr. Stoddard commenced the *New Times*, one promised improvement upon the old system of newspapers was verbatim reports of the debates. For this purpose he hired, *inter alios*, the first short-hand law reporter in London (Mr. Gurney of course excepted.) It happened that the *coup d'essai* was made upon a speech of Lord Castlereagh, the most confused speaker in the memory of man and the most difficult for a reporter to reduce to order, or to render at all legible. His lordship scarcely ever closed a sentence. He ran them all into one, was full of tautology, wandered from his subject into something analagous, then reverted to his subject, and at a tangent flew off to something totally unconnected with it. His parentheses were as numerous as Sancho's proverbs, and unless they were well managed by the reporter, they often had the ludicrous, or sometimes the mischievous, effect of making his lordship say directly the reverse of what he intended. However the *verbatim* report of his lordship's speech appeared in the *New Times*; and "Laughter, holding both his sides," could scarcely have read it without bursting. His lordship conceived that some enemy had played him this *mauvaise plaisantrie*. He sent a friend to the editor with bitter complaints: the thing was explained, and the idea of verbatim reporting was abandoned.—No speaker, however excellent, is without tautologies, ellipses, and sentences redundant, deficient, and confused, or occasionally unintelligible. Here and there a screw will be loose; the train of ideas will be lost, and all intended order and arrangement will wander from the mind, leaving it for a short time a chaos. It is here that a reporter's art is put to the test, to reduce every thing to order, without departing from identity—and it requires a man of intellect, of superior education, and of tact, to go along with the speaker, to identify minds with him, and to fix what he has thought rather than what he has said, by the context, and a deduction from the tenor of the particular division of the subject of the speech. The statement applies even to such men as Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, and all our best speakers. Without disparagement to the excellent speeches of Sir Francis, I may observe, that he puts reporting to a severe trial, for one of his sentences would fill at least a column without a full stop, and his parentheses are as numerous as the colours of the rainbow, and like them run one into the other without line of demarcation.

Metrop.

Singular Phenomena in Animal Magnetism.—A patient in the hospital Della Vita, at Bologna, is subject, every third day, to violent convulsions, during the continuance of which he loses entirely the use of all his senses, and can neither hear, see, nor smell; his hands also become so firmly clenched that it would be impossible to open them without breaking the fingers. Nevertheless, Dr. Ciri, the physician, under whose charge he is placed, has discovered that the epigastric region, at about two fingers-breadth above the navel, receives all the impressions of the senses, so as to replace them completely. If the patient be spoken to while the finger is placed on this spot, he gives answers, and even, on being desired, opens his hands of his own accord. If any substance or matter is placed there, he can describe its form and quality, its colour and smell. As long as the finger is kept on the stomach, the convulsion gradually diminishes till it entirely disappears; but if the finger be placed on the heart, the convulsion returns with increased violence, and continues as long as the finger is kept in that position. If a flute be played while the finger is kept on the stomach, the patient hears the music; but if the finger be taken away, even for an instant, and placed on the heart, and then taken back again to its former position, the man asks why they play by intervals, though the flute has never ceased. These experiments have all been made in the presence of the professors and students of the hospital.

THE THREE FANNIES.—Miss Fanny Kelly, a woman of original genius, fine taste, strong intellect, and exquisite sensibility, equal to any part of fashion. Miss Fanny Kemble acts nobly, like a poetess, as she is; and equal to either of them in all things, and in some superior to both, is our own Miss Fanny Jarman, equal to either in power and pathos, and superior to both in grace, elegance, and beauty. The three are all as much respected for their virtue in private life, as they are admired for their genius on the stage; and that lends a charm to their impersonations of such characters as *Imogen*, *Desdemona*, *Ophelia*, and *Cordelia*, which is felt by every audience, and for the want of which no accomplishment can compensate. *Blac. Mag.*

ANTWERP.—This city, under the Spanish domination, was, of all the cities of the world, that of which the commerce was most extensive; nowhere was its wealth, its power, or its resources, then equalled. Antwerp was, indeed, the *entrepot* for all the merchandise of the universe; and the ships of all regions and of all countries cast achor there. When Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, his catholic majesty's general, reduced the city after a most obstinate resistance, the Scheldt was shut, and that single circumstance compelled all the industrious inhabitants to emigrate. They established themselves at Amsterdam, and several other places in Holland, and soon Antwerp lost its astonishing prosperity, and the natural advantages of its position, which were neutralized by the closing of the Scheldt. Its decadence was rapid and inevitable. The towns of Holland, and especially Amsterdam, attained, however, an extraordinary importance—an importance which was merely the consequence of the disasters of Antwerp, and the emigration of its inhabitants, who transplanted their labour and their industry to cities possessing advantages which had been lost by Antwerp. Holland owed the greatest part of its prosperity during two centuries to this circumstance, and has now acquired such a mass of convincing proofs of this truth, that the freedom of the Scheldt will ruin her, that she prefers making any sacrifice rather than subscribing to a condition involving inevitable ruin. When the Emperor of Austria wished to restore to his Brabant subjects the freedom of the Scheldt, the Dutch felt that it was a question involving the preservation or the loss of their prosperity, and that even their existence was compromised. They then firmly determined to repel the pretensions of the emperor, and to resist the force which the latter had prepared for the execution of his project. The affair was arranged, the Dutch paid about twenty millions, and the Scheldt remained closed until the 16th of May, 1795, the end of the Republic. It is obvious why the Dutch wish to keep the Scheldt closed, and if William now display so much obstinacy, it is on account of the safety of his people; add to this that the natural advantages enjoyed by Antwerp are such that the produce of the Dutch Indies would sooner arrive at Antwerp than at Amsterdam; and soon the latter city, now so flourishing, would experience the fate which Antwerp was subjected to at the end of the 16th century, and the prosperity of Holland would be reduced with a dismal rapidity.

EPIGRAM—A WISH FOR SMOKING.

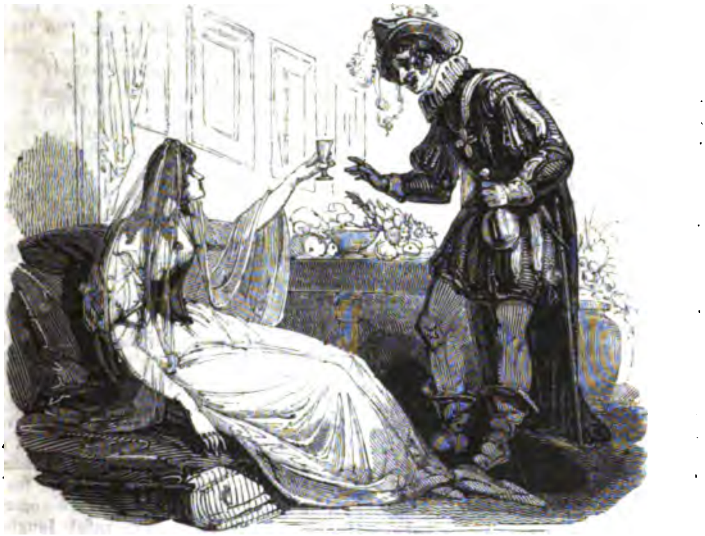
(FOR THE OLIO.)

I lie in bed to rest resign'd,
The wind blows fast and loud;
I wish that I were like the wind,
I'd rise and *blow a cloud*. J.E.P.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVII.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Nov. 24, 1832.*



See page 269

Illustrated Article.

BERTHA; OR, THE FALSE-HEARTED COUNT.

"Many, many years ago there was a fair peasant—so fair, that from her childhood all her friends prophesied it could lead to no good. When she came to sixteen, the Count Ludolf thought it was a pity such beauty should be wasted, and therefore took possession of it; better that the lovely should pine in a castle than flourish in a cottage. Her mother died broken-hearted; and her father left the neighbourhood, with a curse on the disobedient girl who had brought desolation to his hearth, and shame to his old age. It needs little to tell that such passion grew cold—it were a long tale that accounted for the fancies of a young, rich, and reckless cavalier; and, after all, nothing changes so soon as love," "Love!" murmured Lucy, in a low voice, as if unconscious of the interruption, "Love, which is our fate, like fate must be immutable: how can the heart forget its young religion?" "Many," pursued the sibyl, "can forget, and do and will forget. As for the count, his heart was cruel with prosperity, and selfish with good fortune; he had never known sickness which softens—sorrow which brings all to its own level—poverty which, however it may at last harden the heart, at first teaches us our helplessness. What was it to him that Bertha had left the home which could never receive her again? What, that for his sake she had submitted to the appearance of disgrace which was not in reality her's?—for the peasant-girl was proud as the baron; and when she stept over her father's threshold, it was as his wife. Well, well, he wearied, as men ever weary of woman's complaining, however bitter may be the injury which has wrung reproach from the unwilling lip. Many a sad hour did she spend weeping in the lonely tower, which had once seemed to her like a palace; for then the radiance of love was around it—and love, forsooth, is something like the fairies in our own land; for a time it can make all that is base and worthless seem most glittering and precious. Once, every night brought the ringing horn and eager step of the noble hunter; now, the nights passed away too often in dreary and unbroken splendour. Yet the shining steel of the shield in the hall, and the fair current of the mountain-spring, shewed her that her face was lovely as ever. One evening he came to visit her; and his manner was soft, and his voice was low, as in the days of old. Alas! of late she had been accustomed to the unkind look and the harsh word. "It is a lovely twilight, my Bertha," said he; "help me to unmoor our little bark, and we will sail down the river." With a light step, and yet lighter heart, she descended the rocky stairs, and reached the boat before her companion. The white sail was soon spread—they sprang in, and the slight vessel went rapidly through the stream. At first the waves were crimson, as if freighted with rubies, the last love-gifts of the dying sun—for they were sailing on direct to the west, which was one flush like a sea of blushing wine. Gradually the tints became paler; shades of soft pink just tinged the far-off clouds, and a delicate lilac fell on the waters. A star or two shone pure and bright in the sky, and the only shadows were flung by a few wild rose-trees that sprang from the clefts of the rocks. By degrees the drooping flowers disappeared; the stream grew narrower, and the sky became darker; a few soft clouds soon gathered into a storm; but Bertha heeded them not; she was too earnestly engaged in entreating her husband that he would acknowledge their secret marriage. She speaks of the dreary solitude to which she was condemned; of her wasted youth, worn by the fever of continual anxiety. Suddenly she stopped in fear—It was so gloomy around; the steep banks nearly closed overhead, and the boughs of the old pines which stood in some of the tempest-cleft hollows met in the air, and cast a darkness like that of night upon the rapid waters, which hurried on as if they distrusted their gloomy-passage. At this moment Bertha's eye caught the ghastly paleness of her husband's face, terribly distinct; she thought that he feared the rough torrent, and for her sake; tenderly she leant towards him—his arm grasped her waist, but not in love; he seized the wretched girl and flung her overboard, with the very name of God upon her lips, and appealing, too, for his sake! Twice her bright head—Bertha had ever gloried in her sunny curls, which now fell in wild profusion on her shoulders—twice did it emerge from the wave; her faint hands were spread abroad for help; he shrunk from the last glare of her despairing eyes; then a low moan; a few bubbles of foam rose on the stream; and all was still—but it was the stillness of death. An instant after, the thunder-cloud burst above, the peal reverberated from cliff to cliff, the lightning clave the black depths of the stream, the billows rose in tumultuous eddies; but Count Ludolf's boat cut its way through, and the vessel arrived at the open river. No trace was there of storm; and the dewy wild flowers filled the air with their fragrance; and the moon shone over them pure and clear, as if her light had no sympathy with human sorrow, and shuddered not at human crime. And why should she? We might judge her by ourselves; what care we for crime in which we are not involved, and for suffering in which we have no part?

The red wine-cup was drained deep and long in Count Ludolf's castle that night; and soon after, its master travelled afar into other lands—there was not pleasure enough for him at home. He found that bright eyes could gladden even the ruins of Rome—but Venice became his chosen city. It was as if revelry delighted in the contrast which the dark robe, the gloomy canal, and the death-black gondola offered to the orgies which made joyous her midnights. "And did he feel no remorse?" asked Lucy. "Remorse!" said the crone, with a scornful laugh; "remorse is the word for a child, or for a fool—the unpunished crime is never regretted. We weep over the consequence, not over the fault. Count Ludolf soon found another love. This time his passion was kindled by a picture, but one of a most strange and thrilling beauty—a portrait, the only unfaded one in a deserted palace situate in the eastern lagune. Day after day he went to gaze on the exquisite face and the large black eyes, till they seemed to answer to his own. But the festival of San Marco was no time for idle fantasies; and the Count was among the gayest of the revellers. Amid the many masks which he followed, was one that finally rivetted his attention. Her light step seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and every now and then a dark curl or two of raven softness escaped the veil; at last the mask itself slipped aside, and he saw the countenance of his beautiful incognita. He addressed her; and her answers, if brief, were at least encouraging; he followed her to a gondola, which they entered together. It stopped at the steps of the palace he had supposed deserted. "Will you come with me?" said she, in a voice whose melancholy was as the lute when the night-wind wakens its music; and as she stood by the sculptured lions which kept the entrance, the moonlight fell on her lovely face—lovely as if Titian had painted it. "Could you doubt!" said Ludolf, as he caught the extended hand; "neither heaven nor hell should keep me from your side!" And here I cannot choose but laugh at the exaggerated phrases of lovers; why a stone wall or a steel chain might have kept him away at that very moment! They passed many a gloomy room, dimly seen in the moonshine, till they came to the picture-gallery, which was splendidly illuminated—and, strange contrast to its usual desolation, there was spread a magnificient banquet. The waxen tapers burned in their golden candlesticks, the lamps were fed with perfumed oil, and many a crystal vase was filled with rare flowers, till the atmosphere was heavy with fragrance. Piled up, in mother-of-pearl baskets, the purple grapes had yet the morning dew upon them; and the carved pine reared its emerald crest beside peaches, like topazes in a sunset. The Count and the lady seated themselves on a crimson ottoman; one white arm, leant negligently, contrasted with the warm colour of the velvet; but extending the other towards the table, she took a glass; at her sign the Count filled it with wine. "Will you pledge me?" said she, touching the cup with her lips, and passing it to him. He drank it—for wine and air seemed alike freighted with the odour of her sigh. "My beauty!" exclaimed Ludolf, detaining the ivory hand. "Nay, Count," returned the stranger, in that sweet and peculiar voice, more like music than language—"I know how lightly you hold the lover's vow!" "I never loved till now!" exclaimed he, impatiently; "name, rank, fortune, life, soul, are your own." She drew a ring from her hand, and placed it on his, leaving her's in his clasp. "What will you give me in exchange,—this?"—and she took the diamond cross of an order which he wore. "Ay, and by my knightly faith will I, and redeem it at your pleasure." It was her hand which now grasped his; a change passed over her face; "I thank you, my sister-in-death, for your likeness," said she, in an altered voice, turning to where the portrait had hung. For the first time, the Count observed that the frame was empty. Her grasp tightened upon him—it was the bony hand of a skeleton. The beauty vanished: the face grew a familiar one—it was that of Bertha! The floor became unstable, like water; he felt himself sinking rapidly; again he rose to the surface—he knew the gloomy pine-trees overhead; the grasp on his hand loosened; he saw the fair head of Bertha gasp in its death-agony amid the waters; the blue eyes met his; the stream flung her towards him; her arms closed round his neck with a deadly weight; down they sank beneath the dark river together—and to eternity.

The Book of Beauty.

HUNGARIAN HORSE-DEALER.

On the third night after leaving Vienna, a Hungarian horse-dealer stopped at an inn, situated in the suburbs of a small town. He had never been there before, but the house was comfortable, and the appearance of the people about it respectable. Having first attended to his tired horse, he sat down to supper with his host and family. During the meal, he was asked whence he came? and when he had said from Vienna, all present were anxious to know the news. The horse-dealer told them all he knew. The host then inquired what business had carried him to Vienna? He told them he had been there to sell some of the best horses that were ever taken to that market. When he heard this, the host cast a glance at one of the men of the family, who seemed to be his son, which the dealer scarcely observed then, but which he had reason to recall afterwards. When supper was finished, the fatigued traveller requested to be shewn to his bed. The host himself took up a light, and conducted him across a little yard at the back of the house to a detached building, which contained two rooms, tolerably decent for an Hungarian hostel. In the inner room was a bed, and here the host left him to himself. As the dealer threw off his jacket and loosened the girdle round his waist, where his money was deposited, he thought he might as well see whether it was all safe. Accordingly, he drew out an old leathern purse that contained his gold, and then a tattered parchment pocket-book that enveloped the Austrian bank-notes, and finding that both were quite right, he laid them under the bolster, extinguished the light, and threw himself on the bed, thanking God and the saints that had carried him thus far homeward in safety. He had no misgiving as to the character of the people he had fallen amongst to hinder his repose, and the horse-dealer was very soon enjoying a profound and happy sleep. He might have been in this state of beatitude an hour or two, when he was disturbed by a noise like the opening of a window, and felt a sudden rush of cool night air; on raising himself on the bed, he saw peering through an open window which was almost immediately above the bed, the head and shoulders of a man, who was evidently attempting to make his ingress into the room that way. As the terrified dealer looked, the intruding figure was withdrawn, and he heard a rumbling noise, and then the voices of several men, as he thought, close under the window. The most dreadful apprehensions, the more horrible as they were so sudden, now agitated the traveller, who, scarcely knowing what he did, but utterly despairing of preserving his life, threw himself under the bed. He had scarcely done so, when the hard breathing of a man was heard at the open window, and the next moment a robust fellow dropped into the room, and after staggering across it, groped his way by the walls to the bed. Fear had almost deprived the horse-dealer of his senses, but yet he perceived that the intruder, whoever he might be, was drunk. There was, however, slight comfort in this, for he might only have swallowed wine to make him the more desperate, and the traveller was convinced he had heard the voices of other men without, who might climb into the room to assist their brother villain in case any resistance should be made. His astonishment, however, was great and reviving when he heard the fellow throw off his jacket on the floor, and then toss himself upon the bed under which he lay. Terror, however, had taken too firm a hold of the traveller to be shaken off at once, –his ideas were too confused to permit his imagining any other motive for such a midnight intrusion on an unarmed man with property about him, save that of robbery and assassination, and he lay quiet where he was until he heard the fellow above him snoring with all the sonorousness of a drunkard. Then, indeed, he would have left his hiding-place, and gone to rouse the people in the inn to get another resting place, instead of the bed of which he had been dispossessed in so singular a manner; but, just as he came to this resolution, he heard the door of the outer room open—then stealthy steps cross it—then the door of the very room he was in was softly opened, and two men, one of whom was the host and the other his son, appeared on its threshold. "Leave the light where it is," whispered the host, "or it may disturb him and give us trouble." "There is no fear of that," said the younger man, also in a whisper, "we are two to one; he has nothing but a little knife about him—he is dead asleep too! hear how he snores!" "Do my bidding," said the old man sternly; "would you have him wake and rouse the neighbourhood with his screams?" As it was, the horror-stricken dealer under the bed could scarcely suppress a shriek; but he saw that the son left the light in the outer room, and then, pulling the door partially after them, to skreen the rays of the lamp from the bed, he saw the two murderers glide to the bedside, and then heard a rustling motion as of arms descending on the bed-clothes, and a hissing, and then a grating sound, that turned his soul sick, for he knew it came from knives or daggers penetrating to the heart or vitals of a human being like himself, and only a few inches above his own body. This was followed by one sudden and violent start on the bed, accompanied by a moan. Then the bed, which was a low one, was bent by an increase of weight caused by one or both the murderers throwing themselves upon it, until it pressed on the body of the horse-dealer. There was an awful silence for a moment or two, and then the host said, "he is finished—I have cut him across the throat — take the money, I saw him put it under his bolster" "I have it, here it is," said the son; "a purse and a pocket-book." The traveller was then relieved from the weight that had oppressed him almost to suffocation; and the assassins, who seemed to tremble as they went, ran out of the room, took up the light, and disappeared altogether from the apartment. No sooner were they fairly gone than the poor dealer crawled from under the bed, took one desperate leap, and escaped through the little window by which he had seen enter the unfortunate wretch, who had evidently been murdered in his stead. He ran with all his speed into the town, where he told his horrid story and miraculous escape to the night-watch. The night-watch conducted him to the burgomaster, who was soon aroused from his sleep, and acquainted him with all that had happened. In less than half an hour from the time of his escape from it, the horse-dealer was again at the murderous inn with the magistrate, and a strong force of the horror-stricken inhabitants and the night-watch, who had all run thither in the greatest silence. In the house all seemed as still as death; but as the party went round to the stables they heard a noise; cautioning the rest to surround the inn and the outhouses, the magistrate, with the traveller and some half-dozen armed men, ran to the stable-door; this they opened, and found within the host and his son digging a grave. The first figure that met the eyes of the murderers was that of the traveller. The effect of this on their guilty souls was too much to be borne; they shrieked, and threw themselves on the ground; and though they were immediately seized by hard griping hands of real flesh and blood, and heard the voices of the magistrate and their friends and neighbours, denouncing them as murderers, it was some minutes ere they could believe that the figure of the traveller that stood among them was other than a spirit. It was the hardier villain, the father, who, on hearing the stranger's voice continuing in conversation with the magistrate, first gained sufficient command over himself to raise his face from the earth; he saw the stranger still pale and haggard, but evidently unhurt. The murderer's head spun round confusedly; but, at length rising, he said to those who held him, "Let me see that stranger nearer; let me touch him—only let me touch him!" The poor horse-dealer drew back in horror and disgust. "You may satisfy him in this," said the magistrate; he is unarmed and unnerved, and we are here to prevent his doing you harm." On this the traveller let the host approach him, and pass his hand over his person, which, when he had done, the villain exclaimed, "I am no murderer! Who says I am a murderer?" "That shall we see anon," said the traveller, who led the way to the detached apartment, followed by the magistrate, by the two prisoners, and all the party which had collected in the stable on hearing what passed there. Both father and son walked with considerable confidence into the room; but when they saw by the lamps the night-watch and others held over it, that there was a body covered with blood, lying upon the bed, they cried out, "How is this! who is this!" and rushed together to the bedside. The lights were lowered; their rays fell full upon the ghastly face and bleeding throat of a young man. At the sight, the younger of the murderers turned his head, and swooned in silence; but the father, uttering a shriek so loud, so awful, that one of the eternally damned alone might equal its effects, threw himself on the bed, and on the gashed and bloody body, and murmuring in his throat, "My son! I have killed mine own son!" also found a temporary relief from the horrors of his situation in insensibility. The next minute the wretched hostess, who was innocent of all that had passed, and who was, without knowing it, the wife of a murderer, the mother of a murderer, and the mother of a murdered son—of a son killed by a brother and a father, ran to the apartment, and would have increased tenfold its already insupportable horrors by entering there, had she not been prevented by the honest townspeople. She had been roused from sleep by the noise made in the stable, and then by her husband's shriek, and was now herself shrieking and frantic carried back into the inn by main force. The two murderers were forthwith bound and carried to the town gaol, where, on the examination, which was made the next morning, it appeared from evidence that the person murdered was the youngest son of the landlord of the inn, and a person never suspected of any crime more serious than habitual drunkenness; that instead of being in bed, as his father and brother had believed him, he had stolen out of the house and joined a party of carousers in the town: of these boon companions, all appeared in evidence; and two of them deposed that the deceased, being exceedingly intoxicated, and dreading his father's wrath, should he rouse the house in such a state, and at that late hour, had said to them that he would get through the window into the little detached apartment, and sleep there, as he had often done before, and that they two had accompanied him, and assisted him to climb to the window. The deceased had reached the window once, and as they thought would have got safe through it, but drunk and unsteady as he was, he slipped back; they had then some difficulty in inducing him to climb again, for, in the caprice of intoxication, he said he would rather go sleep with one of his comrades. However, he had at last effected his entrance; and they, his two comrades, had gone to their respective homes. The wretched criminals were executed a few weeks after the commission of the crime. They had confessed every thing, and restored to the horse-dealer the gold and the paper-money they had concealed, and which had led them to do a deed so much more atrocious than even they had contemplated.

Mac Farlane's Lives of Banditti.

MANNERS AND APPEARANCE OF THE CELEBRATED DR. JOHNSON.

The following is an extract from a letter from Miss Burney to Mr. Crisp,—taken from "Dr. Burney's Memoirs."

"Well, in the midst of this performance, and before the second movement was come to a close,—Dr. Johnson was announced!

Now, my dear Mr. Crisp, if you like a description of emotions and sensations—but I know you treat them all as burlesque—so let's proceed.

Every body rose to do him honour; and he returned the attention with the most formal courtesie. My father then, having welcomed him with the warmest respect, whispered to him that music was going forward; which he would not, my father thinks, have found out; and placing him on the best seat vacant, told his daughters to go on with the duet; while Dr. Johnson, intently rolling towards them one eye—for they say he does not see with the other—made a grave nod, and gave a dignified motion with one hand, in silent approvance of the proceeding.

But now, my dear Mr. Crisp, I am mortified to own, what you, who always smile at my enthusiasm, will hear without caring a straw for—that he is, indeed, very ill-favoured! Yet he has naturally a noble figure: tall, stout, grand and authoritative; but he stoops horribly; his back is quite round; his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something; he has a singular method of twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands; his vast body is in constant agitation, see-sawing backwards and forwards; his feet are never a moment quiet; and his whole great person looked often as if it were going to roll itself, quite voluntarily, from his chair to the floor. * * *

But you always charge me to write without reserve or reservation, and so I obey as usual. Else, I should be ashamed to acknowledge having remarked such exterior blemishes in so exalted a character.

His dress, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on all his *best becomes*, for he was engaged to dine with a very fine party at Mrs. Montagu's, was as much out of the common road as his figure. He had a large, full, bushy wig, a snuff-coloured coat, with gold buttons, (or, peradventure, brass,) but no ruffles to his doughty fists; and not, I suppose, to be taken for a Blue, though going to the Blue Queen, he had on very coarse black worsted stockings.

He is shockingly near-sighted; a thousand times more so than either my Padre or myself. He did not even know Mrs. Thrale, till she held out her hand to him; which she did very engagingly. After the first few minutes, he drew his chair close to the pianoforte, and then bent down his nose quite over the keys, to examine them, and the four hands at work upon them; till poor Hetty and Susan hardly knew how to play on, for fear of touching his phiz; or, which was harder still, how to keep their countenances; and the less, as Mr. Seward, who seems to be very droll and shrewd, and was much diverted, ogled them slyly, with a provoking expression of arch enjoyment of their apprehensions.

When the duet was finished, my father introduced your Hettina to him, as an old acquaintance, to whom, when she was a little girl, he had presented his Idler.

His answer to this was imprinting on her pretty face—not a half touch of a courtly salute—but a good, real, substantial, and very loud kiss.

Every body was obliged to stroke their chins, that they might hide their mouths.

Beyond this chaste embrace, his attention was not to be drawn off two minutes longer from the books, to which he now strided his way; for we had left the drawing-room for the library, on account of the piano-forte. He pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost brushing them with his eye-lashes from near examination. At last fixing upon something that happened to hit his fancy, he took it down, and standing aloof from the company, which he seemed clean and clear to forget, he began, without further ceremony, and very composedly, to read to himself; and as intently as if he had been alone in his own study.

We were all excessively provoked; for we were languishing, fretting, expiring to hear him talk—not to see him read!—what could that do for us?

My sister then played another duet, accompanied by my father, to which Miss Thrale seemed very attentive; and all the rest quietly resigned. But Dr. Johnson had opened a volume of the British Encyclopedia, and was so deeply engaged, that the music, probably, never reached his ears.

When it was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said, "Pray, Dr. Burney, will you be so good as to tell me what that song was, and whose, which Savoi sung last night at Bach's concert, and which you did not hear?"

My father confessed himself by no means so able a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though he lived in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. But anxious to draw Dr. Johnson into conversation, he ventured to interrupt him with Mrs. Thrale's conjuring request relative to Bach's concert.

The doctor, comprehending his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and, see-sawing, with a very humorous smile, drolly repeated, "Bach, Sir?—Bach's concert?—And pray, Sir, who is Bach?—Is he a piper?"

HONOURABLE CONDUCT OF A SPANISH BRIGAND.

A SHORT time after the French war, and the restoration of Ferdinand VII., whose conduct made many of the loose guerilla parties continue out in the country as brigands, an English merchant arrived one evening at a small mean town, at the foot of the Sierra Morena. In the posada of the place where he took up his lodgings for the night, he met a Spaniard of a commanding figure, and of a sharp, intelligent, but amiable countenance. Much struck with his appearance, the Englishman entered into conversation with him, and was still more delighted by his frank, spirited style of address and talking. Before supper was ready, the two had established that sort of traveller-intimacy which is not perhaps the less delightful because it must finish in a few hours, and the parties, in all probability never meet again; and when the meal was served, they sat down to it together, each, apparently, anxious to know more of the other.—They conversed together during the progress of the supper, and long after it was over, until the sinking and flickering lamps on the table warned the Englishman it must be time to retire to rest. As he rose to do so, the Spaniard, with all his former frankness and gentlemanly manner, asked him which way his road lay on the morrow? The English merchant replied across the Sierra Morena, and indicated the road he meant to take. The Spaniard, shaking his head, said he was sorry for this, as he had reasons to suspect that that very road at that very moment was beset by robbers, from whose numbers and activity there was no escape. The Englishman confessed that this was unpleasant news, particularly as the affairs that called him towards Madrid were urgent.

"But cannot you stay where you are a day or two?" replied the Spaniard; "by that time they may have shifted their ground, and you may pass the mountains without meeting them."

The Englishman repeated that his business was urgent, said he was no coward, that he had hitherto travelled in Spain without any misadventure, and hoped still to do so.

"But, my good senor," replied the Spaniard, "you will not cross the mountains to-morrow, without being robbed, take my word for that!"

"Well, if it must be so, let them rob me," said the English merchant; "I have little money to lose, and they will hardly take the life of an unarmed and unresisting man!"

"They have never been accustomed so to act—let it be said to the honour of the band, they are not such cowardly assassins," replied the Spaniard, who was then silent, and seemed to be musing to himself. The Englishman was beginning to call up one of the servants of the posada, to shew him to his resting-place, when his companion, raising his hand, said, "Not yet, senor, not yet! listen!" and he continued in an under-tone, "It was my fortune, some time since, to have to cross the Sierra Morena alone, like you; it was occupied then, as now, by the *Salteadores;* but I met a man, also alone, as you have met me, who said he had rendered the captain of the band some service, and that he could give me a pass which should cause my person and my property to be respected by the robbers, and enable me to cross the mountains with perfect safety."

"A much better thing this than a king's passport," said the astonished Englishman. "Pray, what was it?—and did it succeed?"

"It was only a button," replied the Spaniard; "it did all that had been promised, and perhaps it has not yet lost its charm. I will give it you—here it is!"

After searching in his pocket, the Spaniard produced a curiously filagreed silver button, and placed it in the hands of the Englishman, begging him to be careful of it, and to present it to any robbers that might attack him in the Sierra.

"But were *you* really attacked on your journey?" inquired the merchant.

"The button was respected by all the robbers I met, and I believe I saw them all," said the Spaniard; "but ask no more questions, and take care of the button! to-morrow you will see whether it has lost its charm."

With many thanks, the Englishman took his leave, and went to bed. On the following morning, when he continued his journey, the silver button ran in his head for some time. But it was not until noon, as he was toiling up one of the most rugged of the mountain paths, that he had the opportunity of trying its virtue. There his guide, who rode before him, was suddenly knocked off his mule by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and the next instant three other guns were levelled at the Englishman's breast, by men who stepped from behind a rock. The attack was so sudden, that his ideas and recollection were disturbed, and he put his hand in his pocket, brought out his purse, and delivered it to the robbers, who were calling him all sorts of opprobrious names, before he thought of his silver button. But when the recollection came to his mind, and he produced it, much doubting of its efficacy, the oaths of the Salteadores were stopped at once, as though a sacred relic had been held before their eyes; they returned him his purse, earnestly entreated his pardon for all that had happened, and informed him that it was their bounden duty to see the bearer of that button safe across the mountains. Accordingly, on went the merchant with the brigands for his guard, he blessing the silver button, and they shewing him every attention and respect. On their way they met with other robbers, which proved how formidable was the band, and how impossible it would have been to escape them without the charmed button. At length they came to a low, solitary house in a wild dell, far away from the beaten path across the Sierra, which they had abandoned for rocks that seemed never to have been trodden. Here the merchant was told he might stop and refresh himself. Nothing loath, he dismounted, and turned to the door, when his companion at the posada of the preceding evening—the donor of the magical button, met him on the threshold with the words and gestures of an hospitable welcome. His dress was changed—he now wore a splendid kind of uniform, the jacket of which was of velvet, embroidered with gold; but the Englishman recognised his commanding figure and impressive countenance in an instant, and gave him his hand as a friend.

"I got here before you," said the captain of the banditti, for such in fact was the donor of the button, "and have prepared a good dinner for you, being very certain that what I gave you last night would bring you in safety under my roof."

The Englishman expressed his gratitude, and they sat down to dine. The bandit's dishes were savoury and good, and his wine was better. As the wine warmed the Englishman, he again expressed his gratitude, and then ventured to say how astonished he was that a person of his host's manners, and one capable of such kind and generous feelings and actions, could lead such a kind of life. The robber drew his hand across his dark brow and fiery eyes, and said,

"These are times when thieves and traitors thrive in the royal court and the offices of government, and honest patriots are driven to the highway. As a guerilla, I shed my blood for my country—for my king, who, when he returned, would have left me to starve or to beg! But no matter—this is no business of yours. I met you, liked your manners, and have saved you!—that is enough! say no more!"

The Englishman of course desisted, and soon after rose to take his leave. The captain, who recovered his good humour, told him he should have an escort yet a little further, and be put in the route he wished to follow. The merchant would then have returned the silver button, but the robber insisted on his keeping it.

"You, or some friend of yours, may have to pass this way again," said he, "and whoever has the button to produce, will be respected as you have been respected! Go with God! and say nothing as to what has happened between you and me and mine! Adios!"

The merchant's farewell was an earnest and cordial one. Guided by the brigands, he soon reached the beaten road on the opposite side of the mountains, and would there have given them some money for the trouble he had caused them. They said they had their captain's strict commands against this—they would not accept a real, but left him, wishing him a happy journey. Some time—I believe some years after this adventure—the English merchant heard with deep regret that the Spanish robber-chief, whom he described as being one of the handsomest men he ever beheld, had been betrayed into the hands of government, and put to a cruel and ignominious death.

Mac Farlane's Lives of Banditti.

TABLETS FOR THE ANNUALS.

FIT FOURTH.

18.—MUSICAL GEM.

If Music have the power to soften hearts,
Bend knotted oaks and sooth the savage breast;
This "Gem" contains the more persuasive parts
Which calm the passions to their sweetest rest.

19.—VARIORUM.

A "Souvenir for Juveniles"—A book
Call'd "Christmas Tales"—The "Missionary" tome,
For which evangelising Christians look,
To free the slave and call the wanderer home.

20.—ALMANACKS.

A host of Almanacks, in sheets and frames;
A compact host, in stitches stamp'd and prized:
Prophetic some,—and most with well known names,
Which suit the purport, as they're various sized.

21.—POCKET BOOKS.

The "Pocket Books" for ladies and for gents;
Guides for each day, with hints of useful kind:
Enigmas, Mems, Fares, Wages, Views, Intents,—
Friends, by their dates;—Companions for the mind.

22.—THE BILLET.

Interlocutor—Loquitor.

Go forth ! ye gallant band of *Annuals*—Go!
Go to the homes where *Readers* love to dwell;
May Artists—Authors—*merits* favours know,
And, striving to be excellent—*excel*. J.R.P.

THE HARE-HOUND AND THE WITCH.

Continued from page 247.

The ruler of the hounds was the same who had held that situation under the former owner of Squire Hogan's estate. In his youth, twenty years previously, we have noticed him as a daring fellow; we should have added that he used to be as remarkable for his boisterous good spirits as for his reckless intrepidity. Now, however, at five-and-forty, mirth, and even outward dash of every kind, had disappeared from his character. His face was forbidding; his words were few; he never laughed, he never smiled; and, altogether, people regarded him as a dogged and disagreeable man. But enough of our huntsman for the present.

The day promised to be most favourable for the remarkable chase it was to witness.

> "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
> Proclaimed a hunting morning."

The ground was in prime order; the horses were full of vigour and spirit, after their long training; and, except the huntsman's, (and he comes in again sooner than we foresaw,) every face beamed with joyous animation. In fact, upon this day, he was making himself particularly offensive; quarrelling unnecessarily with his hounds; sulkily refusing to take any advice or opinions (commands were out of the question) concerning his treatment of them; and giving short answers, and looking "as black as thunder."

"What is the matter with you, Daniel?" questioned the Squire.

"I have no fancy for the work today," answered the huntsman.

"Why so man? what is this all about?"

"It was this day twenty years that my ould master followed the witch down the rocks into the sey; and I was dreaming last night that he and I were hunting here, again, together, and he drew me down the same lip afore him."

"Hutt, tut, you fool! there's no witch to hunt now, you know."

"I know no such thing. You hav'n't heard that she is in her cave again?"

"Pho, no; and 'tis impossible."

"It is not impossible: 'tis thrue. Let little Tony take my place to-day; for I tell you twice once, I don't like the work."

"Brother, Daniel. This day, of all days, I can't and I won't spare you. Draw on the dogs; come, stir! see to your business."

With mutterings and growlings, Daniel proceeded to obey. He cast the dogs into the cover. For some time they drew through it in silence. Presently some yelpings were heard; then the leader of the pack sent forth his most melodious note; dogs and men took it up; the fox broke cover; away after him stretched the eager hounds, and, close upon them, the no less eager huntsmen.

The Squire stood still a moment, willing to let the foremost and most headlong candidates for his daughter's favour blow their horses a little before he would push forward. While thus manœuvering, "Whom have we here?" he asked of the person nearest to him. His inquiry was directed to a strange huntsman who had just then appeared on the ground, no one could tell whence.

"By the good day!" exclaimed the person addressed, "that's Jack Hogan who fell over the cliff this day twenty years!"

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the Squire. The stranger turned round his head, as if he could have heard these words, though he was at a good distance.

"'Tis he, man! just as he looked the last day he hunted! his very dress! see how different from ours; and his black horse. I'd know horse and rider among a million! By all that's good, it is himself!"

The horses of the Squire and of his neighbour, a man of fifty, who thus spoke, would brook no further delay; and their riders were compelled to loosen their reins, and allow them to spring onward.

Daniel, the black-browed huntsman, was at this moment immediately next the hounds. Two or three of the rivals for fair Catherine's love rode within a little distance of him. The new-comer loitered behind the last of the candidates: of course, the Squire and his friend now pressed him hard. Suddenly his coal-black horse, seemingly without an effort, and certainly independently of one from his master cleared the ground between him and Daniel. The huntsman turned in his saddle, fixed an appalling look on his follower, uttered a wild cry, and desperately dashed his spurs into the sides of his steed. The stranger, still seemingly unexcited, as also appeared his horse, stuck so close to Daniel's crupper, that he could have put his hand upon it.

All swore that the fox outstripped the wind in swiftness. The hounds did their very best, and more than they had ever done before, to keep near to him. Each huntsman including even our honest Squire, spared not whip and spur to rival them; but the huntsman first, and the stranger at his horse's tail, were the only persons who succeeded in the achievement.

Vain was the endeavour to come up with those two. And every now and then, black Daniel would glare behind him into the face of his pursuer, and with a new shout of horror, re-urge his hunter to greater speed; and still, and still, although the stranger sat tranquilly in his saddle, Daniel could not gain a stirrup's length a-head of him. Over hill and valley, over ditch and hedge, over bog and stream, they swept, or plunged, or leaped, or scrambled, or swam, close upon the dogs, as if life were of no value; or as if they were carried, eddied forward, with supernatural speed, and in superhuman daring. Onward, onward they swept, scarce seeming to touch the earth, until at length only three other horsemen were able to keep them even in distant view. And, soon after those three became two; and, again, but one followed remotely in their track; and this one was our excellent friend Squire Hogan.

The sea-cliffs came in view! and straight towards them did the mad chase now turn. In amazement, if not in terror, the Squire pulled up his horse on a rising ground, and stood still to note its further progress. He saw the panting fox make for the dangerous place over the cliff's brow. For an instant he saw him on its very line. The next he disappeared towards the sea. At his brush came the hounds, and down they plunged also. The rival horseman followed, and he, too, was, in a second lost to view. A woman suddenly started up over the perilous pass, gazed below, and then sprang, as if into the air.

The mysterious fate of his predecessor fully occurred to our Squire; and he sensibly vowed to himself that, "By Cork! the faggot of a witch should never tempt him to leave the world by the same road." He also brought to mind his huntsman's words that morning; and a struggle arose between his reason and his superstitious propensities, as to whether or not the man's dream had been verified.

While thus mentally engaged, one of the baffled aspirants for Catherine's hand came up, himself and his horse soiled and jaded. Another and another followed, until almost all the members of the day's hunt surrounded Squire Hogan. He recited to them what he had witnessed. Greatly excited, some of them dismounted, and, under the care of an experienced guide, descended the cliff.

They found that the bewitched hounds, and their bewitched followers, need not, as the Squire had supposed, have jumped direct from the land into the sea; inasmuch as they might have turned, obliquely, into a narrow, rocky ravine. Down this pass, however, it seemed impossible that horses of a mortal mould could have found a footing. The explorers themselves were obliged to follow their guide very cautiously; as well to avoid tumbling downward, as to save their heads from the loose stones and fragments of rocks, which almost every step displaced and set in motion.

After having proceeded a little way, they caught far below them a glimpse of the dogs, whose cry came up to them, mingled with the roar and chafe of the waters of the sea. Shortly after, they saw the huntsman, still closely pressed by the stranger. The next moment, dogs, horses, and riders were lost to view, behind a curve of the tortuous and stony course of the ravine, all hurrying onward and downward, with whirlwind speed, as if to bury themselves in the waves of the ocean.

Our adventurers, persevering in their descent, suddenly turned a projecting rock, and came in view of a strip of strand, running promontory-like, into the sea: this they soon gained. Daniel, the huntsman, lay on this back upon it; his horse not to be seen. His dogs were squatted around him, each holding a fragment of bone between his teeth. The stranger sat still in his saddle, as if intensely oberving the prostrate man. The woman who had appeared to Squire Hogan on the cliffs brow stood on a rock amid the shallow breakers which rippled over the edge of the neck of strand.

As the explorers approached this group, the unknown horseman glanced towards them, took off his cap, waved it, and said, "Let no man claim Catherine Hogan's hand till I come to woo it. I have hunted for her; won her; and she is mine."

Those of Catherine's lovers who heard this speech were not chicken-hearted fellows. They resolved to ascertain who was the dictatorial speaker. Their friend, Squire Hogan, appeared in view, having nearly completed, at his cautious leisure, the descent to the sea's level, after them; and they first approached him, momentarily turning their backs on the object of their interest, for the purpose of consulting and enlisting him in a common plan of operations. After some discourse with the good Squire, and when he and they would have confronted the unknown horseman, no human form but that of sulky Daniel was visible on the patch of strand; and there he lay, stretched at his length, and still apparently insensible.

To him their attention became directed. They found him covered with blood, and seemingly a corpse. His dogs continued to couch around him, holding bones between their grinning teeth; and they snarled fiercely when the new comers approached them.

"By the blessed light!" exclaimed the Squire, "this is part of a man's skull that Ranger has his teeth through!"

"It is," answered Harry Walshe; "and not one of the dogs but holds a human bone between his jaws!"

The prostrate huntsman opened his eyes, and glared fearfully around him.

"What has happened to you, Daniel?" questioned the Squire.

Daniel's head turned in the direction of the voice, and he seemed to recognise the speaker.

"Is he gone?" he asked faintly.

"Is who gone? for whom do you inquire?"

"The masther's sperit—the sperit of the murthered man—the man that *I* murthered and buried in this sand, twenty years ago!"

Amid exclamations of surprise and horror from all who heard him, the huntsman gained, for a moment, more perfect power of observation. He looked from one to another of the group around him; then most ghastlily at the dogs; and then, closing his eyes, and shuddering, continued to speak in snatches.

"Ay, and it was a cruel murther. I have never slept a night's sleep since I did it. And every dog of the pack brought me one of his bones to-day. I will hide it no longer. I will own it to the world, and suffer for it. His sperit drove me before him to the spot where I had buried his broken body, afther I had tumbled him over the cliff—yes, buried it, as deep as I could dig. Twenty years passed away, and he came to chase me to his unblessed grave; and at the sight of it, my horse tossed me out of my saddle, and my own accursed bones are broken this day, and so I have half my punishment. Did I see the witch near me, here, a while ago? I did; an' the wathers o' the sey gave her up, alive, to be a witness against me. For, when I was burying him, this day twenty years, I spied her watching me; and I ran afther her, and saized her, and pitched her far into the waves; but now she is come to hang me. Let her. I will tell all—all—of my own accord; I will; and swing high for the deed."

He was conveyed to the Squire's house; and in his presence, and that of other magistrates, made a more ample confession. He had been tempted to commit the murder under the following circumstances:

The mother of his old master received under her protection a friendless and a pennyless orphan girl of low birth. The young huntsman loved her to distraction; and his ardours were seemingly returned, until the Squire, then a minor, became his successful rival, seducing, under a promise of marriage at his mother's death, his fickle mistress. Rage, hatred, loathing took possession of Daniel's heart; he could have beaten out the brains of his young master with the loaded end of his hunting whip; and his amiable feelings were not added to, when, upon a day that he was expostulating, alone, with the estranged object of his affections, the Squire suddenly rushed upon him, snatched that identical whip from his hands, and energetically laid it across his own shoulders.

The Squire's mother died. The Squire cast off his mistress, and married a wealthy wife. It was now the turn of the depraved, bad-hearted, and forsaken girl, to look for her revenge. Upon certain conditions, she offered herself, "soul and body," and without the trouble of a marriage, to her old lover. Daniel's eager passion for her, and his deep detestation of her undoer, had scarce abated. He felt sorely tempted, but hesitated. The girl threw herself in his way, from time to time; refired him; and in almost a year subsequent to the first attempt to make him a murderer, he *was* one, nay, a double one; for, a few days after he had dragged his master off his horse, and hurled him down the cliff, he placed in his tempter's arms, on the understanding that she was to destroy it, the only child of his victim. But, even in the disappointment of his feverish dream of passion, he had a foretaste of the punishment due to his crime. From the moment he committed to her the helpless infant, she so much detested, he had never seen the authoress of his ruin; and his belief was, that, after having murdered "the child of days," she had put an end to her own existence.

A few hours following his confession, the huntsman died.

Whether or no the gentle Catherine shared the popular belief that she had been hunted for, and won by, and was doomed to become a spectre's bride, is not clearly ascertainable. True it is, that her cheek faded, that her eye grew dull, and that the smile of contented pleasure forsook her moistly-red lip, now no longer red nor moist. But these changes may as well be accounted for on less supernatural grounds. Her military adorer still continued absent and silent; he who had so often vowed himself away into wordless sighs, nay, tears, under the big effort to define how much he loved her, and whose only hesitation to declare himself to her father, had always assumed the shape of a fear of being regarded as a speculating fortune-hunter; when, at a glance, it could be ascertained that he was almost an unfriended adventurer, courting the hand of a wealthy heiress.

As to good Squire Hogan, he contrived, or, perhaps, rather tried to laugh at the whole thing; vainly calling it a very good hoax; "a choice one, by Jove!" just to save himself the trouble of trying to unravel it; or else to hide his half-felt ignorance on the subject. Meantime he got some cause to laugh a little less than usual. Ejectments were served upon his estate, in the name of the lost son of the man whom he had succeeded in it. And Squire Hogan only strove to laugh the more; and to affect that he considered the claim as an uncommonly good attempt at "a capital hoax!" practised upon him by some unknown persons whom, on some past occasion, he must have outwitted "gloriously;" but it was a poor attempt at mirth, and he saw that Catherine, as well as himself, felt that it was.

In fact, he spent many hours alone, mourning for his beloved child, and taxing his brains to shield her from probable and verging misfortune. And a brilliant thought came into his head.

Would it not be a happy, as well as an exceedingly clever thing, to dispose of Catherine, before the trial at law, grounded upon the ejectments, should commence, and while the matter was little suspected, to one or other of her ardent admirers at the club-dinner in Dublin; to, in fact Ned O'Brien, or George Dempsey, or Mick Driscoll; or, above all to Harry Walshe? And the wise father made the attempt, duly four times in succession; and learned, thereby, that the serving of the ejectments was more generally known than he had imagined.

Still he tried to laugh, however; until one morning, when his boisterousness ended in sudden tears, as he cast his head on Catherine's shoulder, and said:—"Oh, Kate, Kate! what is to become of *you?*—I think I can bear poverty,—but you!"

"My dear father do not be cast down," answered Catherine; "I can earn money, in many ways, for us both, if good people will give me employment."

"And you are going a-working to support your father, Kate?" He left the room sobbing. His tears affected Catherine to the quick. Other sad and bitter recollections swelled her sorrow into a flood. She could now account for the persevering neglect of her lover, and her tenderly-beloved, upon no other grounds than those of her approaching poverty. Oh, that was a heart-cutting thought!

The day upon which the poor Squire must necessarily start from the country to attend the trial in Dublin, arrived; and he commenced his journey with another magnificent conception in his head; to eke out which, he carried in his pocket, without her knowledge, a miniature of his daughter Catherine. And with this miniature, and a note expressive of his willingness to compromise the matter by a marriage, he called on the new claimant for his squireship, the evening of his arrival in the metropolis. But, having retired to his own town-house long before he could have thought it possible that his note had received a leisurely reading, he received back the miniature with a technical epistle from his rival's attorney, stating that no compromise could be entered into; that the heir-at-law was determined to accept nothing which the law should not decide to be his right; and, adding that any attempts to see the young gentleman would prove unavailing, while they would be felt to be intrusive; inasmuch as, in cautious provision against a failure in his attempt to establish his claim, he had invariably concealed his person, even from his legal advisers.

This was the first really serious blow our Squire received. Hitherto he had courageously depended on his own innate cleverness to outwit the coming storm; now, within a few hours of the trial which was to determine his fate, he acknowledged himself without a resource or an expedient, beyond patience to attend to the grave proceeding, sit it out, and endeavour to comprehend it.

To beguile the remainder of his sad evening, after receiving the attorney's communication, he repaired to his club-room. He found himself cut there. Issuing, in no pleasant mood, into the streets, he encountered, by lamp-light, an individual in a red coat, whom he had hitherto considered rather as a deferential hanger-on than as an acquaintance to boast of. Now, at least, by unbending himself, he need not fear a repulse; so he warmly stretched out both his hands, received a very distant bow of recognition, and was left alone under a lamp-post.

"By Cork!" said the Squire, with a bitter laugh, "the puppy officer thinks I am turned upside-down in the world already!"

The cause came on. Our good friend's eyes were rivetted on every person who uttered a word, upon one side or the other. The usual jollity of his countenance changed into the most painful expression of anxiety; and when any thing witty was said by one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, at which others laughed, his effort to second them was miserable to behold. And although it was a bitter cold day, the Squire constantly wiped the perspiration from his forehead and face; chewing between whiles, a scrap of a quill which he had almost unconsciously picked off his seat.

The depositions, on his death-bed, of Daniel the huntsman, were tendered against him. They established the fact of the wretched self-accuser having kidnapped the heir of his then master, and handed the infant to his partner in crime. And the first living witness who appeared on the table, was that witch, supposed to have been long dead, even by Daniel himself. She swore that she intended to destroy the babe; that, however, having got it into her arms, she relented of her purpose, and gave it, with a bribe, to a strange woman, in a distant district, to expose for her on the high road. Next came the woman alluded to, and she proved that she had followed the directions of her employer, and afterwards watched, unseen, until an elderly lady of her neighbourhood, passing by with a servant, picked up the little unfortunate. And, lastly, the aforesaid elderly lady, who, by the way, had endured some little scandal, at the time, for her act of Christian charity, corroborated this person's testimony; and further deposed that she had carefully brought up, on limited means, until the day she procured him a commission in his Majesty's service, the plaintiff in the case at issue. Not a tittle of evidence, in contradiction to that stated, was offered by the defendant; and the only link of the chain of proof submitted by the heir-at-law, which the Squire's counsel energetically sought to cut through, was that created by the first witness. On her cross-examination, it was ingeniously attempted to be impressed on the minds of the jury, that no reliance could be placed upon the oath of a depraved creature like her; that she had really made away with the infant, according to her original intention; and that the one she had offered for exposure, must have been her own, the result of her acquaintance with the son of her benevolent and ill-requited protectress. But, without pausing upon details, we shall only say, that during the trial, sound confirmatory evidence of the truth of the miserable woman's assertion was supplied; and that, in fact, without hesitation, the jury found for the plaintiff.

Squire Hogan's look of consternation, when he heard the verdict, was pitiable. For a moment he bent down his head and wiped his forehead with his moist handkerchief. Then, with a wretched leer, distorting his haggard countenance, he started up, and muttering indistinctly, bowed low to the judge, the jury, the bar, the public, all; as if he would humbly acknowledge the superiority of every human being. After this, forgetting his hat, he was hurrying away; some one placed it in his hand; he bowed lowly, and smiled again; and, finally, forgetting the necessity to remain uncovered, he pressed it hard over his eyes and left the court; carrying with him the sincere, and, in some instances, the tearful sympathy of the spectators.

To be concluded in our next.

Customs.

HARIOT, OR HERRIOT.

For the Olio.

This custom, derived from two Saxon words, is a claim made of the best beast a tenant has at the hour of his death, by the lord of the manor. It consists in an understood agreement between the parties, and is, consequently, exacted in the most exemplary way. In some instances, however, where the parties are not completely off-hand in making their claim, the survivors turn the tables upon them, to the disparagement of the manorial interest; for, whatever beast or implement the hand is laid on, or holds first, that identical beast or implement is the "herriot," which in value ought to be 80l. An auctioneer, for instance, was selling off the effects of a deceased person, and the sale was proceeding with the usual plan; when, on a sudden, a person entered the room, and looking at a gold watch, caught it up and put it into his pocket. The auctioneer, stopping his own *tongue-watch*, which was *going*, *going*, *going*, for the *last* time, said, "Stop thief!" at the same time descending from the table on which he was mounted. The door was shut to keep all in who were in; and the person who had pocketed the watch came forward and explained himself—he was the steward to the lord of the manor, and present to claim his "herriot." The sale proceeded and the matter was adjusted. On another occasion, a man entered the farm-yard at the decease of the owner of a fine stack of wheat, and claimed his herriot. The representative, who was with the claimant, asked him if he persisted in having the wheat. The claimant replied in the affirmative, and laid his hand on the outside of a sheaf. "Just so," said the representative, and, to the claimant's utter surprise, he was necessitated to be satisfied with his choice, by having the identical sheaf upon which he had laid his hand, but no more, for his herriot. On another occasion, a man entered the stable to make his claim for the lord of the manor: in his eagerness to possess the best horse on the premises of the deceased, he inquired of a carter, as he eyed a horse, "if this was the best horse?"—"For certain it be," said the carter, "excepting our young master's Dick, which be a desperate good one—and can't be matched in the country for his running tricks."—"Well, then, my good fellow," said the claimant, "shew me Dick, as you say he's such a good goer." The carter entered another stable, and the claimant followed him. Dick was, sure enough, a "real good one;" but the claimant was off his guard by Dick's cropping his ears, and inclining to take a bite, turning round in a sportive attitude—"None of your nonsense with me, master Dick," said the claimant, inwardly pleased that he had escaped an unwelcome grip—"I'll soon cure you of your vicious habits;" and catching the *halter*, instead of laying his *hand* on Dick, he was obliged to walk away with the *halter* for his *herriot*, ready to suspend himself with it on the next tree he passed. The last instance which I mention was that of a steward and his friend arriving at an inn from a distance to claim herriot. The survivor was a comely young woman. The applicant an elderly but kind-hearted man. He laid his hand on her favourite market palfrey. She was so much grieved at the choice, that her pathetic appeals succeeded in the steward's paying the value of the herriot out of his own pocket. In short, he was in love with her at first sight. Nature had blest her with a pretty cast in her eye, a pair of rosy cheeks, an artless manner of expression and "a' that." The steward, however, was not accepted at the time of his application, on account of the disparity of years; but his generosity made so serious an impression on the mind of the fair maiden, that she consented to receive his attentions, and in due time participated in the nuptials. The steward's *Harriot* now rides her palfrey to market as usual. The lord of the manor having heard of the circumstance, was so much pleased that he yielded his right, by claiming an article of trifling value for the herriot.

J. Z.

Varieties.

A Real Jack Tar.—A sailor, last Sunday, hailed the cad of an omnibus. He was ushered inside with the utmost dispatch. But ere the vehicle had arrived at King's Cross, he cried, "Avast there!" and requested to be permitted, as he got out, to ride with the steersman (the driver). "D——e!" said Jack, as if recollecting himself, "it is too bad in me to have the effrontery to sail in the cabin with the Cap'n's friends—I'm for the deck;" and throwing half a crown to the cad, he jumped outside, and literally crawled forward till he was seated triumphantly by the side of the driver, quite in his element. *

A Bragging District.—In the neighbourhood of Towcester and Brackley the name of *Braggins* is so general, that it catches the eye of the traveller in every turn. From Amos Braggins to Zachariah Braggins, every letter of the alphabet appears to be in requisition. Hence it is called the "Bragging District." ***.

The Jones's.—So many travellers are engaged in their journey of the name of Jones, that with the commercial gentlemen they find it necessary to distinguish them by appellatives, such as *Tall* Jones—*Gentleman* Jones—*B—k—d* Jones—Little *Jack* Jones—*Fat Dick* Jones—*Shonny Shones*, &c.

Rice Glue.—An elegant cement may be made from rice flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice-flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over a fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c. in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments which affords much employment and amusement to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster clay, models, busts, bas relievos, &c. may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of high polish and very durable.

Singular Instinct of the Serpent.—The beautiful Anaconda now exhibiting at Peale's Museum, is perhaps the most gentle of its tribe; and nightly excites great interest by the attachment it evinces to its master, which can only be exceeded by its deep sense of unmerited wrongs—Of this latter he has lately given a most striking proof. The other evening, a gentleman, either wantonly, or for want of thought, struck him with the ferule of his umbrella on the back, making some remarks at the time, and then proceeded to the other end of the room. The serpent became so agitated as to excite its keeper's attention, but still perfectly harmless; appearing to have more the appearance of terror than revenge. After a while the offending party returned, and was again making some remarks, when the anaconda recognising his voice, made a spring direct for his face, which, however, he happily missed, and was then as gentle as ever. What makes the above the more remarkable is, that the animal was blind at the time, from some of the last years' skin obstructing its vision; so that it must have discovered its adversary solely by the sound of his voice.

New York Traveller.

The Wooden Leg.—A lady and her son were standing in the church of St. Eustache, when the latter, seeing a soldier who had suffered amputation, exclaimed, "Oh! mother, do you see that gentleman without a leg!"—"My son," replied the mother, "do you not perceive that he wears it in his button-hole?" The soldier was "decorated."

The Sublime.—Our German friends are in the habit of publicly announcing the demise of their near relatives with a tribute to their memory. In how poetical a fashion this is sometimes done, take the following,—which we have pilfered from a Rhenish paper,—in proof:—"The inmost feelings of my adored husband went to sleep, quietly and happily, on the 16th instant. The extent of my suffering none know better than myself; nor my present condition, nor the stagnation of business,—much less the dead weight, which altogether strains my loins. He, the dear departed, Frederick M—, was my husband, every inch of him; he was partner in all the afflictions of life with myself; and I wish, therefore, every one as speedy and happy an end as his. To enjoy the folly of life with groaning of the Spirit,—this is what I call virtue and understanding; patience and wakefulness, and melancholy and ecstasy, and to build the mansion of peace in one's own bosom, are ten thousand times more costly possessions than gold or virtue. Our business will not hitch; and I will do my utmost as a widow."—*Athenæum.*

Singular Anecdote of Garrick.—One afternoon, when Garrick expected Dr. Monsey to call on him, he desired the servant to conduct the doctor into his bed-room. Garrick was announced for King Lear on that night, and, when Monsey saw him in bed, he expressed his surprise, and asked him if the play was to be changed. Garrick was dressed, but had his night-cap on, and the quilt was drawn over him to give him the appearance of being too ill to rise. Dr. M. expressed his surprise, as it was time for Garrick to be at the theatre to dress for King Lear. Garrick, in a languid and whining tone, told him that he was too much indisposed to perform himself, but that there was an actor named Marr, so like him in figure, face, and voice, and so admirable a mimic, that he had ventured to trust the part to him, and was sure the audience would not perceive the difference. Pretending that he began to feel worse, he requested Monsey to leave the room, in order that he might get a little sleep, but desired him to attend the theatre, and let him know the result. As soon as the doctor quitted the room, Garrick jumped out of bed, and hastened to the theatre. Monsey attended the performance. Having left Garrick in bed he was bewildered by the scene before him, sometimes doubting, and sometimes being astonished at the resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At length, finding that the audience were convinced of Garrick's identity, Monsey began to suspect a trick had been practised upon him, and instantly hurried to Garrick's house at the end of the play; but Garrick was too quick for him, and was found by Monsey in the same state of illness. Some friends of Garrick who had been let into the secret, and were present at the performance, witnessed and enjoyed Monsey's perplexity, who, when he discovered the deception, shared in the laugh at his own expense, determining, however, to retaliate on the first opportunity.—*Taylor's Records of his Life.*

Efficacy of Salt Water.—A surgeon on board a ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened by some mischance to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard any thing of the doctor? "Yes," answered Jack, after a turn of his quid, "he was drowned last night in his medicine chest."

Laconic Invitation.—Upon one occasion, the Ettric Shepherd, with the true waywardness of a poet, took umbrage at Sir Walter Scott, for some imaginary slight or neglect, and refused for a long time to speak to him. The Baronet knew his man, and said nothing; till Hogg's better feelings re-awakened, and induced him to write a long explanatory and apologetic letter. Sir Walter's answer was highly characteristic—"Dear Jamie,—Now that you have come to your senses, come over to your dinner. Your's, Walter Scott."

To Cure Dram-drinking.—Dr. Lettsom mentions a person who usually drank twelve drams a day; but, being convinced of his approaching misery, took the resolution to wean himself from this poison. He always drank out of one glass, into which he daily let fall a drop of sealing-wax. By this means he had twelve drops less of spirit every day, till at length, his glass being filled with wax, his habit was cured.

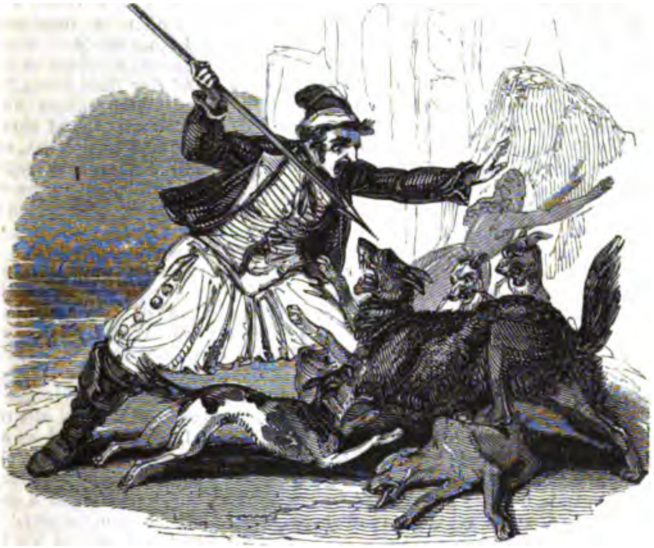
Tortoise-shell.—The following singularly barbarous process for obtaining the tortoise-shell is abstracted from an Indian newspaper, called the Singapore Chronicle:—This highly-prized aquatic production, when caught by the Eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its capturers this time, however with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders: it is a questionless proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

To Correspondents—Ghertrude Bremmel will appear in our next number.—We cannot judge of the merits of Ellen Gray until we have read the whole.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XVIII—Vol. X. *Saturday, Dec. 1, 1832.*



See page 275

Illustrated Article.

GHERTRUDE BREMMEL;

OR, THE

HARPONEER OF FISH HOOK BAY.

A TALE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

For the Olio.

How exceedingly tedious did that part of the road that passes over a dreary wild, lying between Wynberg and Muzemberg, (a distance of about eight miles) appear to me, as I journied thereon towards Simons Town, on a dismal and threatening day, in the winter of 18—. It is perfectly straight from one extremity to the other; the moor on either side is covered with low stunted bushes, and straggling briars, stretching for miles, and bounded in the distance by rugged mountains, presenting the same mountainous scene during the whole extent of the road; the only individual of the human species that encountered my strained gaze, was a Dutch boor, conducting his bullock waggon to Cape Town: a few little birds of the most beautiful plumage fluttered among the bushes, and occasionally a puff adder (a reptile which I hold in utter abhorrence) would crawl across the road. The heavy masses of black clouds, overcharged with rain, darkened the heavens, and a vapoury mist hung on the mountain tops; the air was excessively damp, and the low moaning of the wind was heard, as it swept in sudden fitful gusts over the gloomy waste. I put my *paard* to his fastest speed, in order that I might if possible obtain shelter in one of the cottages at Muzemberg (which I had now nearly reached,) ere the rain fell. The first habitation that I came to was a low thatched and white-washed cabin; a rudely painted sign-board hung over the door-way, on which some cunning limner had depicted a man of most villanous countenance, habited in a smock frock, and leathern gaiters, at the foot of which the following inscription was written, "*The Gentle shepherd of Salisbury Plain*." This "house of entertainment for man and baste," was kept by an old west countryman, yclept Peck. Farmer Peck, as he was entitled, was a man about the middling stature, rather inclined to be stout; his head bore a strong analogy in shape to that of a cod fish, and his long, straight, dark hair hung on his shoulders with rude negligence; his habit consisted of a duffle jacket that had once been white, but had long since changed its original colour for that of a dirty, yellowish brown, a blue striped shirt, his indispensible nether garment was composed of tanned goat's skin, and reached very little lower than the calf of his leg. Such was mine host of the "*Gentle Shepherd!*" Scarcely had I concluded the repast which I had ordered to be served up, when the large rain drops began to patter against the casements; not being by any means prepossessed in favour of a wet jacket, I determined to pass the night in an arm chair, (for beds there were none), at Peck's fire-side. Evening had far advanced, the Nor-wester howled with furious and unabating violence around the cottage, and the rain fell in deluging torrents. I desired the farmer to throw some fresh logs on the fire, and had taken up my position for repose, when the tramping of a horse's hoofs were heard approaching, and a tremendous knocking at the door speedily followed, which was opened by Peck, and the stranger having requested that his horse might be attended to, made his appearance, drenched of course to the skin; he appeared to be a man of about forty years of age, bearing a very pleasing and prepossessing countenance, and I was highly delighted at the prospect of such a companion; after having taken a glass or two of schedum, and applied very vigorously to his snuff box, he became very communicative and chatty; I soon discovered him to be a man of highly polished manners, and conversation, and a perfect gentleman; it proved to be Mr. T——s, proprietor of the great whale fishery at Fish Hook Bay. To beguile the tedious hours of night he related the following narrative. In the hope therefore that it will (although but a tale of humble life) excite that interest in the breasts of others, that it did in my own, I have committed it to paper.

In a situation highly romantic and picturesque, at the foot of one of the Muzemberg hills, stood the cottage of Hendrick Bremmel the fisherman; a rocky and almost perpendicular mountain reared its cloud embosomed head to a dizzy height behind the cot, seeming to threaten annihilation to this fragile work of human hands; before its front were spread the broad expansive waters of False Bay, which were terminated by an immense chain of mountains stretching themselves into the interior; here and there a peak belonging to a distant chain, towering high above the rest, was faintly discernible, and appeared to blend with the horizon. In the centre of the bay is a small island, or rather a white sand bank, which is inhabited by penguins, and other sea-fowl, who flock thither in countless numbers to deposit their eggs, and rear their young.* The neighbourhood of the cottage was covered with rich herbage, and shrubs of the most luxuriant descriptions, among which lay embedded immense fragments of rock that had rolled down the mountain, while its immediate vicinity was surrounded by a fence, composed of rib bones of the whale, inclosing a small spot for cultivation, and the arched gateway was formed by the two bones of the under jaw, of the same huge monster of the deep. Within the fence grew a hedge of pomegranite bushes, intermingled with the geranium and prickly pear; a sort of verandah of lattice work extended from the gate of the cottage door, which likewise served as a supporter to a vine, over which it spread its creeping branches, and broad leaves, forming a shady avenue, and a cool retreat during the heat of the day. Hendrick Bremmel had quitted his native country, Germany, to seek a home in a far distant clime, which his own afforded not, his spirits buoyed up by the hopes and golden dreams that in general pervade the bosom of the emigrant. His expectations had been so far realized that he was at length enabled to live in comparative ease and independence. He had on the onset to combat with crosses and disappointments, which combined against him, but by dint of unflinching perseverance and industry he had from time to time amassed sufficient sums of money to purchase a slave, to whom he entrusted the duties of his avocation, and if report spoke truly, had contrived to lay by a considerable sum to boot. The most severe affliction that he had to bear up against was the loss of a beloved wife, and two smiling babes, who had died of the scarlet fever within a short period of each other; one lovely girl alone remained to bless the habitation of his declining years, in whom all his happiness was concentrated. Ghertrude Bremmel, at the time of our narrative, had attained her seventeenth year. To a set of exquisitely formed features were added a peculiar sweetness of expression; her hair, of rich auburn, floated in playful curls over her neck, on which the sun had exerted his influence; in short, she was a pretty brunette. Her disposition was gentle but romantic: she loved to listen to the roaring of the breakers, that lashed and foamed among the rocks near to her own dwelling. or to wander amidst the mountains, and watch the columns of spray, caused by the thundering cataract which dashed down the perpendicular precipices. It was in returning from one of these rambles that she had occasion to pass over the sands of Fish Hook Bay, on one of those bright cloudless nights peculiar to the Cape; the moon was shining with a degree of splendour and brilliancy that the inhabitants of cold northern climates can never hope to witness; not a breath stirred to cause a ripple upon the dark blue waters of the Bay, whose surface might have been compared to a polished mirror; all nature seemed hushed into repose, the only sounds that broke upon the ear were the faint gurgling of the waters, which were reduced to the gentlest murmur, as they laved the beach, or at intervals the long melancholy howl of the wolf among the distant mountains. The surrounding rocky hills presented the most fantastic shapes to the eye, the projecting parts of which were beautifully mellowed by the soft rays of the moon, while the ravines were darkened into the deepest obscurity; to heighten the effect of which the bushes, which covered the side of one of the hills, were on fire, and the dense volume of smoke rolled suddenly along the mountain's side; at a short distance stood a cabin, or hut, the door of which being open disclosed several men belonging to the whale-fishery seated round a blazing fire; upon the beach lay scattered in every direction sculls, fins, tails, and other parts of the whale, which had been washed up by the sea. Lightly tripped Ghertrude over the silvery sand, when on a sudden her attention was arrested by a low growl, seemingly very near her, and on turning her head towards the spot, she beheld two flaming eyes glaring on her, from beside a huge fragment of putrid whale's flesh. Merciful heaven! it was an enormous wolf, feasting and gorging upon a carcase;* uttering a wild piercing scream, the affrighted maiden fled from before him, towards the cottage, terror added speed to' her footsteps; a horrible yell and the pattering of his feet upon the sand, announced her pursuer close in the rear; loud were the cries of Ghertrude for assistance; her cries were heard, the barking of several dogs rang in the air, and a powerful voice; already she feels the sharp claws of her pursuer, her loose flying garments are in his fangs, he was surrounded by his fierce assailants, and was obliged to desert his intended victim, to defend himself from the hounds who attacked him with great fury, and endeavoured to keep him at bay until their master arrived; one of them however was speedily crushed by the powerful jaws of the enraged animal. In the mean time the figure of a man approached; he was tall, well made and most powerfully built, and habited in a rough seaman's dress; in his uplifted arms he poised a harpoon, the polished steel head of which glittered in the moonbeams. The wolf finding himself so beset made a desperate spring at the man, who avoided him by slipping on one side; in another instant the fierce animal lay writhing in strong convulsive struggles, pierced completely through and nailed to the earth by the barbed weapon, while he snapped at and bit the iron shank thereof in his expiring agonies. His struggles became less and less violent; at length one terrific hideous howl broke upon the stillness of night, echoing through the mountains, and the ferocious beast sank lifeless, bathed in his heart's blood, which dyed the white sands of the beach, at the feet of Wilhelm Muller the harponeer of the Fish Hook Bay Whalers. This exploit, it must be understood, occupied considerable less time in the performance than is taken up in the recital thereof. In the meantime a number of other fishermen came to the spot who were so intent upon mangling the carcase of the wolf with their hatchets and knives, that they did not bestow a thought upon the main object; not so Wilhelm, who having taken breath after the tremendous exertion that he had undergone, gazed eagerly around for the girl whose life he had preserved. She had fallen fainting to the ground. He raised her in his arms; the moon shone brightly on her pale face, and the dark locks drooped over her forehead, but when his eye encountered the well-known features of Ghertrude Bremmel, a tremor came over his whole frame; he could scarcely master his feelings sufficiently to prevent himself from falling on the sands; he who had braved death in numerous shapes was completely overpowered by the bare idea of the narrow and providential escape from the jaws of death of her whom he loved far beyond all things of an earthly nature.

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* The eggs of the Penguin are accounted by many delicious eating, and afford a considerable revenue to the fishermen and others, who plunder them by the boat load.

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* When pressed by hunger the wolves will often descend from the mountains to the precincts of the fisheries in search of food. This is by no means an uncommon occurrence.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed, in a tone of wildness.

"Fear not, dear Ghertrude," returned Wilhelm; "you are in safety now."

"Ah! is it Wilhelm that speaks to me then? am I beyond the reach of danger? but what will my poor father think of my long absence? I must hasten homewards."

Wilhelm of course tendered his services as a protector, which were joyfully received, and while the lovers (for such they were,) are on their way, it may perhaps be as well to give the reader a little insight into the character of the young harponeer.

The father of Wilhelm Muller, a Dutchman by birth, was possessed of a farm, near Stellenbosch, by which he had amassed considerable wealth, but was a man of a sordid and niggardly disposition, and had given his children to understand that they were to expect nothing from him during his life time; eat and drink they might to their heart's content, it is true, by toiling from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, but not a stiver could they extract from his gripe; it therefore suited not the proud spirit of Wilhelm to submit to the obligation of labouring as a menial on his father's farm. Possessed of a robust and powerful, though finely made form, to which was added more bodily strength than usually falls to the lot of man, he had sought an employment more congenial to his bold and daring nature, namely, that of a whale-fisher, which he now followed, and by his superior skill had risen to be chief harponeer, an office of considerable emolument in a successful season.*

In childhood endowed with courage beyond his years he loved to roam amidst the wild gigantic mountains of his native Africa, bounding from rock, to rock, with the agility of a chamois, or climbing almost inaccessable heights in search of the eagle's nest. In his youth was there a lion near the kraal, who was so forward in pursuing him to his lair as Wilhelm Muller, and in the calling he was now engaged, who kept a boat's crew in such order, or was first on the beach on the signal fire being lighted† as he? His dexterity in handling his weapon was unrivalled, and he was universally allowed to be the most skilful harponeer in the colony. He had long loved Ghertrude, which love was most affectionately returned by her; their dispositions were congenial, but Wilhelm dared not break the matter to her father, lest the gratification of her society, which their stolen interviews afforded, should be entirely cut off; he was poor and friendless. Hendrick Bremmel was rich; an opportunity however had now arrived, and he determined to throw himself upon the generosity of the father of Ghertrude, with a faint hope that the old man would encourage his suit, in gratitude for his having preserved the life of his only child.

The joy of old Bremmel was great on beholding Ghertrude in safety, for he had felt some uneasiness at her prolonged stay; but when he learned the circumstance of her late deliverance from death, his ecstacy knew no bounds, he caught Wilhelm in his arms and wept over him like a child, but his tears were the tears of joy; Wilhelm made good use of her father's kindness, he declared his love for Ghertrude and requested his permission to their marriage. This unexpected proposal at first staggered the old man, but perceiving the bent of his daughter's inclination he waved every consideration, to Wilhelm's great astonishment and pleasure, cheerfully acquiesced, adding that he knew of none to whom he could so well entrust her future care as to him who had saved her life, at the imminent peril of his own. It was finally managed that they should be united at the termination of the ensuing fishing season; after which period, Wilhelm should follow some less dangerous occupation; in furtherance of which, Hendrick Bremmel promised to supply the means. The frequent visits of the young harponeer to the cottage of Hendrick, afforded a vast matter of speculation for several old *crows* who lived near the spot; they congregated together round the doors of their hovels to prat, chatter discuss the subject over among themselves, and many doubtless were the sage remarks and opinions that were advanced upon the occasion. In the mean time the lovers pursued their rambles with free licence and without the apprehension of being detected. It was on a beauteous autumnal evening that they strayed up a mountain immediately behind the fishery: Wilhelm had an old rifle, (his constant companion in these excursions) slung across his shoulders. Which besides serving to bring down a bird of prey, if any such appeared, it was also made to perform the office of a staff, to assist him in climbing over the crags. After gaining a gentle ascent covered with herbage and bush, they proceeded to wind their way through a deep ravine: the scene was wild in the extreme, steep rocks rose high on either side, interspersed with overhanging trees, whose gnarled roots had wormed their way into the crevices of the granite; the brushwood grew thickly around, the mountain stream came pouring down, occasionally breaking off into small though beautiful cascades; huge blocks of granite, which from time time had rolled down the mountain, at places obstructed its way, and caused it to flow in a circuitous course. On emerging from the ravine they encountered a scene in every way worthy the pencil of a Claude, or even of our own countryman the inimitable Turner, who shines so brilliantly in his delineation of a sunset; they were situated upon a rocky eminence, which commanded a view on one hand of the whole extent of False Bay; beneath stood the fishery by the road side which winds round the foot of the mountain towards Simons Town; on the other hand were spread the waters of the broad Atlantic, in whose bosom the sun, which, had the appearance of a glowing fire ball, was fast sinking; the west presented to the eye a complete blaze of red, the minute feathery clouds of deep crimson were scattered over the heavens, and a rich tinge pervaded the whole scene. While they were contemplating the beauties of the landscape, a large black eagle, with a loud whistling noise, rushed aloft, and taking a majestic sweep winged his flight towards the south, but a shot from Wilhelm's rifle soon stayed his career, and he fell heavily behind a crag at some distance. "Rest here awhile, dearest Ghertrude," exclaimed he, "until I have made sure of my prey, I will immediately return;" and away he bounded towards the spot where the eagle dropped. Scarcely had he secured his prize ere he heard a scream, which seemed to proceed from the spot where he left Ghertrude; he immediately hurried thither, but to his consternation she was not to be seen. His attention was soon arrested by another shriek issuing from the ravine through which they had lately passed, he flew with the rapidity of lightning in the direction of the sound; a rustling among the bushes facilitated his pursuit, and in a few moments he beheld Ghertrude struggling in the arms of a man.

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* The chief harponeer is entitled to receive the sum of one hundred six dollars for every fish he kills, independent of his ordinary salary.

† A man is generally stationed upon one of the hills on the look out, who when he perceives a fish in the Bay, kindles a fire as a signal, which is answered by a flag being hoisted on a signal post near the fishery house.

"Sacuddee here!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "what means this outrage, villain?"

The wretch to whom this was addressed, on finding his attempt foiled, loosed his victim, who staggered to a rock for support; he spoke not but a scowl of defiance was depicted on his countenance. This Sacuddee, who was a native of Mosambique, was one of the boat steerers belonging to the whale fishery, he was a man of fierce and violent passions, and was known to possess a heart as diabolical and black as his own swarthy visage. On the present occasion he presented a striking contrast to the handsome form of Wilhelm; he was short of stature, but his limbs were of herculean dimensions; his broad chest, and thick muscular neck, shewed immense bodily strength; a flat nose, enormous ears, thick flabby lips, and wide distended mouth, composed the hideous visage of this savage. The only articles of dress that he possessed were a thick red shirt open at the throat, a pair of dirty canvass trowsers, that were tucked up above the knees, leaving his legs exposed; his feet were totally unacquainted with shoes, and a handkerchief striped with yellow bound round his crisp woolly head, completed his attire.

Wilhelmn aimed a violent blow at the head of the ruffian, with the butt end of his rifle, which had it encountered his skull it must inevitably have scattered his brains among the rocks, but was avoided, and a fearful strife ensued,—desperate was the struggle, they closed, the giant strength of the black availed him little against that of Wilhelm, which was combined with agility; they fell to the earth, the latter had the advantage, and was uppermost; he succeeded in placing his knee on the breast of his antagonist, and fixing on his throat with an iron gripe; the efforts of Sacuddee to rise were violent but unavailing, his eyes became distended, and the tongue lolled out of his mouth, when suddenly he disengaged one of his arms, and seizing a knife from Wilhelm's girdle, plunged it into the side of the harponeer, who sank bleeding to the ground. The screams of Ghertrude had been heard from below, and a number of men were seen ascending the mountain's side. Ere they arrived at the spot, however, the villain had escaped. A temporary bandage was applied to Wilhelm's wound, the bleeding staunched, and he was conveyed home on a litter of boughs. The wound, fortunately, proved to be not mortal, and in the course of a few weeks, owing to a vigorous constitution, and the constant and unremitting care with which he was attended, he was completely restored. It is obvious that the villain Sacuddee had followed them up the mountain, and had seized upon the opportunity to put his vile purpose into effect. All attempts to capture the wretch proved abortive, the place of his retreat could never be discovered.

. . . .

The fishery season, which had hitherto been unusually successful, was far advanced, and its close was anxiously looked to by Wilhelm and Ghertrude. One morning the sun had scarcely peeped above the horizon, when the signal fire was seen to blaze upon the mountain's brow. Every thing was in readiness; five boats were instantly manned and launched. The pursuit was eager, each striving for the mastery. The morning was chill, the breeze blew steadily, and the clouds hung heavily on the mountain brow. They neared their prey.

"Long pulls, my lads," cried Wilhelm, who stood in the boat's bow, with his jacket doffed, his arms bare, the weapon and the line all clear for running: one more pull and his harpoon was deeply buried in the blubber-coated monster of the deep. Another second had not elapsed ere the boat was whirled in the air, crushed to atoms. The men, who swam like Newfoundland dogs, were speedily taken up by the other boats, but Wilhelm was missing. After a short search his body was picked up; a fragment of the boat had struck him —the breath of life had passed away. He was frightfully disfigured: — his countenance was livid and distorted; the eyes were wide open and glassy; the under jaw hung on the breast; while streams of purple gore issued from his mouth and nostrils; the left side of his frame was entirely shattered, and a mangled corse was all that remained of the ill-fated harponeer.

A description of the feelings of Ghertrude will not be attempted, words are inadequate to the task: those alone who may have been placed under the same distressing circumstances, will be able to form any conception of her mental sufferings. On the tidings of his death being communicated to her, a sudden thrill passed over her frame; she spake not; her eye was fixed in vacant gaze; she stood motionless:— but the wide distended nostril, and a faint quivering of the lip, spoke the intensity of agonizing torture that raged within: it continued only for a momoment, and she fell into her father's arms. Restoratives were applied, and in a short time animation returned— but reason had departed for ever.

Some months had elapsed since these incidents occurred. It was on a stormy day; the fiery south-easter howled furiously among the cloud-capped mountains, and the feathery spray flew in a vast sheet of vapour over the dark raging waters of False Bay, and the gigantic curling breakers rolled in upon the beach with a deafening roar. Some fishermen were pacing the Fish Hook Sands, watching for the cessation of the gale, in order that they might resume their daily avocations, when their attention was arrested by the appearance of something white floating upon the face of the waters, which was seen as it rose at intervals on the bosom of the wave. All was anxiety to ascertain what it could be, and the whole body of fishermen congregated together on the spot where it was expected to land, each eager to gain the first glimpse, and thereby to satisfy his curiosity. The object of their excitement in the mean time neared the shore, and at length mounting upon a huge billow it was dashed violently upon the beach. It proved to be the body of a drowned person—a female. An old man raised her in his arms, to ascertain if any spark of life remained: the dark wet hair, dripping with brine, lay heavily on the face, and concealed the countenance; the locks were raised, and discovered the features of the unhappy maniac — Ghertrude Bremmel! Her countenance wore the same mild and placid aspect as in life—she was still beautiful in death; but pale, stiff, and cold as sculptured marble. It was remarked that the body was washed on the beach at the precise spot where her life had, on a former occasion, been preserved by her lover.

Many were the conjectures as to the means by which she came to her untimely end; perhaps the following is the most probable. It was supposed that she had wandered among the rocks by the sea side, near the father's dwelling, and was so lost in the contemplation of the wild conflict of the contending elements, that she had fallen accidentally into the waves that lashed furiously beneath her feet; some reports were current that she had precipitated herself intentionally into the waters, but charity forbids us coming to such conclusion; let us therefore trust that she may meet him she loved, *where sorrows* and death can never separate *them*.

WILLIAM HENRY.

THE HARE-HOUND AND THE WITCH.

Concluded from page 270.

As fast as horses could gallop with him, he left Dublin, a few moments following.

"By Cork, Kate,"—he began, laughing, as his daughter, upon his arrival at the house which used to be his home, hurried to meet him; but he could not carry on the farce; his throat was full and choking; and suddenly throwing himself upon his child's neck, he sobbed aloud.

She understood him, but said nothing: she only kissed his cheeks and pressed his hands, keeping down all show of her own grief and alarm.—Woman! in such a situation, *you* can do this: man cannot: it is above the paltry selfishness of his nature.

He rallied, and tried to take up his absurd jeering tone, but soon tripped in it a second time.

"Ay Kate—by the good old Jove, I'm a poorer man than the day I raffled for your mother; and *you* must work, sure enough, to try and keep a little bread with us. If there's any thing you think *I* can turn my hand to, only say the word, and you'll see I'll not be idle, my poor girl."

He entered into the details of his misfortunes and mortifications. Among other things, he mentioned the slight of "the puppy officer;" and neither his wonder nor his curiosity was excited, when, now for the first time, Catherine burst into tears.

It shows much good sense to take my Lady Law at her word. Fortune is fickle, but law is fickleness: the principal itself. And so seemed to argue the successful young aspirant to the Squire's estate. While yet only expatiating on his past misfortunes, our worthy friend received a note which informed him that, in a quarter of an hour, an authorised agent would arrive to take possession of the house and lands; the father and daughter had not recovered from the shock this gave them, when the agent was announced and entered the room where they sat. Catherine turned away her face: she could not look at him.

"Possession of every thing in the house, too?" asked the trembling Squire—"Every thing, you say?"—"Every thing," answered the agent; who was no man's agent, but his own, after all. Catherine started at his voice—"Yes, every thing; even of the angel that makes this house a heaven."—He advanced to her side. She turned to him—shrieked—laughed—and lay insensible in his arms. It was the Squire's "puppy officer" in the first place; Catherine's faithful adorer, in the second place; the plaintiff in the late action, in the third place: and the triumphant hunter for his mistress's hand, in the fourth place. Surely, dear fair readers, he had a claim on her. "Yes—if he account for his neglect, since she left Dublin." Very good. That's easily done. He had vainly applied for leave of absence; and his letter advising her of the fact, as also of his intention to take the field for her, dressed in the costume of a picture of his then unknown father, (which, in the Squire's town-house, Catherine had often pronounced very like him,) that letter had miscarried.

"So your daughter is mine, good sir, on your own terms," added the four-fold hero.

"Capital, by Jove! – Capital! a glorious hoax, by Cork! capital!" laughed the ex-Squire.

"I am delighted, you think so; and I assure you, my dear sir, that I dressed myself up like the picture, merely at the time to endeavour to recommend myself to your good opinion, by the oddity of the conceit; for I knew you liked a hoax in your very heart."

"Give me your hand, my dear boy! —Like a hoax!—Ah, don't I?—and it *is* such a prime one! choice! capital! capital, by the beard of the good old Jove!"—and, wringing his own hands and transported by his feelings, the worthy man left the room, to describe and praise to his very servants, what so much gladdened his soul.

"You were ignorant of your parentage upon the day of the hunt?" asked

Catherine, after they had conversed some time together.

"I was. Upon the spot where the huntsman fell, I encountered the woman, returned from half a life of wandering, who exposed me in my infancy: she had been seeking me, in Dublin, to unburden her conscience, and do me a tardy justice. I was on the road for the hunt; thither she followed me rapidly, and outstripped me some days; assuming the garb of the former witch of the cave, to conceal her identity. I need scarce say, that from her I then received the information which enabled me to prosecute my claim. My beloved Catherine's sense of delicacy will readily suggest to her, why I kept out of her view, from that day, until I could prove the truth or falsehood of her story. And now, here I sit, able, thank heaven! to show to the woman of my heart, that she did not quite misplace her generous love, when she gave it to a poor and friendless ensign, and with it the prospect of wealth, and of rank in the world."

It is recorded that, from this hour, Squire Hogan never wore, except perhaps when asleep, a serious face. Having resigned "with a hearty good will," his commission of justice of the peace, there remained nothing on earth to compel him to "seem wise," as Bacon says; and he had full leisure to pursue, uninterruptedly, his practical hoaxes; which he, himself, if nobody else did it for him, called "capital! choice, by Cork's own town!"

LINES ADDRESSED TO SUSAN.

BY RALPH RIGMAROLE, ESQ.

Thy lover's inconstant,
And 'tis in this manner;
Yes! hear him confess it,
He sues you—*Sues-Anna*.

But this is not all!
He—alas! 'tis too true—
The whole of the sex
Thinks it nothing to *Sue*.

Yet the worst is to come!
For no heart he e'er took,
But he soon left the fair one,
The fond one—*for-Sook*.

Lit. Gaz.

LICENCED AND UNLICENCED PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

"Too many shocked at what should charm them most,
Despise the plain direction, and are lost."

We are not among the number of persons that would sacrifice human happiness, or, in other words, rational recreations, at the shrine of formality, and rigid exaction. In a busy and care-ridden country like this, relaxation is as necessary, at intervals, as exercise to the health, food to the body and relief to the mind. It would not be practicable to define the kind of relaxation requisite and advisable to be adopted. This must be left to the taste, opportunity, and ability, of the person seeking it. But there ought not to be a dearth of any kind of amusement, provided it be conducted with propriety, so far as not to destroy its object, or infringe on the liberty which is required in the due exercise of the natural passions of its participators. As there appears a disposition, on the part of the magistracy, to curtail the fair proportions, which have hitherto been offered to the notice of the middle classes in society for their exclusive enjoyment, it may not be out of place to remark that, if the seasonable usage of music, recitation, dancing, and the casual inventions of the novelties of the day, be denied, the taste is more likely to become vitiated than improved by forcing it into the solemnities of an over zealous devotion—that if the sentiments of the wit, the composer, and the sprightliness of the author, be abrogated, genius might be diverted into the baneful channel of hypocrisy, and society wear the affectation of puritanism, instead of passing through the world with faces of honesty and lips of social intercourse towards bettering the condition of the sorrowful and wearied. Any evening amusements, which have for their object the lightening the heart; and which laugh away the burdens of weeks in a few muscular but agreeable contortions,—must, in spite of legal restrictions and the interposition of the elders, whose feelings are, probably, mellowed into the sombre atmosphere of waning life, be more beneficial and produce better effects in society than by a deprivation of the rational and the really amusing—which drives the pleasure-seeking to other pursuits, worse in every respect, and ultimately ruinous in their consequences. Drunkenness, a most abominable vice, in either sex, would increase. All the "ills which flesh is heir to," would, more or less, be sought after, to satisfy a disappointed class of the lovers of the "light and easy"—and the stream, contaminated by impure sources, run into fashion. Though the laws, carefully administered, may check a growing evil,—would it not be more rational in those who are empowered to permit the continuance of evening amusements at reputable and eligible places, to exert their authority when any instances of a want of decorum might be manifested? Whatever possesses a moral use will be accompanied by its abuse. Religion itself is not free from the stain. All amusements are somewhat connected with literature, and employ a great many worthy artizans who depend, and are depended on, by strong and natural claims, for subsistence. Is it nothing to deprive the musician, the author, and the innumerable adjuncts of their lawful professions or calling—to take away the crust of merit and force them to starvation; or, to seek for parochial aid? The "lower orders" can booze in their element, unobstructed. The "higher orders," in all their noble grades and variations, can take every pleasure by the forelock, drag every hobby-horse round the circle of whim and elucidation—they have power; not that because "knowledge is power;" but, because money is sufficient for all things; and this gives freedom at the gaming-table, and offers a bribe for atonement in any sphere. If the lowest and the highest classes, be in the full exercise and enjoyment of a free agency as it respects their pleasures, what pretence can be afforded for an objection in behalf of the middle classes? If there be a criterion for virtue and true respectability any where, it is to be met with in these very circles which are denied a little music, a little song, a little dancing, and at a little expence. This is, moreover, of harder complaint, because, it may be participated in, at a convenient distance and at a seasonable hour. If licenced vehicles are for the rich, such as tragedies, comedies, farces, operas, masquerades, and a hundred other opportunities are instanced as permitted, are not their hours ruinous? Their *expenses* exorbitant? Their *examples* contaminating? Indeed, is there an *analogy* can be drawn? Yet these, forsooth, are held forth as proper exhibitions for the *middle classes!* in particular, and the public, in general! We, therefore, protest against useful mirth being prohibited, simply on the plea that abuses accompany it,—being persuaded that proper means might be taken to prevent the spread of vice; and good order and fellowship promoted just in the same proportion, as guttling and public meetings are usually conducted. It is not that, because an alderman reels home from a public dinner, that dinners are to be discontinued, and *wines denied* his fellow-citizens. A fly may be broken on a wheel, but *all* wheels must not be a *deodand* for the accident.

OLIO.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

FOR THE OLIO.

Bright, merry-eyed Chrysanthemum,
  With nodding head;
And green-leaved vestures, such as come
  From earth to beauty's bed.

The sun's delight—the Autumn flower,
  November's pride;
A rose, without its fragrance power;
  A daisy, magnified.

The herald star of Winter's reign,
  Like friendship, true:
The joy of Hope, when Sorrow's slain,
  And Loveliness to view!

Would that my feelings were as pure;
  My heart as light!
Then should I Passion's storms endure,
  And rise to Virtue's height.

J.R.P.

SKETCH OF AN AMERICAN EDITOR.

ONE of my contemporaries found something to displease him in an article which I published, and, in a very coarse and insulting paragraph, held it up to public scorn. In reply, I remonstrated with him very temperately, and assured him that he had given the phrase an erroneous construction. In his next paper I read the following, which I suppose I am to consider as characteristic of the independence of the press:—"Mr. —, of the —, is a base assassin. He is one of your half-horse, half-alligator, and a little of the steam-boat men. He always goes the whole hog. This polluted wretch, whom I would not take hold of with a pair of tongs, nor then unless to give him the chastisement his impudent audacity so richly merits—this degraded outcast from all human society, who talks about our institutions and our country, is himself an Englishman;—and, if he possessed sufficient wit to know the name of the corrupt party whose filthy principles he circulates like a vile tool, would be a Tory. We shall horse-whip him as soon as our leisure will permit us to visit the city which he infests with his pestilential presence. Nor must he suppose that until then he can escape the exposure his long train of cowardly falsehoods deserves. We, Thomas Jenkins, pledge ourselves to show our readers that he is a perjured scoundrel, so totally destitute of every common feeling of humanity, that the earth groans under him as he walks." Now Mr. Thomas Jenkins may be a very decent name, but I never heard of it before. I was naturally very indignant, and inwardly vowed that if I should ever meet with the gentleman, I would give him some slight testimonial of my regard. One afternoon, I was waited on by a little, diminutive dandy, with a rattan and whiskers. He was pale and consumptive-looking, and had that kind of cough which reminds a man of a quiet corner in a country churchyard, and makes him inclined to moralise. Yet a long collar protruding over his chin, and the air of studied grace with which he rapped his slender instruments of perambulation with his rattan, taught the observer that while the precarious personage before him did remain on earth, it was his wish to appear to every possible advantage. "Pray, sir," said he, taking off his hat, and looking very amiable and interesting, "have I the honour of addressing the editor of the — ?" "I am the editor," said I. "I am very happy to know you, sir," he said. "This is my first visit to your city, and my friends have been so kind as to furnish me with letters to many of your citizens. Do me the favour to peruse this." He handed me a letter, tapped his boots with his rattan, yawned, and cast his eyes about, with the air of a self-satisfied fop, while I read the following:—"Dear sir,—This will make you acquaint with my excellent, friend, Mr. Thomas Jenkins, editor of the—, of this place. He is a gentleman of education; and, I should esteem myself greatly obliged by any attentions you may have it in your power to render him during his stay in your city. Yours truly, P. B." "Why, you impudent scoundrel," said I, as soon as my surprise suffered me to speak, "how dare you, sir, to presume to trust your body within reach of one whom you have so deeply insulted and aggrieved?" I laid my hand on his collar, and paused at the expression of utter astonishment which appeared in his face, as he replied, "Insulted! aggrieved! who? I? My dear sir, I beg your pardon. Some mistake, I presume. You have mistaken the person; my name, as you will perceive by the letter which you hold in your hand—my name, sir, is Jenkins—Mr. Jenkins—Mr. Thomas Jenkins." I took down a file of his paper. "Are you, sir," I asked, "the editor of this infamous, coarse, brutal, disgraceful, and licentious journal?" "Why here's my paper, sure enough," said Mr. Thomas Jenkins. "Yes sir, I *am* the editor of this journal; but, sir, upon my soul—why, you use language in reference to it, I confess—I"—"Look here," said I, dragging Mr. Jenkins by his collar to a position where the article which I have taken the trouble to copy above, stared him full in the face; "look here, sir, at its licentiousness. Did you write that article, sir? answer me that." "What! that article? Let's see;" and he hummed over the conspicuous words — "base assassin — alligator — steam-boat—goes the whole hog—chastisement — vile tool — cowardly falsehoods—ah! yes, I remember—ha, ha, ha! What! that's the way the wind blows, is it? Yes, sir, I certainly did write that; but, sir, I hope you don't remember these trifles! We, editors you know, are privileged to a little freedom of speech; but, bless my soul, sir, I meant no harm. Why there is not a single human being, I do assure you, sir," laying his hand on his heart, "whom I respect more sincerely than I do you. I always respected you, as every man must who knows you, but—this paragraph was written in a hasty moment. Perhaps I was a little warm; but, that's the way we, editors, do these things; they give spirit to the paper. People always understand them; they mean nothing; but, if you were offended, I beg your pardon, and assure you it was unintentional." Although I did not admire Mr. Jenkins's style of giving spirit to his paper, I could not proceed after such an humble apology, and so we parted.—*From Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man.*

THE ANGRY CHILD.*

Little Harriet M— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When any thing teazed or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants and crying out, "I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you; I *hate* you." She stopped when she saw her mamma. "What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs M. to the servant. "It is just this, ma'am," said the servant, "that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face, and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me, and struck me, as you have seen." Mrs. M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: "Oh, my Heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it: oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen." Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice, "Not quite, mamma; but its better." "Very well," said her mother, "until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper." "Lord and Lady— were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively, and merry and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful; but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage, when any thing vexed her, and, like you, would turn at, or strike whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Here papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too; but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now, all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. "You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will; and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, "Come, come, miss, you needn't go to your mamma's room; she won't see you now." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. "My dear," said this person, "you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now;" she would have said more; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, "that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room." Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out a laughing, and said, "I told you that, miss; you see mamma dosan't love you now!" The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid, whose duty it was to watch over it, was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble struggling cry, and breathed no more." "Why, mamma, mamma," cried Harriet, bursting into tears, "why did it breathe no more?" "It was dead—killed by its own sister." "Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh mamma! I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby," sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck. "My dear child," said Mrs. M. solemnly, "how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked; and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed." "And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?" "Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom." "Oh, dear, oh dear mamma—was Eveline sorry?" "My love, how can you ask such a question?" "But, mamma, how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough?" "Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile." "And, mamma, was it a quite true story? it is so dreadful, mamma." "Yes, my child, it is a quite true story: that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E—l." "My dearest mamma," said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, "let me go upon my knees again and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become so miserable." "Yes, my love, pray to him for that, and he will hear you and bless you; but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage."

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* The above is from *The Infant Annual* as extracted by the *Literary Gazette.*

This, we believe, is perfectly true. The unfortunate angry child was Anna, Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the Earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honours. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed; but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William, Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known.

DESCRIPTION OF A SPANISH INN.

We are indebted for the following to the Memoires of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, as translated by the *Athenæum*:—

Let the reader imagine a hut of caly, divided into two or three holes, scarcely more than five feet high, which were termed rooms. And from each hole exhaled a dreadful stench.

"Ah!" cried I, drawing back, "what a hovel! I can never sleep here! What a horrible house!"

"And yet I built it myself,' exclaimed a deep, sepulchral voice. It proceeded from a man near me, who held a lamp in his hand.

This man spoke French. I looked at him, and beheld a dreadful countenance. I was at first horror-struck, but I took courage and addressed him:—

"Good God! how came you to leave your country to inhabit this savage desert?" And I added, internally, "This man must be an infamous villain, who has fled from the gallies—perhaps from the guillotine."

And, in truth, all this was expressed in the dark, sinister, and murderous countenance of the host.

I determined not to sleep in the house myself, but, fearful that the confined air of a carriage might be prejudicial to my child, I selected the best room, had the window opened, juniper-berries burned, and a *brasero* put into it, with the charcoal extinguished. Then leaving the child there with her nurse, I went with Junot back to the carriage, in which we passed the night.

I had then with me an Italian woman, the wife of my husband's first valet-de-chambre, and who acted as my housekeeper. She was extremely pretty, very much attached to me, and I was very partial to her. She belonged to that race of good servants, now extinct. She would not remain in my daughter's carriage, in which she travelled, but preferred sleeping in one of the rooms of this horrible *casa*. Leaving, therefore, her husband to watch over the luggage, and keep the escort in order, she took up her quarters in the apartment next to my daughter's.

The latter had been asleep some time, when Madame Heldt entered the room, and appeared before Fanchette (the nurse) with a pale and horror-struck countenance. Fanchette, who was naturally no Bayard, trembled dreadfully on seeing the fright of her companion. My own maid had preferred sleeping in the carriage, therefore these two were alone.

"Madame Bergeret," said the housekeeper to Fanchette, "there is a man under my bed who has been murdered."

Fanchette uttered a piercing cry.

"Peace! for God's sake, hold your tongue! we shall share the same fate else. There is also a huge instrument of torture in the room."

Fanchette easily believed all this, and her faith would even have gone much further. She, however, determined to verify the fact, and, taking the lamp with a trembling hand, carried it into Madame Heldt's room. the latter having, in her terror, upset her own and extinguished it. Fanchette then looked under the houskeeper's bed. At first she saw only fresh straw chopped, such as is used in Spain. But on bringing the lamp down, she perceived the two naked feet of a man, and above them two legs which seemed to belong to a body.

The two women, dreadfully agitated, were very near falling by the side of the corpse. Fanchette, braver than her companion, perhaps because she had a greater responsibility, stated that they must leave the room and call for assistance. Madame Heldt then made her observe the instrument of torture, which was discovered next day to be a flail for thrashing corn. But Fanchette and the housekeeper only saw what their fears made them imagine, and that was of the most horrible kind.

"My God!" said Fanchette, "how shall we get out from this place! My lady was right. This man is a murderer."

"A murderer! He is rather the executioner of the village. Look here!" And Madame Heldt again pointed to the fatal instrument.

At length steps were heard under the window. It was Colonel Laborde, who was going his rounds. The night was fine, and in his uneasiness—for everybody was uneasy in this dreary place—he had preferred not to go to bed; but had taken up his bivouac upon two bundles of fresh straw which he quitted every now and then to see if all was safe. On hearing the noise of his cavalry boots upon the little stones with which the court was paved, Fanchette called to him. In an instant the brave and excellent young man was in Madame Heldt's room, when the first words he heard were *corpse* and *murder*. On perceiving the naked feet under the bed, and not having the same fear of a dead man as the women had, he pulled at the feet and dragged from the straw in which it was enveloped, the naked body of a man, who seemed to have died recently, but whose corpse exhibited no marks of violence. Without however giving himself time to examine the state of the body, he told one of the women to call the master of the house. But the moment he had seized the dead man by the heels, both had run into the other room and taken their station near my my daughter's cradle, as if to ask protection from this dear child, whose beautiful head, covered with auburn tresses, rested upon one of her arms as she slept the sleep of angels. M. Laborde, unwilling to give the alarm, called one of the soldiers of the escort, then, taking the lamp he went to the kitchen where he found the host in a sound sleep upon the floor, near the remains of a fire round which the muleteers had supped.

"This man is not a murderer,—at least, he has not been so to-night," thought M. Laborde; "but no matter, we must know what that corpse means.'

He pushed the man rudely with his foot, and on his awaking, held a pistol to his head. The poor wretch thought his last hour was come, and uttered the most doleful cries.

"Peace!" said M. Laborde, "or I will blow your brains out, What is it I see in one of the bed-rooms, thou atrocious murderer!"

"Good God! Sir, I am no murderer," said the man, falling on his knees and clasping his hands. "I will tell all. But do not acquaint his excellency the ambassador with it. You will see that I am guiltless of any crime."

"M. Laborde looked sternly at him, and the poor man, though with the air and face of a determined villain, was so frightened that he could scarcely tell his story. It seems that one of his ploughboys had died that morning, and was to be buried next day. Our arrival had caused the removal of the corpse, because the room in which it lay was one of the best in the house. If the ambassador or his lady had done me the honour to sleep in my house, said the man, I would have had the body removed in a sheet without its being perceived. But as only one of their attendants occupied the room, I thought that the remains of poor Garcia under the bed, would not be in her way, more particularly as she appeared so much fatigued, that I thought she would not perceive the body. It seems I was mistaken. But, colonel, if I had committed a murder, I certainly should not have put any one to sleep in that room, until I had made every trace of it disappear.

He was right; M. Laborde inquired who would answer for his respectability; and he referred to the priest and the Sangrado of the village.

"Lock me up till the morning, Sir, if you think I have not told you the truth, and then I shall be able to prove my innocence."

No sooner said than done; and the poor man was locked in one of his own dark rooms. Two soldiers were then despatched to put the body upon the bed it had previously occupied; and M. Laborde advised the two women to carry my daughter to the carriage, as the ploughboy might have died of an infectious disease, the yellow fever being then at Cadiz. Next morning I thanked M. Laborde for this kind thought; but Junot had no intention of thanking the host, whom he swore he would send to the other world after the ploughboy. The poor wretch had hid himself, fearful of encountering the anger of the *great lord* as he termed Junot.

"I am no great lord, thou villain!" said Junot; "but I am a father, and a humane master. And I cannot conceive how you could have thought of making two women and a child—and my child too—sleep in a room, not only impregnated with the fetid and pestilential air of a dangerous disease, but containing also the corpse of one who had fallen a victim to that disease!"

Junot's anger rose so high that he was about to seize the poor fellow by the throat, when the priest and the village doctor arrived. They certified that the neighbourhood of the corpse was not dangerous. The ploughboy had died of pleurisy. The priest had administered the extreme unction to him; and as for the doctor, if there were murder in the case, it concerned him more than any one else.

Table Talk.

Stone-eater.—In 1760, was brought to Avignon, a true lithophagus, or stone-eater. He not only swallowed flints of an inch and a half long, a full inch broad, and half an inch thick; but such stones as he could reduce to powder, such as marble, pebbles, &c., he made into paste, which was to him a most agreeable and wholesome food. A recent writer says, I examined this man, with all the attention I possibly could, I found his gullet very large, his teeth exceedingly strong, his saliva very corrosive, and his stomach lower than ordinary, which I imputed to the vast number of flints he had swallowed, being about five and twenty, one day with another. Upon interrogating his keeper, he told me the following particulars: "This stone-eater," says he, "was found three years ago in a northern uninhabited island, by some of the crew of a Dutch ship. Since I have had him, I make him eat raw flesh with his stones; I could never get him to swallow bread. He will drink water, wine, and brandy; which last liquor gives him infinite pleasure. He sleeps at least twelve hours in a day, sitting on the ground with one knee over the other, and his chin resting on his right knee. He smokes almost all the time he is not asleep, or is not eating. The flints he has swallowed he voids somewhat corroded and diminished in weight, the rest of his excrements resembles mortar.

Capture of a Brigand.—My friend Mr. W., a merchant of Naples, was travelling with a Swiss merchant, and had nearly reached the city of Capua, which is about 14 miles from Naples, when his carriage was suddenly stopped. It was night, but a beautiful moon—the moon of Naples; which, as the witty Marchese Carracioli used to say, was worth a London sun, illuminated the scene, and allowed W. to see that there were only three or four brigands near the coach, and that they had not yet knocked the postilion off the horses. W. took his measures accordingly, with great presence of mind and boldness. As the foremost ruffian came to the side of the carriage, within reach, bawling and cursing for those within to come out and be robbed, he caught hold of the ruffian by the breasts of his jacket, and called out to the postilion to gallop off for Capua, where he should be well rewarded. The postilion, who had known him before on the road, took W. at his word, and, with a boldness rarely found in his class, whipped his horses, that went off (as Neapolitan horses generally will do) "an end." As the postilion's whip touched the withers of his steeds, a bullet whizzed past his head, but missed its aim. Away then went the carriage and the merchants and the robber as swift as the old witches in Goethe's *Faustus*, W., who was a robust man, keeping a firm hold of the robber, who dangled—his head and shoulders in, and the rest of his body outside of the vehicle—like a lamb or a calf over a butcher's cart. W.'s companion occasionally assisted him. After numerous but vain struggles to extricate himself from their grasp, the capjured brigand, whose legs were bruised in the cruelest manner against the rapid carriage-wheels, and his breath almost bumped out of his body, protested it was all a mistake, and begged most piteously to be released. The merchants, however, kept the prize they had made in so curious a manner, and soon arrived at Capua. This being a fortified town, most awkwardly for travellers, placed on the high roads, they had to wait some time until a letter was sent to the commandant, and permission obtained to admit them. When the drawbridge was lowered, they rolled over it with the robber still dangling at the coach side, and delivered him at the guard-house.

Mac Farlane's Lives of Banditti.

Lake of Vitriol.—There is in the island of Java a volcano called Mount Indienne, from which the Dutch East India Company have been often supplied with sulphur for the manufacture of gunpowder. At the foot of this volcano is a vast natural manufactory of that acid commonly called oil of vitriol, although it is there largely diluted with water. It is a lake about 1,200 French feet long; the water is warm, and of a greenish white colour, and charged with acid. The taste of this liquid is sour, pungent, and caustic; it kills all the fish of a river into which it flows, gives violent cholics to those who drink it, and destroys all the vegetation on its banks.—*Lardner's Cab. Cyclopædia.*

Animal Weather-glass.—In Germany there will be found, in many country-houses, an amusing application of zoological knowledge for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs are kept in a glass jar about 18 inches in height, and 6 inches in diameter, with the depth of 3 or 4 inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of the dry weather the frogs mount the ladder; but when wet weather is expected, they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green.

An Interesting German Village.—There is near Halberstadt, in the kingdom of Prussia, a village named Strobeck, where all the inhabitants, boys and girls, are chess-players. They were converted to the game some centuries since by a dignitary of the Cathedral of Halberstadt, who allowed them exemption from imposts as long as they should be winners in this game, and every year a person was sent down to try them. Since the secularisation of the bishopric of Halberstadt, and its union with the kingdom of Prussia, they lost a game, and since that time their immunity ceased, but their predilection for this useful amusement continues.

Struggle between an Eagle and a Salmon.—That eagles are extremely destructive to fish, and particularly so to salmon, many circumstances would prove. Eagles are constantly discovered watching the fords in the spawning season, and are seen to seize and carry off the fish. Some years since, a herdsman, on a very sultry day in July, while looking for a missing sheep, observed an eagle posted on a bank that overhung a pool. Presently the bird stooped and seized a salmon, and a violent struggle ensued: when the herdsman reached the spot, he found the eagle pulled under water by the strength of the fish, and the calmness of the day, joined to drenched plumage, rendered him unable to extricate himself. With a stone the peasant broke the eagle's pinion, and actually secured the spoiler and his victim, for he found the salmon dying in his grasp. When shooting on Lord Sligo's mountains, near the Killeries, I heard many particulars of the eagle's habits and history from a grey-headed peasant who had passed a long life in these wilds. The scarcity of hares, which here were once abundant, he attributed to the rapacity of those birds; and he affirmed, that when in pursuit of these animals, the eagles evinced a degree of intelligence that appeared extraordinary. They coursed the hares, he said, with great judgment and certain success; one bird was the active follower, while the other remained in reserve, at the distance of forty or fifty yards. If the hare, by a sudden turn, freed himself from his most pressing enemy, the second bird instantly took up the chase, and thus prevented the victim from having a moment's respite.' He had remarked the eagles also while they were engaged in fishing. They chose a small ford upon the rivulet which connects Glendullagh, and, posted on either side, waited patiently for the salmon to pass over. Their watch was never fruitless,—and many a salmon, in its transit from the sea to the lake, was transferred from its native element to the wild ærie in the Alpine cliff that beetles over the romantic waters of Glencullen. *Wild Sports of the West.*

Opinions of Jeremy Collier.—God in every dispensation is at work for our good. In more prosperous circumstances, he tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortunes, our submission.——Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for the whole of salvation. God is good, and therefore he *will* not—he is true and faithful, therefore he *cannot*, deceive me. I believe he speaks as he means, and will do what he says.——The true estimate of being is not to be taken from *age* but *action*.

Varieties.

How to Flog a Rascal.—In some parts of the United States the high sheriffs perform the same duties as our parish beadles, and whip the criminals themselves. The sheriff of Hartford county, in Connecticut, a gentleman of good family and fortune, informed me that he always attended the trials of prisoners, and formed his own opinion as to their degrees of guilt. "For otherwise," said he, "how am I to know how hard to hit him? I can make one cut tell like twenty if I choose; so I never trust to the sentences of those old fools on the bench, but always give it the rascals just as hard as in my own private judgment I think they ought to have it."

Irish Wit.—A gentleman travelling to Brighton, the other day, was accosted by an Irishman on the road, who begged to be allowed to put his great-coat into the carriage, as he found it very heavy; when the former asked him how he would get it again if they were not travelling to the same place. "Sure now," said Pat, "I shall be inside of it!"

Burns the Poet.—One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man a Moravian travelling to Ayr. It was at that time when the dispute between the Old and New Light Burghers was making a great noise in the country, and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation on the subject, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the Old Light, and Burns those of the New Light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Oh! I suppose I have met with the Apostle Paul this morning." "No," replied the old Moravian coolly, "you have not met the Apostle Paul: but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with when at Ephesus."

American Recipe for Rheumatism.—Take of garlic two cloves; of gum ammoniac one drachm; blend them by bruising together, make them into two or three bolusses with water, and swallow them, one at night and one in the morning; drink, while taking this recipe, sassafras tea, made very strong, so as to have the tea-pot filled with chips. This is generally found to banish the rheumatism and cure contractions of the joints, in a few times taking. It is very famous in America, and a large sum has been giving for the recipe.

Cats.—The first couple of cats which were carried to Cuyaba sold for a pound of gold. There was a plague of rats in the settlement, and they were purchased as a speculation which proved an excellent one. Their first kittens produced thirty oitavas each; the next generation were worth twenty; and the price gradually fell, as the inhabitants were stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures. Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded for it with six hundred pesos.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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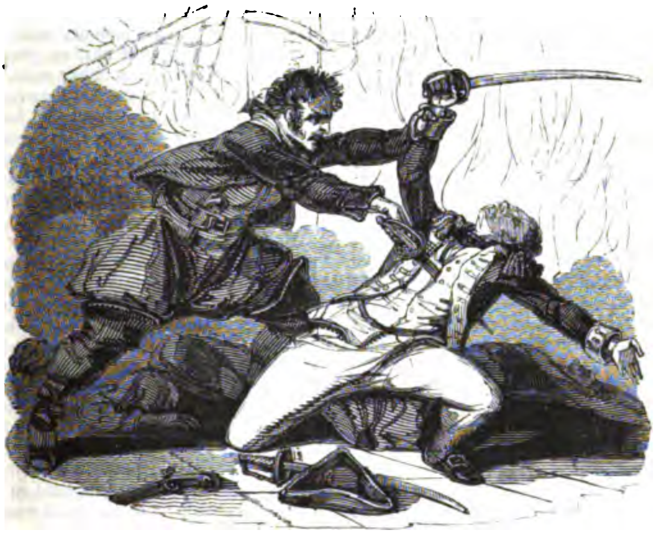

See page 291

Illustrated Article.

WALTER VIVIAN, THE CORNISH SMUGGLER.*

THERE is a small village on the coast of Cornwall, which was noted in times long gone by as a rendezvous for smugglers, but the name of which is withheld—for reasons which will be given in the sequel. Sixty years ago, though a place of some importance in the estimation of the daring men who lived by the infraction of the revenue-laws, it was nevertheless scarcely known beyond the limits of the county. Its name even yet has not found a line to honour it in any gazetteer; the beautiful river that glides past it, and the bright blue estuary which it overlooks, being known only to those who have drawn their first breath beyond the Dartmoor, or whom chance, or curiosity, or avarice, or duty, or love, have tempted so far "out of the world."—Beyond the immediate environs of the village (for town it should not be called) the country is wild and mountainous—bleak and sterile: the rugged rock sheltering the furze and fern from the sunbeam as well as from the blast; exhibiting few habitable spots, and these chiefly the sanctuaries of creatures who, like poets, move in higher regions, and on less beaten tracts than ordinary mortals. Seldom do you see either rider or pedestrian; never a mail-coach, or other similar proof of artificial life. All is as still at summer eve and winter noon—the sea-mew as proud, the curlew as wild, at this instant as it was a thousand years ago. Over these solitudes it is not likely that the traveller would desire to pass at midnight. But should any forlorn or antiquarian tourist, or any other stray person, from any of the motives before enumerated, find himself at the lone hour amid these moors, when perchance there is but a single star in the sky—a sort of Tom-of-Coventry planet watching his motions—when the wind sings to the falling mist, and the clouds kiss the high tors as they are chased by the scarcely perceptible glimpses of the moon—when the way before him is dim, and the road he has come dimmer—let him not take uncourteously our telling him that he is likely to see a sight, and hear a voice, which he will not forget to his dying day. At these solitary hours, on these lonely wilds, an old man, near ninety years of age, whose gray locks stream from under a low-crowned and round broad-brimmed hat, and who is dressed in the fashion of fifty years ago, with a stick in one hand, and a small twinkling lantern in the other, may be seen wandering over untrodden paths like a spirit from the grave. The dew may be upon him, the gossamer may have added ringlets to his hair. the hoar frost may have covered him with a robe white as one one from Heaven, as he walks out of the mist and meets your eye—for on him the dews and frosts and rains of night fall harmless—but start not, passenger!—accost him not—disturb him not—but mark him well—for he is a man "more sinned against than sinning." Check your horse, or stay your step, that the wanderer may not have reason to surmise the approach or the presence of any human being. Be silent, but look and listen. He slowly ascends the eminence to your right—he winds round the spongy ground before you—his step tottering, his lamp glimmering on the stunted grass, his eye apparently asleep, his gait that of one only half conscious of his own locomotion—he passes the highway a few yards in advance of you—he climbs the rocky ground to your left, towards the base of that tremendous tor which looks like a giant of the early world—his light gleams on its dark sides, rendering its crest more sublime—he kneels—he prays—his voice first feeble, but still solemn, then more clear, more animated, more impassioned, it now rings on the deep solitude, as it pours out the accents of a bereaved and desolate heart. He calls, in a tone that thrills your blood, that swells on the wind, in sounds such as ear never heard—he calls on HIM who created the stars that look down on him, the wind that waves his silver locks, the crags that tower above him the wave in the far-distant sea—to that almighty and incomprehensible BEING who rules innumerable and immeasurable worlds, who rages in the storm, who rides on the sunbeam, who descends with the dew, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," to absolve the sins, and assuage the lingering agonies, of his past life. His feeble knees are on the cold earth, his wringing hands are stretched towards heaven, the fear of the disconsolate father wets his cheek, washing away the chill dew of the night; and he invokes the unseen GOD of his ancestors to measure his sincerity by his sorrow, to compassionate his declining age, and take him to the arms of those beloved objects—that wife, that child—who live in his memory with an ardour of affection that neither years, nor sin, nor misery, can either weaken or obliterate. Passenger! for mercy's sake!—if you be a father—if you be a Christian—if you have a child—pass on—the pulsations of your heart only louder than your step—and we will tell you the history of his life and his misfortunes.

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* From Fraser's Mag. for Dec.

Walter Vivian was the younger of three brothers, of a respectable and comparatively affluent family in the middle rank of society; but who had for many years been engaged in that precarious and afterwards illicit traffic which the excise-laws of the period were enacted to suppress. He was a well-educated young man, of excellent address, brave, spirited, reckless, generous, but, unfortunately, the dupe and the instrument of his elder brothers. The latter had been actively and extensively engaged in the contraband trade; but as their wealth increased, and as the laws were more rigorously inforced, they retired from the more hazardous part of the trade, and became merely the agents of the smugglers, and the purchasers and disposers of the illicit commodities. They were the part owners of a large and beautiful lugger, called the *Belle Amy*, that flew over the channel like a bird, dashed over the breakers and bars where no king's ship dared to follow, and that landed more cargoes on the coast that any six of the fleet of his Majesty's "honest rogues" the *free traders* of Cornwall. The three brothers, John, Thomas, and Walter Vivian, were partners in the profits of this trade. Walter commanded the lugger. His generous habits, his daring and enterprising disposition, won him the affections of his crew, who, young as he was, loved him as if he had been their father. His speculations were so eminently successful, that his very success excited the jealousy of his less fortunate competitors. All were active and fearless enough, but none were so fortunate as Walter Vivian and the *Belle Amy*. The king's cruisers were numerous and vigilant, and many a severe conflict took place, and many a smuggler was taken, and not a few burned in the offing, in sight of the owners; but the *Belle Amy* had hitherto escaped. She had been chased, but never taken—fired upon, but never injured—and sometimes attacked by cruisers that suffered seriously for their temerity. Vessels had been wrecked that had lain in wait for her; and many an armed flotilla, too adventurous by far, which threatened to board her, has she either blown out of the water with her guns, or cut down, man by man, as they scaled her sides. The revenue board, however, were determined to spare no exertions in order to capture her. A sloop-of-war was sent to hover off that part of the coast where she generally landed her cargoes; and it is said that secret information had been given to its commander as to the time when he might expect the arrival of Vivian.

It was a breezy night, in the end of September, two hours after sunset, the young moon in the sky partly obscured by light clouds, when a firing was heard in the bay, a light blazed on H—— head, and anon the *Belle Amy*, under every inch of canvass she could bear, came dashing into H—— harbour. Instantly not fewer than 300 persons—men and women, old and young—were on the beach, some preparing to *run* the goods. Joy, impatience, and the mingling sensations of hope and fear, were in the countenances of all. For about half an hour before the smuggler entered, the firing had ceased. She was scarcely at her mooring, when the cliff-light, already alluded to was quenched, and another, considerably to the westward, and on a peak which overhung a tremendous ridge of rocks, bare at low water, glared upon the heavens and threw its murrey light far over the foam and billows of the sea. But Captain Stanmer was not to be lured to destruction by an artifice so palpable. Just as the broadside ot the *Belle Amy* was turned to the beach, and the order given to undo the hatches, four boats, well manned and armed, pulled into the harbour with as much precision as if they had come in the wake of the smuggler. The moment these boats were discovered from the shore, a yell proceeded from the women so wild—so shrill—so piercing, that, it made the hearts of the stoutest quake. Not a moment was to be lost. The men on the beach stood in ghastly silence, while their friends aboard the *Belle Amy*—taken by surprise, and awed by the boldness of the measure—had scarcely time to run to their arms, before the boarding party was under their quarter. The boats were commanded by Captain Stanmer himself, and a conflict ensued which baffles description. For nearly an hour was the fight maintained—arm to arm, pike to pike, cutlass to cutlass—so close, that after the first discharge no re-loading of fire-arms took place. The pistol was fired, and flung at the head of the assailant; while the eternal clash of steel, the groans, the imprecations, the heavy plunge of the slain in the water, proved that the strife was bloody and desperate. From some unknown cause or other, the vessel at length caught fire. The flames burst out from the forecastle, amid the still-continued clang of swords. The spectacle was awful. The men were seen engaged at every part of the lugger—each struggling for his life, or bent upon terminating that of his antagonist—their faces lurid and distorted—wild, frantic, and horrible, in the glare of the bursting flames. How the conflict might have ended, it is hard to conjecture—the smugglers apparently had the worst of it—they seemed to be overpowered—their comrades and abettors on shore could lend them no assistance, and at this instant, too, another king's boat was seen coming to the aid of the former. —But at the same important moment, also, Walter Vivian was observed among the few men who still struggled for the mastery of the *Belle Amy's* deck, engaged hand to hand with Captain Stanmer. The flames were spreading with a rapidity which left but small space to fight upon; and a doubly awful interest was excited in the breasts of the spectators by the fear—by the almost certainty—that the lugger would blow up. Captain Stanmer was at length seen to fall—whether accidentally or not, could not be ascertained—and almost at the same moment Walter Vivian sprang from the gunwale into the sea, and swam towards the beach, where he was received, amid mingled screams and cheers, by many hundreds of persons, by some of whom he was instantly conveyed to a place of safety. The fifth boat had little to do The flames had nearly finished the *Belle Amy* before it came alongside. To attempt to save the cargo was vain—to land and attack defenceless women, at the hazard of being cut to pieces by the infuriated partisans of the Vivians, would have been fruitless—the boat consequently put to sea; and next morning scarcely a trace of the wreck was to be seen.

When the intelligence of this fatal

and disasterous affair reached the government, they offered a large reward for the apprehension of the younger Vivian. The detachment of military along the coast had orders to make a rigid search for him—the number of the cruisers were doubled—the magistrates were called upon, by royal proclamation, to institute an inquiry, and to assist the military in apprehending all persons suspected of being implicated, in order that an example might be made of the lawless men who had been guilty of so sanguinary an outrage. Walter Vivian, however, was placed far beyond the reach of justice. It would have been a dangerous instance of loyalty for any authority in the west of Cornwall to be officiously diligent in hunting forth the outlaw. Even the appearance of being anxious for his apprehension would have been dangerous. The smuggler was universally considered the injured party. Thousands of families depended for their bread upon the traffic—prejudices were strong against the new laws—the passions of the lower orders were in a ferment—murmers akin to revenge were heard on all sides, and a loyal attachment to the law was very generally considered to be more honoured in the breach than the observance. In a cave, a few miles from the Land's End, which opened on a wild and unfrequented sea-beach, Walter Vivian found a hiding-place, till a vessel could be procured to carry him out of the country. But here began his sorrows. Here, love, although it mitigated the privations of the outlaw's cave—although it made softer than down his bed of straw on the damp earth—only darkened the more the vista of his hopes, and rendered doubly painful by anticipation the separation which was unavoidable. Some few months before the catastrophe which had made him an outcast from his country—which had branded his name as that of a felon—the unfortunate hero of our tale had been married. His wife was a lovely creature, not yet arrived at her twentieth summer—tender, gentle, confiding, and devotedly attached to her husband. Those who know her story—who have heard of her fame—who, by the winter fire-sides of Cornwall, fill many an aged and young eye with a tear while they tell her fate—can alone do justice to her innocence and beauty. Ask the octogenarian of the West who Tracy Pendril was? He will shake his head and say with a sigh, "There is no such maiden now-a days!" She was the very idol of the district. Better whisper suspicion of the purity of your best friend, or worst enemy's genealogy, than speak dispraisingly of her! The old men blessed, the sailors toasted her in a full can on shore, and sung her charms before the mast at sea. Her name was to be seen cut out on many a capstern and handspike, and inscribed on the windows of Dutch taverns and French cabarets. The venerable crones of her native village still mention her as a pattern of beauty and conjugal affection. "She was pure as truth," they say, "and beautiful as an angel—the victim of errors not her own, of machinations foul, cruel, and perfidous, of a love that hurried her to the grave!"

It was requisite that Vivian should leave the country. His means were ample, his share in his brothers' business had been profitable; the sum due to him was considerable, and sufficient to render him comparatively independent in any country where he might desire to reside. It was agreed that he should go to America, by himself, and that she, who would have made its wildest woods, its most inhospitable savannahs, a perfect elysium, should follow at the earliest opportunity. The king's reward, however, was on his head, and he could not personally superintend the arrangements necessary for his escape. His wife passed with him, in his cave, the few days that remained for his sojourn in England, and consequently was ignorant of the scheme that was matured, or the fate that awaited him. To his elder brothers, as persons most interested in his happiness, was confided his secret, and the measures to be adopted to facilitate his embarkation. But the elder Vivians were not men formed in the same mould, as to the generosity and nobleness of character, with Walter. Avarice had frozen their hearts, and congealed their blood. The adventurous habits of their youth, now that they had escaped its perils, had not softened their dispositions. Having acquired riches, they now sought security; and conceiving they saw the way to obtain it, they grasped at it, like fiends, at the expense of their younger brother's liberty and happiness. They saw in the death—or what was the same to them—the perpetual expatriation of Walter, a release from the dreaded consequences of his late outrage, in which they were, to a certain extent, implicated as his partners, as well as a favourable opportunity to possess themselves of his property. As an outlaw, in a *legal* sense, he could not recover this property; but, if beyond seas, they calculated that even the *moral* obligation would be hushed in the roar of the billows of the Atlantic. They laid their plans accordingly.

It will be recollected, that in those days the colonies now called the United States of America were dependencies of the British crown. Maryland and Virginia were slave settlements; and it was customary to transport convicts thither, who, till the expiration of the term of their sentence. or till liberated by the government, were subjected to the hard labour and discipline of the then slave code. It often happened, too, that persons, such as incorrigible debtors, or those guilty of minor offences. who deemed it prudent to banish themselves, were gladly engaged by the planters, upon indentures for a specified number of years, and for a certain description of labour, during which servitude they were entirely under the control of their masters. They were, in fact, little better than slaves. They were treated with extreme rigour, frequently became the victims of the climate, and rarely survived the term of their bondage. When they did so, they were at liberty to go where they might choose, purchase land, or follow any occupation which their former habits or inclinations might direct. To a Virginia house in London, the elder Vivians made overtures for the deportation of the hapless victim of their cupidity; and as might be expected, the offer was gladly accepted. A vessel lay in the Thames ready to sail for that quarter of the world, and it was stipulated that he should hover off a certain head-land on the coast of Cornwall, and take the outlaw on board. Meanwhile, the nature of the contract, the character of the ship, the degrading terms of exile and slavery, were carefully concealed from Walter. It was stated to him that his passage was secured, and that he might make any part of the colonies he should deem proper his abode. He was furnished with fictitious bills, on the vampire house that had bought his blood, and he was consoled in his agony at parting from his wife, by being assured that their separation would be but short, and would depend entirely upon his own settlement in the colonies. He never dreamt that his brothers could be his betrayers, or that that lovely girl who hung round his neck, and fainted in his arms at the sight of the waves that were to bear him from her, was to be left in unprotected penury, in cheerless widowhood, in unrelieved and hopeless misery, by the villany and treachery of those who owed their existence to the same parents. But so it was. The ship arrived: the parting was a scene of unutterable anguish—and which we shall not profane by attempting to describe; but it was unavoidable; a boat conveyed him on board, and a fresh breeze soon bore him out of sight of land.

To be continued in our next.

FIRST START IN THE WORLD.

The following sketch of the method adopted for starting a Scottish youth in life, is taken from an entertaining work entitled "Nights of the Round Table; or, Stories of Aunt Jane & her Friends."

"In one of the most sterile, moorland parishes, a region of heather and moss, in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, lived an honest, poor couple, who, among several children, had a son named William, a lively, intelligent, and active boy, whom his mother loved, and the neighbours liked. When William had been at school for about five years, though occasionally away at herding, at peats, or harvest work, his parents having other children to educate, began to grudge the expenses of William's learning, for what with one branch and another, he cost them nearly two shillings a quarter. It was fortunate that the schoolmaster's conscience compelled him, about this time, to declare, that he could do no more for William. He was *Dux* of the school, read Horace well, and Homer tolerably, and his penmanship was a marvel in the Upper Ward, which, however, was not saying much. It would be a shame and a sin, to consign such bright parts and high classical attainments to the plough-tail. William's parents were very willing to believe this; and as an opportunity offered to place him as an apprentice with a small surgeon-apothecary, a friend of the schoolmaster's, in the city of Glasgow, his whole kindred made a push to raise the supplies necessary to make 'Willie a doctor.' One aunt gave a pair of home-knit hose perhaps; and a grand-dame a coarse linen shirt or two, with a better one for Sundays; for every grand-dame and matron had, in those simple days, her household stores of linen. The old shoes clouted for common wear, a new pair in the chest, four days of the parish tailor, who, with his apprentice, worked in all the cottages and farm-houses at sixpence a-day, completed the equipment of our hero: the tailor displaying some extra flourishes on the rude staple of William's blue coat, as his handywork might haply be seen in so magnificent a place as the Candleriggs of Glasgow. His entire equipment cost the family 1*l*. 8*s*.; but it is not every day a son is launched into life, and they were determined to do it respectably. And now the rainy November morning was come when William, mounted behind his father, set out for the capital of the West, boys and girls shouting good wishes after him from the school-house green, and maids and matrons bestowing solemn blessings on 'blithe Willie' as he rode past.

"Behold him now established with the identical widow, who, twelve years before, had entertained the schoolmaster, when he attended the University, at a pension of four shillings per week, but Willie, as a boy, was received at a more reasonable rate. His board was two shillings and sixpence, of which his master was to pay one-half. His mother's share was to be paid in rural produce, for though neither butter nor meat were very plentiful in the Upper Ward, money was still more scarce.' William's heart had never sunk, till next morning that his father, having first shared his porridge and buttermilk, returned thanks after their meal, in what appeared an earnest prayer for the preservation of his boy amid the snares and temptations of life, and for a blessing upon him."

GHOST STORIES; OR, SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

FOR THE OLIO.

NO. I.—THE HOBGOBLIN.

A ghost!—a ghost!—My story, for a ghost!
—— PARODY.

THE parsonage house near the churchyard wall was well clad with ivy, and its suburbs much shaded by deep plumed cypress trees, beneath whose umbrage gravelled walks, half covered with green damp, led in a serpentine winding to the large kitchen garden separated by the low narrow door in the front, to which a short flight of displaced steps reached, and which of yore, when splendour reigned within, had been kept in better condition, than when "old Joseph and his dame Dorothy" became the latest tenants. It was well accredited that the "Parsonage" was haunted by a "*Hobgoblin!*" The oldest villager attested it. The clergyman's family deserted the spot, slowly decaying into a desolate ruin, and lived, not at their ease, it was said, at another living, in a pretty, sprightly, market town, miles distant. Joseph and Dorothy, his wife, a trusty couple who had passed their years of threescore and upwards, were firm believers in the presence of the Hobgoblin in the large room, which was rarely, or never, permitted to see the sunshine, or be dried by the soft air which fluttered amid the branches of the yielding trees that grew unconscious of the patronage which they needed to give them a more luxuriant beauty. Grand, though they were; and the music which they made in the seasons of winter, yet, the couple excepted, few, very few, footsteps trod hither, but on occasions of urgent necessity. Now it was said the "Hobgoblin" had a motive (as all goblins have most assuredly) for keeping the owners of the Parsonage away from it, namely that he should stalk and strut his hours alone, in mute, selfish pride, or some mysterious reason not palpable. Joseph and Dorothy, were of too credulous a class, therefore, to interrupt him. Health, industry, and a clear conscience gave them sound and sweet sleep, especially as "Hob" was kind enough to walk on tiptoe and pursue his course in airy lightness. But the neighbours that resided at the upper end of the village were not so reconciled; and, one dark December night, when the wind was aloft in the tree tops and the chimney portals whistled moaningly, Tom Trim, the fearless wagoner, was persuaded, by the permission of Joseph and Dorothy, to satisfy the yearnings of his neighbours, but more particularly his sweetheart Betty Bye, the basket-maker's only daughter, as to the real character of *master* "Hob," as the goblin was irreverently called by some of the half fearful believers in his existence. Trim had taken no inconsiderable quantity of the best ale at the little quiet inn, hard by; for, said he, "though a stranger to fear, yet I like to keep the coats of the stomach warm, and line the inside as well as the outside, with that which is good." Trim, in case he should have occasion to retreat precipitately from the casement window of the large room, very cautiously placed a ladder on *terra firma*. He was dressed in a foul-weather jerkin, with a good portion of neckcloth and spatterdashers. He took with him a hatchet in one hand, and a stable lantern strapped before him; stamped his way, with a barley fork in his right hand, up the great wide creaking stairs. Having opened the door, he marched his way valiantly into the room. The light glanced out under the trees where Simeon, Dorothy, and their neighbours were watching the result. But as yet the Hobgoblin delayed his appearance, though the witching hour of his usual coming had considerably past. Nothing daunted, Trim supposing his lantern might be the cause of the *bashful* gentleman not wishing to be hunted down so easily, extinguished the light. This *ruse* very soon succeeded, and in a short time, the Hobgoblin passed through the room as ghostly as need be. A shuddering scream of terror was heard beneath the trees, issuing from the lips, especially of "Betty Bye," who resolved to abide the worst, since the "goblin" had persecuted her in her dreams, made her quite miserable, and revenge in his annihilation seemed the only satisfaction he could give her. But reflection had no space to dilate on the inevitable consequences likely to intercept temporary feelings, for in the passage of another interval the "Hobgoblin" skipped from under the trees and ascended the ladder with lightning-like rapidity, discovering "Trim" just on the eve of looking out, but who fell back instantaneously, as if under the operation of an electric shock, into the room, at the goblin's facile entrance. Simeon, thinking, however to give Trim fair play, and cut off the Goblin's descent, moved the ladder aside, declaring, by the wrestling he could hear upstairs that a desperate struggle was going on. Betty Bye, who could no longer hold her patience, induced by many others of her witnessing friends, taking the lead, entered the hind door of the Parsonage. She soon reached the scene of action, but her beloved "Thomas Trim," whom she expected in a woful plight, was fighting only with his own shadow, though he declared that he had given master "Gob" such a piercer, shewing them the impression in the wainscot as would deter him from a revisit. This was, however, like the flourish of Falstaff in gasconade and erroneous. "Ah! my dear Tommy!" said Betty in the language of exasperation—"the wretch was dressed in a sky-blue frock with a criminal's hat on his head—his figure was very lathlike, but with bandy legs, amazing long feet like paddles."—"You are right, Betty!" said her palpitating auditory. "Yes" she continued—"I should know him out of all the world, for, he had slippers on: his goggling eyes were as large as red hot cannon balls." "God save us!" added Dorothy—"so they were, Betty!" "And such a pug nose!" said Betty—"A mouth from ear to ear, —a picked chin," said Tom—"And he'd hollow cheeks, with a countenance as pale as a corpse by candlelight!" sighed Betty. "Ay, ay, his fingers were as long as this barley fork!" said Tom, "and—oh! here, here—he comes —stand clear and fear not—he's only scotched—but we'll kill him this time." "Ah! God save us!" sighed Dorothy out of the well spring of her heart—It is of a surety—but Tommy, my good lad! don't do murder—the sixth commandment, Joseph, and I, have always strictly observed." But the Hobgoblin entered the dark room, and passing all of them present, eyed Betty Bye, as she after vowed most solemnly—in a savage manner. The direful tormentor, vanished once more into thin air; and just as Trim swore he had done his work for him this time," Hobgob resuming his delectable sport, danced before the half terrified group in the room with the most self-assuranced nonchalance. D—n it," said Trim, "master Gobby! this is too bad!" And, as he went up to destroy it with one fell swoop, Hobgob retreated again to the lattice. Trim close at his heels, as he imagined, lunged the grim shadow, and not being aware the ladder had been removed, fell out of the window on the grass plat below, more frightened than hurt, fortunately—crying, "Good bye, Betty! good bye!" while the Hobgoblin stood motionless before him. His friends, who had left the inside of the house to assist him, were half afraid to approach, till at length Betty Bye, with a warming pan of fiery coals, came in right good earnest. With the shaking of the "hot ones" Hobgoblin retired. He was never seen again at the parsonage, to the infinite joy of the villagers. Tom and Betty were, shortly after this conquest over an obtrusive enemy, united as their friends allowed they ought to be; but not till it was ascertained that a collegian, who occasionally spent his vacations in the neighbourhood, was the mysterious agent that played off his pranks to the horror of the ignorant. He usually concealed himself in the church porch; and it was himself that, by the use of the magic lantern, created the Hobgoblin and gave it identity. Fearing, however, by the danger to which Tom Trim had been exposed, that something serious might happen, he relinquished his vagaries. "Ah, sir," said Tom, "what mischief-making people these learned men be!"—"Indeed they are," said the collegian. "Hold the lantern for yourself, and see the slide against yonder wall; behold the effect!" "God bless us!" reiterated Trim with his friends at his side—"well, it is very wonderful—now I know how it is!"—pointing to the Hobgoblin passing over the opposite wall. Though Joseph, Dorothy, and their neighbours, were now convinced that Hobgoblins were only optical illusions, produced by the magic lantern, yet they listened with deep concern at the recital of any narrative that detailed particulars relative to a "Ghost Story."

PORTRAIT PAINTER'S PRATTLE.

SKETCHED FROM NATURE.

For the Olio.

Sit, Ma'am—(If I can make it like,
I know 'twill be a grand hit),
Pray, sit Miss—All a sitting thro'
I'm sure you cannot stand it.

As Tacita be silent :—mind!
No feature must be shaken :—
And then, if I don't take you, Miss—
Just say I have Miss-taken.

Don't put those curls behind your ears,
Nor make such formal faces;
I wish you'd give yourself more hairs,
And not so many graces.

That's it—a very pretty curl!—
Don't touch it, pray—'twere sin;
Upon your head a lock like that
Says "Love is lock'd within."

I must come nearer, dear Miss S.,
Better your lips to see;
I find while I am drawing you,
That you are drawing me.

How very tall and straight you are!
How large your hazel eyes!—
Thus I remark your *height*, while you
Are noticing my *sighs*.

Dismiss that softness from your eyes,
My labour 'twill retard!
To imitate a look so *soft*
I find is very *hard*.

Ah, lady! how I envy thee
That lily hand of thine;
I'd give my hopes to be R.A.
Might your white hand be mine.

Well, if you think the nose too long,
I'll alter it—here goes :—
Whate'er you ask (with eyes or lips)
You sha'n't have any *No's*.

I do not wonder at your blush,
I look at you so hard;
For while I am regarding you,
I sigh for your regard.

Another touch—'tis nearly done:
I think it will be striking—
If I a likeness take or not,
I've taken quite a *liking*.

I never thought that I could do
So sweet a face as this;
By Michael Angelo I swear,
I have not done a-miss.

One other touch—and yet one more—
By Gad, I must depart;
I find I have been touching here,
Till you have touch'd my heart.

A.M.P.

TASTE OF THE TOWN.

Here is a bit-by-bit—and Taste,
With much or little gets a feast.

The "taste of the town" is regulated by various causes. Sometimes it arises from trivial, and sometimes from rather important, events. It is, however, general, though derivable from particular sources. Taste sometimes leads the fashion, and sometimes governs opinion. Taste is usually of a popular character, and like the waves in a pond when rippled by motion, spreads to its extremity and settles, or returns, to receive new impressions. "Town taste" is more variable than "country taste;" more readily supplied with materials; more easily gratified by their enjoyment; yet more capricious, because where there is a surfeit of supply, taste is less inclined to value it, than as it is offered in the country, more scantily. We refer, of course, to mental taste in both. Not, at the same time, meaning the intrinsic worth of knowledge, but the source whence simple pleasure is derived. "Evil, be thou my good," is the language of Milton; and this idea corresponds, in some degree, with the "taste of the town;" for much alloy is to be found with the choicest of the metallic influence abroad in the common course of our nature. In the congregations of devotion, how many persons are gathered together, simply on account of possessing a *peculiar* taste for a *particular* advocate of a *certain* calibre. He looks, speaks, and is, *tout au fait*. He is the representative of their notions and thrives by their auspices. They agree with him in dogma, accord with him in faith, and unite with him in practice. He *comes up* to their taste. The physician, or surgeon, whether he be a Brodie, or a St. John, is no less the exclusive object of town taste, and receives sanction, while he secures a profitable fee-ling in his arduous and beneficial profession. The lawyer, from the judge to the pettifogger, is a chosen vessel of some persons especial favour, if distinguished by the taste of others known to them. But a more general criterion of taste is evinced where we ourselves are beheld *veluti speculum*, as in a glass, at the theatre. How many of us laugh at our individual "show-up"—not taking the hint of the moralist, to "go and sin no more;" but enjoying our taste with the town, remarking, that "Let him whom the cap fits, wear it." If others weep with Melpomene, we weep also; if they laugh under the mask of Comus, we laugh also. If they shake their sides in farce, we are "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw." We hum operas all night, or dance fandangos at a masquerade, and consider them all a hum. The "taste of the town' follows a fiddler, or a conjuror. Ancient and modern music are governed by the tact of musical taste, which corresponds with pride, passion, or profit. Street music, like corn in a mill, is ground round the town, and discord has been too long an admitted tasre. A "man of taste" is a nondescript; a "woman of taste an indescribable: because *he* is made up of town qualities, and *she*, lovely creature, is a passion flower. When a divine, a physician, a lawyer, an actor, an actress, a dancer, a musician, or a poodle, is identified by the taste of the town;—when a sculptor, a playwright, a painter, a poet, a senator, or a writer, wins the taste of the town;—the chisel, the manuscript, the pencil, the stanza, the speech and the composition are alchemised, and the inheritors well off in this world's approval. But most of all, the "taste of the town" is exemplified in dress. Both sexes carry this to an extraordinary pitch. A person may as well call for an extinguisher to be hid from society, as to be tasteless in his sphere. For in matter, manner, word, or deed, he would be voted a bore—without the adjuncts of fancy. folly, and usage. If variety were not the watch-word of the "taste of the town," the pivot would stand still, and misery prevail over sublunary pleasures. Such is the opinion of the OLIO.

THE SECRET.

I RECOLLECT a pretty incident which may not be uninteresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having been long addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition every reason to suspect that she did not hold that place in his affection which was her right; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak, and his companions eloquent; and he seemed rather to grow worse than better in his habits. It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not of derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate when he found himself borne by a rapid steam-boat upon a journey which must necessarily be of several days duration, yet remembered distinctly that the fatal letter was left exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected also with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret, which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in an agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish—alarming the servants—flying to her father—renouncing him for ever. As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart, to his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over her table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with a perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips in a low music that flows only from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts.

"Your letter is lying by me. The *very, very* letter, containing the 'profound secret.' Now could I punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy, and confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate wife," &c.

"What an angel!" muttered the conscience-stricken husband.

"She started up with a cry of pleasure—and as Charles met the light of her clear, unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He thenceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad; and if the pure and happy being whose influence had thus allured him to the path of right had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love."—*From Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man.*

A PAGE FROM A CANTAB'S NOTE-BOOK.

It was on a raw and gusty evening in October, just as the parched and yellow leaf of autumn was beginning to tell that the three weeks English summer had passed away, that I was travelling far in the north of England, on my way to Cowell Castle, the residence of a college friend. There are few things more delightful to a weary traveller, when the "shades of evening" close thickly around him, than the reflection that each degree of increasing gloom brings him nearer and nearer to the spot of his destination; and on this occasion I felt pre-eminently happy, for having for many weeks been a wanderer among the wild solitudes of nature, with scarcely a civilized being even for the companion of an hour, the prospect of soon reaching the gay and hospitable home of my friend, lent swiftness to my pace and brightness to my anticipations. The distance, however, which I had to traverse, was, considering the lateness of the hour, somewhat considerable; and had it not been for a gala ball to be held that night, in honour of my friend's sister coming of age, I believe I should have yielded to the unpromising aspect of the evening, and the hints of my jaded horse, and have taken up my quarters at the little romantic village which had been my last resting-place. But I was pledged to be present at the festival, and hastened, therefore, at my horse's best speed, through the wild and solitary heath before me. My situation, though somewhat desolate, was not, however, without its charms; for if the bleak and barren common over which I wended my way, presented to my gaze no fair-haired dames, whose

> "Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,"

still there was plenty of food for romantic rumination, in the legend of the wild witch, which had been related to me by the village gossip from whom I had obtained the direction of my path, and the midnight revellings of brownies and bogles, whose grotesque forms seemed identified with every stunted shrub and clump of heather. But when the sun no longer left behind him traces of his reign, and the darkened horizon showed no longer the gilded cloud, smiling, like a courtier, upon the retiring monarch, by whose reflection alone he derived his lustre, the witches, the brownies, and the bogles began to lose alike their terrors and their charms, and I hailed the "stern round towers" of my friend's abode with a satisfaction, unalloyed and unaccompanied with the slightest wish to linger on the scene through which I journied. Brilliant and dancing lights were shining from turret and fretted window—

> "It was a vast and venerable pile;
> So old, it seemed only not to fall;
> Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
> Monastic dome!
> Where Superstition once had made her den."

The usual congratulations, and expressions of pleasure at my arrival having subsided, I perceived that it was time to prepare the toilet for the coming scene of festivity. I hastened therefore to my chamber, and without giving myself time to ascertain the date of its gothic windows, or to analyse the subjects of the tapestry, I prepared myself with all the expedition my ill-arranged portmanteau would permit; not, however, without a secret assurance that my *ensemble* might procure for me the smiles of—egad, perhaps of the heiress herself. With this modest anticipation I concluded my personal adorning, and descended to the hall, where, hung with massive armour, spreading antlers, and old pictures, frowned the dark oaken walls of many a century,

> "Strong in their age, and sombre in their strength."

"I must introduce you to my fair sister," exclaimed my friend, leading me to a handsome fair-haired girl; "I have engaged her hand for you, as my most intimate, for the first quadrille." I bowed my thanks, and led the fair Cecilia to the set. My partner was every thing that was amiable and beautiful—but oh! how totally was her beauty eclipsed by the pale, wild, and interesting creature who stood before us. There was that in *her* eye which never had I seen in any other—a strong and beaming brightness, which sent through her "long dark lashes, low depending," an expression almost more than earthly. Her pale, but perfect features, were rendered almost statue-like by the contrast of the dark and glossy ringlets which fell luxuriantly from her beautifully-formed head, while her sylph-like, gliding, but graceful figure of symmetry, realized the idea of a creature belonging to a brighter world than ours. My companion perceived my admiration; nor did she seem astonished or displeased, when, instead of replying to some question about Cambridge, I interrupted her by an observation upon the singular and beautiful being before me. "Ah! poor Constantia!" she sighed. The manner in which these few words were spoken, almost made me love her. I had no opportunity of further inquiry, for the quadrille was ended, and another aspirant for the hand of the fair Cecilia hurried her away to waltz, and left me to ruminate alone upon this "child of mystery," for such I felt quite convinced she was. Peace was out of the question, until I elicited the facts from my friend himself. He informed me that she was the only child of a wealthy, but penurious Baronet. She had never known the tender cares of a mother's fostering love, and thus the flowers of her mind were left to wander in wasteful luxuriance, when, had they been better trained, they would have formed a garden of the fairest and the brightest growth. It was impossible that such a being should live and not be loved; far more so, that her own bosom should be dead to the impulse and power of strong affection. She *was* loved, and oh! how fondly and how fatally was that love reciprocated! But the bud of her hopes was never destined to blossom! When her stern and unpitying parent drove the chosen of her heart, proud and pennyless, from his doors, he little thought, and perhaps, he little heeded, how hard and decisive a blow was struck upon his affections. And he, too, the discarded and hopeless, seeking a painful and early death upon the battle plain, little deemed, as the name of Constantia lingered on his dying accents, that she, the adoring being for whom his heart beat high with hope, would, in losing him, lose also the consciousness of her own existence! The news of his death was announced to her without caution. She spoke not—she wept not—she fell suddenly and violently to the earth, and was raised from it—a maniac!

Time, however, that "only healer when the heart has bled," at length restored the lovely Constantia to the world; but the fair promise of her youth had been sapped, and her health had sunk under the bitter visitation. At first, her recovery was but partial, for the frequent and wild fits under which she laboured, rendered it constantly necessary to watch her every movement, and often to place a restraint upon her actions which threatened to immolate the frail form which her malady had spared. By degrees, however, these fits became more rare, and the poor sufferer was once again permitted to resume her station in society. Her physicians hoped, that by joining in the gaieties and pleasures of the world, the most effectual and speedy remedy for her disease would be attained, and so, in truth, it proved; for Constantia, although she seldom smiled, sometimes joined in the dance, and sat at the festive board, beloved by all, and feared by none. "It is upwards of a year," continued my friend, "since she has been visited by any of the consequences of her fatal malady, and we believe that she is now totally restored. Cecilia and she are inseparable companions; they were reared, as it were, in the same cradle, and, cousins, have been constantly together; and, indeed, when others have been unable, during the continuance of the fits, to soothe the mind of the interesting sufferer, my sister has seldom failed to succeed. But," he continued, "I must seek my partner."

There was something in this narrative too deeply touching to permit me to join immediately the throng; a string of my heart had been struck, which would only vibrate to the sound of sorrow. I retired, therefore, to a niche at the extremity of the hall, where, unseen, I could meditate on what I had heard, and watch the graceful, but melancholy movements of the young and ill-fated Constantia. It was not very strange that I should have taken so lively an interest in this poor sufferer, and the tales of her woes, for I had lately mourned the death of a beloved relation, who had sunk to an early tomb, though with a mind unshaken, yet with a heart crushed and broken as Constantia's. The guests began to disperse, and the efforts of the musicians to be more irregular and drowsy; and feeling heavy and fatigued with my ride, I stole silently to my chamber.

How long I slept, I know not, but I was awoke by the wildest strain of vocal music I had ever heard; and, as the moon was streaming through the gothic panes with her broad pale light, I leaped from my bed, to ascertain from what fair serenader the sounds proceeded. But the song had ceased, and all was still as the grave. I opened gently the casement of the window, and leaning forward, gazed out upon the beauty of the night. I perceived, on looking around, that the room I occupied formed one of several that led to a broad stone terrace, which overhung what I presumed to be the large court-yard of the castle, and a faint light, rendered hardly discernible by the effulgence of the moon's rays, assured me that I was not the only tenant of the range.

I heard the voice again, but it seemed, if possible, in a sweeter strain. The curtains of the neighbouring window slowly drawn aside, and the casement quietly opened by a female hand. I fancied I could recognize the slim form and dark hair of Constantia L'Estrange. Impelled by I know not what motive, for I did not wait to analyse it, I hastily wrapped myself in my dressing gown, and in a moment stealing silently in the direction of the open window. Fair reader, do not blame or condemn me, for an indescribable presentiment of impending mischief had seized me, which I could neither shake off, nor exactly account for. Creeping slowly under the shade of the parapet wall of the terrace, I approached as nearly as I could the object of my solicitude, and, unobserved, stationed myself in such a situation as to command a view of her movements, without the slightest chance of being detected in my purpose. With breathless anxiety I awaited the result of my fears, but the *moon* alone appeared to be the object of her search and contemplation, and she looked upon it with such a fixed, wild, and unnatural gaze, as plainly told me, that those who believed her mind restored and at rest, had sadly overrated the effects of her care, or strangely underrated the extent of her malady. The fire—the vivid and horrible fire of the maniac was in her eye!—the expression of every feature was altered—the lovely being I had contemplated as possessing the beauty of an angel, was suddenly transformed—I dare not say how awfully! The wild and irregular snatches of song came not from the lips of reason.

"Constantia!" exclaimed a voice, apparently of one suddenly roused from slumber, and which I immediately recognized as that of my friend's sister—"Constantia! how is it that you are up!" No answer was returned; indeed, her companion seemed unconscious that she was addressed. "Constantia!" continued her cousin, in the quick tones of alarm, "how often have you been warned never to expose yourself to the night air?" In a moment Cecilia herself had risen, and her hand was laid gently on the shoulder of the poor maniac. "Constantia—my dear, dear Constantia!" she said, in a subdued and soothing voice, "I thought you were still by my side, sleeping as sweetly and as calmly as when I came to bed. Why, dearest, have you risen? You forget that you are an invalid, and that the night air is cold." "Ah!" exclaimed Constantia, suddenly leaping up and seizing her cousin with frantic energy—"Ah! I have you at last!—you have escaped me too long already!—you murdered my poor Frederick, and now"— Here she fastened on the terrified Cecilia by the throat, and throwing her vehemently on the ground, nailed her down with the force and energy of a savage. The sound of the death-gurgle was in my ear—but for the moment I was as one petrified and spell-bound. I had neither power to speak, nor to move, till by a violent effort I roused myself from the effects of the sudden blow which had fallen, as it were, with benumbing force upon my senses, and rushed madly to her assistance. But alas! it was all too late—for the quiver of life had passed away from the limbs of the hapless Cecilia! and Constantia, the *lunatic* Constantia, stood unabashed, alone, unconscious of the world on which she trod! For myself, I lost all recollection; but how long I remained insensible, I know not. I was aroused by some one who grasped me tightly by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, my gallant knight, how long is my fair cousin to wait for your hand in the dance?" I started up aghast—my friend and the lovely Constantia stood before me! "Why you rogue," continued he, "you've been sleeping, and have lost my cousin's beautiful song." "No, no," I quickly replied, endeavouring to collect myself, the reality of that portion of my dream flashing across me, "do not think I was so lost to good taste; she sang two—I heard them both;" and, bowing low to my sweet partner, I added, "but the last was exquisitely beautiful." She smiled. Her cousin was less particular—he laughed aloud. "That's good," said he, "it was an *encore!*" *Monthly Mag.*

INDIAN JUSTICE.

In the first week of January I set out from Lake Macobemish, near Moose River, Canada, to visit the outposts. I was accompanied by an Indian named Neegonaubee and two half castes. About an hour after sunrise, on the second morning, we arrived at the little river which forms the outlet of the Lake, at the opposite extremity of which the trading post was situated. We could now see the house; it was not more than three miles distant. I had been instantaneously struck with alarm at not observing any smoke from the cabin, but had abstained from making any remark. To testify surprise or anxiety at the moment would have been unbecoming in a great chief; but now I conceived the etiquette of the forest allowed me to take counsel. Neegonaubee, who, by virtue of his rank, walked next to me in the file, addressed me in a low calm voice, and said, "What has my brother seen?" "What my eyes have looked for they have not seen." "My brother's eyes are not shut." Without farther conversation we advanced, and every succeeding step tended to confirm us in the conjecture that the post had been abandoned, or that some evil had befallen its tenants. There was still no trace of smoke, the slightest curl or feather of which must have been visible in the clear yet sullen sky. We reached the door and lifted the latch, its only fastening upon ordinary occasions, but now it was secured from within. We called aloud. There was no answer, save the dread echo of our own voices. We went round to the back of the house; there, for the first time, we perceived a track It was a beaten track—a human track—and evidently led to some clumps of willows and dwarf woods; but it was covered with a sinuous veil of the last night's snow. Neegonaubee stooped down and deftly brushed away with his mitten the covering from one of the plainest prints of the mocassin. He uttered a low deep "Hugh!"—the ordinary exclamation of the Indian; but here it was not simply of savage satisfaction, or of mere excitement, or emotion, or horror. It partook of each; and there was an expression of bitter anguish mixed in it withal. He spoke not, however, but forthwith turned to the house, and burst in a wooden shutter which secured an opening answering alike the purposes of door and window. He sprung into the house—we followed. By the struggling light which broke upon us from the opening behind, we saw two men lying on the floor on their backs, and covered with a blanket. We removed it—stirred them:—they were dead and frozen! The flesh from the breast and limbs had been partly cut away. We broke open the door with a few desperate blows from the butts of our guns, and the whole diabolic scene lay exposed to view. There were ashes on the hearth—we found them fresh and warm; a kettle lay close beside, and from it there protruded a human hand, mangled and torn with the teeth. In a corner lay bones of different descriptions, flung together—the smallest bones of the human body, I would say, such as of the feet and hands, and the like. We turned the men over; one displayed a tomahawk-wound on the back of the head; the other had received a deep wound on the left temple, and a second wound on the face beneath the left eye. The whole mystery was now explained—the men had been murdered! but wherefore and by whom? Not by an enemy simply for vengeance; the position in which we found them, the successive removals of masses of flesh, the appearance of the interior, and every thing that presented itself to the eye about the hut, proved this:—not by overpowering numbers whose force rendered resistance useless and paralysed exertion, for the track was that of a single person, who, moreover, could not be far away. This was manifest from the very existence of the track, the freshness of the ashes, and the warmth of the hearth.

With a common consent, which, in the intensity of our horror and rage, was felt by all, and acted upon without word or sign, we set forth in search of the murderer, I was led forward by the desire to avenge; my followers were goaded onwards by a still higher motive. We returned to the track we had discovered behind the house. Here we had to wait some moments for Neegonaubee. At length he came; and, on arriving at the track, let his gun fall heavily, and leaned upon it, wrapt in some emotion which I could not penetrate. The features betrayed little of the workings of the spirit within whatever they might have been; but the frame appeared as if shaken by a slight convulsion, and then the countenance was calm, and grave, and passionless as ever. He raised his eye slowly from the ground, and fixing it full on me, asked, in his usual low and soft accents,—"Does my brother see the trail of a bad dog?" My reply was "I see it; let us follow!" and I set forth upon the the track. The Indian remained in the rear; his head hung heavily, and he seemed to drag his limbs after him as though they performed their office most unwillingly. He was like a man moving in a dream,—in that passive state of being wherein volition is stagnant, or suspended, and the power of a spell draws you wearily onward in the appointed course. I could not imagine the cause of his dejection. Murder and cannibalism could have been no new things to him; the corpse of the murdered, the relics of the devoured, must have been sights familiar to him from his childhood. Why should they now work upon him after so strange a fashion? We reached the low woods, and here we found severel tracks along the walks of the Alpine hare, wherein snares were set. This proved that some human being was near. We came upon a track; it was well nigh fresh; it was evidently that of an Indian woman. Neegonaubee gazed on it for a moment, wildly and listlessly; but in the next his eye lightened, and he stood once more erect; and removing the covering from his gun, he examined the flint, and renewed the priming. We proceeded rapidly in the track,—the Indian now leading the way with inclined body and expanded nostril. We had not advanced more than a couple of hundred yards, when he exclaimed, *Scude!* (fire); and soon after we, too, first smelt smoke, and next saw it darkling in the cold thin atmosphere in fantastic feathers, it proceeded from a wigwam, which was entirely concealed from the eye by the drifted snow, presenting as it did simply the appearance of a hillock. We approached the wigwam,—entered it; a woman was seated on the fir-brush which was strewed upon the floor; the walls were hung round with rabbit-skins, and some rabbits were boiling in a kettle on the fire. The woman rose not, but just looked up for an instant at the party, and then cast down her eyes. Cleuster asked her, in her own tongue, what had been the fate of our people? She made no reply. After waiting some time, I addressed her, with the authority which belonged to the great chief; still she answered not. But after a short pause she muttered some words, without raising her eyes or altering her position, from which we could gather, that the men had died of starvation soon after the lake was covered with the first ice; that the provisions they had brought with them had failed, and that they caught no fish. Hitherto, Neegonaubee had remained silent and motionless; but his eye having now caught among the billets of fire-wood, a parcel, covered with the bark of the birch, and tied with the delicate fibres of pine-root, he took it up, and found it contained a lump of human flesh, apparently cut from the buttock of a man. He held it in his outstretched hand towards the woman. She spoke not—gazed not—shuddered not; but raised herself slowly from the ground, and stood with her head hanging on her breast, and her blanket gathered close around her. The Indian let fall the flesh from his hand, placed the muzzle of his gun against her breast, and fired. After a convulsive bound into the air, she fell a corpse. She was his sister,—his only surviving relative!—*From passages and Life of an Idler in Fraser's Mag.*

HABITS AND CHARACTER OF THE GERMAN PEASANTRY.

The greater part of the day at Wabern is one unremitting fugue of cackling, crowing, grunting, lowing, and quacking—beating hemp, thrashing, and, if there be any other occupation belonging to a bucolic life, here you have it in full work. Both men and women resume their diurnal task at two o'clock in the morning in summer, and keep at it until nightfall. To their laborious habits it must be owing, that the females of the servile order, in this country have a breadth of shoulder, extent of threw, and procerity of limb, I would venture to swear, not to be found in any part of the habitable earth. They really quite outman our sex. In all other animals but the human, the males are, I believe, most usually remarkable for beauty. Here they make good the general analogy. Instead of a "peeping ankle," you have a calf of brawn, in full display, under a petticoat reaching no lower than a little under the knee, whose owner steps along at her ease, a full geometrical yard and a half at a stride. It was, no doubt, women such as these that Cæsar's soldiers had a view of when his army became panic struck with the apprehended physical force of this people. But the males are by no means in proportion masculine. The costume of the sex is appropriate. The head is bagged, or trussed, in a sort of night-cap, tied close under the chin, the top of which casing is pursed into a knob stuffed with their hair, and from this a long cue or two of plaited tresses depend to the waist, if waist it can be called, which preserves its diameter undiminished one inch from the shoulder to the hip. So much for the exterior. As to their morals, we must by no means rate them, I fear, by our very refined notions of Arcadia. Among the virgins, there are few who, before the age of fifteen, have not complied punctually with the primary commandment. It may, doubtless, be some extenuation of the licences taken in this matter, that Wabern, humble as it is, contains a whole troop of strapping dragoons. We are assured, by way of set-off against this laxity of manners, that the conduct of the married ladies much more than makes up for the frailties of their unwedded sisters, and that however the village may be off for Josephs, there is nothing approaching Potiphar's wife to be heard of from one end to the other. These freedoms with the decalogue will appear the more unaccountable when it is known that there is a standing regulation of the elector's, which, in every case of bastardy, devolves the whole responsibility on the woman, who is required to support her offspring until they are able to support her, which, when industry fails, they do by begging from door to door: and over and above this, it is made penal in such circumstances for a woman to inculpate anybody as the father.

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"Nothing can be imagined more opposed to that 'charm and weakness of woman,' in which, Gibbon tells us, resides so much of the fascination of the sex, than the appearance of the female peasantry. They are, if possible, a whole century of civilisation more clumsy than even their Wabern rivals. To their slavish habits, no doubt, is owing much of this marvellous coarseness. In their very teens they become masculine; and at a little more advanced age, positively hirsute beyond the power of any patent depilatory. Among the rustics of these villages, I think I could observe much more of the lingering remains of the aboriginal *crinis rutilus* than in the higher ranks of the community. Yet it is not exactly yellow, but rather between yellow and a straw colour, covering layers of diversified lines, between yellow and sandy, a good deal like the lime-burnt hair in mortar. As to the *hos artus, et hæc corpora quæ miramur*, I much doubt whether either one or other have fined down a single inch since the days of Ariovistus. Gibbon and Ovid, I remember, take considerable pains to account for the advantage the German women have over other countries in point of chastity. Allowing them the most ample credit for veracity, there seems little in the remark that should puzzle the naturalist. Out of Otaheite there is perhaps nothing of feminine less likely to tempt the virtue of our sex. If my reader can figure to himself a Thames waterman or Greenwich pensioner coquetting in petticoats, he may arrive at once at a more accurate description of what I would in vain attempt to express by a more laboured description of the personality of these females.

"The character of the German nation has to me always been an enigma, or sort of *concordia discors*. You find the most opposite qualities united in the same individual; politeness and bluntness, gaucherie and a dash of dandy, libertinism and a measured respect to appearance. It is a nation of fiddlers and philosophers, imaginative writers and heavy companions; dull and slow as their dray-horses, and yet, on emergencies, capable of the greatest exertions, *mira diversitate naturæ, cum iidem homines sic ament inertiam et oderint quietem*. Backward of giving or taking affronts, brave in resenting them; attentive to all exterior observances of religion, but latitudinarians in their opinions; loyal to a proverb, yet with a strong desire for liberty, which they have not the power to assert;—these are but a few of the antithetic traits which every day discloses in their character.

. . . .

"A labourer's hire is his meat and two groschens, about twopence halfpenny, a-day, unless he happens to be employed in thrashing, in which case he usually makes a contract for a sixteenth measure of the whole quantity of grain he thrashes out. As the entire village resounds from end to end with this operation, I shall state a few particulars respecting it which are likely to escape a more fugitive traveller, or one less curious *in re rustica*. Thrashing here is executed with a skill unknown to a less musical people. To be an expert thrasher it appears to me as requisite to have had a thrashing master as a master for any other given art or accomplishment. They thrash with a perfect regard to time, in all the alternations of triple and common measure, making the transition from the one to the other with the greatest exactness. There are sometimes not fewer than seven or eight flails in concert: when it is a simple quartet, and one of the performers happens to drop out, which is frequently the case, the transition is immediately, and without the least interruption, into triplets. Occasionally the effect is graced by some very delicate gradations of forte and piano, rallentando, crescendo, morcendo, accellerando — and the whole executed with as much precision as if a note-book lay before each performer. When the piano is to be particularly delicate, the tips of the flails are used, which affords an opportunity of combining grace with dexterity; it is then the merest scarcely audible tap, and costs the least possible effort. Then comes the crescendo, swelling into a tremendous barn-echoing staccato—downright thrashing in fact; and what I particularly wish to enforce upon the farmer, the flail, during the whole movement, is never raised higher than the head, which I could not help especially taking a note of for the good of our practical agriculturists, when I recollected how much unnecessary brawn is expended on our thrashing-floor to no purpose. Thus we see his genius for music never forsakes the German in any situation or occupation of life; it follows him into his commonest employments; and no doubt there is advantage, on the principle of *studio fallente laborem*, in making it in all similar exertions a rythmical operation. What is the story of Amphion building his Thebes, but an allegorical illustration of the same benefit of lightening labour by music? The German thrasher has the advantage of the Theban architect, for he turns the labour itself into a kind of music, though somewhat monotonous to be sure."

Varieties.

Promotion at Court.—The Duke of Grammont entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarine without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself by jumping cross-legged against the wall. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired; but the Duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet 100 crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence;" and the Duke and Cardinal began to jump together. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal; and was, six months afterwards, made Marshal of France.

Remarkable Anagram.——Pilate's question to our Saviour, "What is truth?" in the Latin vulgate stands thus:—"*Quid est veritas?*" These letters transposed make "*Est vir qui adest.*" "It is the man before thee."

Opinions of Jeremy Taylor.—If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man,—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart,—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious.

Swiftness of Men.—Men who are exercised in running out-strip horses; or at least hold their speed for a longer continuance. In a journey, too, a man will walk down a horse; and after they have both continued to proceed for several days, the horse will be quite tired, and the man as fresh as in the beginning. The king's messengers of Ispahan, who are runners by profession, go 108 miles in 14 hours. Hottentots outstrip lions in the chase, and savages who hunt the elk, tire down and take it; and are said to have performed a journey of *three thousand six hundred miles in less than six weeks.*

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Distant Relations. — People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

Heart.—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

Wealth. —The most respectable quality of man.

Critic.—A large dog, that goes about unchained, and barks at every thing that he does not comprehend.

Doctor.—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Virtue.—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word.

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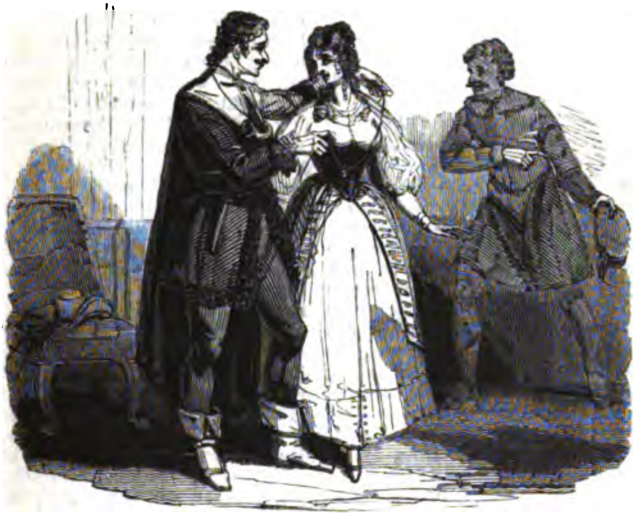

See page 309

Illustrated Article.

THE BLACK MASK.*

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, is now called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around: there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, might parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was past, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound save the shrill cry of the vultures, or the scream of the wood squirrel as he sprang from bough to bough, for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it, and the inaccessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others; but at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young noblesse of Austria as well as Hungary; and to encourage a taste for the "*mimic fight*," as it has been not inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks and even months away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked on it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and eventually friendships would spring up and eradicate that feeling of jealousy with which as rivals they had not ceased to regard each other.

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* Monthly Mag.

It was the latter end of December of the year 1754; the sun had gone down and the shadows of night were fast falling upon the dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind forboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood, which heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing responded to his call save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which, rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube the wanderer had long directed his steps, guided by the noise of the stream; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village, where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty, he reached the bank, and the moon which hitherto had not shone, now suddenly broke forth and showed the stranger to be young and athletic; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting dress of the period; he wore a green frock or kurtha, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather; from this was suspended his jaged messer, or *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver richly chased and ornamented; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true born nobility which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad leafed bonnet with its dark o'erhanging herons' feathers, concealed the upper part of his face; but the short and curved moustache which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favour in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from that storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Cfervitzen, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were either held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces, and lost in the foam and surge of "the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon these floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest; for he now knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution; for, drawing his belt tightly around him and throwing back his jag'd messer lest it should impede the free play of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking—this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing upon the broad ledge, which, frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived at the verge of this came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly though rapidly between;—the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed; for scarcely had his feet reached their landing place, than the ice yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connection with the remaining mass, and in an instant was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment and all would be over;—he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river; he saw that yet he might he saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation only can give, threw himself as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so lately had trusted to, rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not; and when he again looked up, all was wrapt in darkness; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull monotonous roaring of the Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his glad surprise, was already lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment where the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cfervitzen, was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favour so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen—were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and his manhood, and now adhered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart estranged from all the world can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that the most sanguine wishes could devise; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not in Hungary attained the rank of a virtue, it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family would create but little surprise among its members. and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came or whither he should go. But such evidently was not his intention, for either not understanding, or, if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *daes*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suite I lost my way in the forest, and unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone: "A Hungarian, I suppose."—"A Hungarian by birth," answered the count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said, "You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube? no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host, replied, coldly, "On the drift ice."—"On the drift!" cried the baron [illegible]ud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanour; he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching naivete and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field, (a grateful theme to a Hungarian,) and captivated the fair Adela, by telling the fetes and gay carnivals in Vienna, to all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome, as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily together, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast-room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from some deep reverie in which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "Good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and toiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly did she listen and he speak, that they were unaware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded: ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to pass away the hours of a winter day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over, her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delighted listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not she would have treated any other similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. It was then with a feeling of sorrow, he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered, than as one of the many who came and went again." The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated; the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron should accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave-taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparation for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartments served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own; she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavoured as carelessly as possible to allude to his departure: but her heart failed, and her low trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked—"Will you then leave us so suddenly?" The count muttered something, in which the words—"the emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand, which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for some moments; they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes were few, but their very endeavours rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm round her, he asked—"Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?"—"No, no," said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; "But will you return, as you have already promised?"—"I do intend, but then—"—"What then?" cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strong feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to a decided and fixed resolve. "It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I may not—"—her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added—"I will return—at all hazards—but first promise to wear this for my sake, it was a present from the emperor:" saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtha, he took from round his neck a gold chain, to which was fastened a seal ring bearing the initial J.; "Wear this," said he, at least till we meet again:" for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieus were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening and spoke only of the day's sport, and merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passingly; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapildy had they passed, and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter ever reached them, and now the winter was long past and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard save the gentle ripple of that river whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where months before, the stranger had crossed the Danube, "I wonder," said the baron, "that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?" "Yes," replied she, "he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Gratz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley."—"And, in short," said the baron, "you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping his promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah, my poor child, I fear you know not how little such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favoured and honoured of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too much honour, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again!—I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by taking that path."

The rider to whom their attention was now directed, was seen advancing at the full speed of his horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply-slouched hat and long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle. Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one labouring under some great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay whould recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly shewed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it:—and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which he answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together, seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang, they read together; and it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and in fact, ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—and from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was, she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgement of her feelings for him;—but when she gave it, he scarcely pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and then letting it drop, he walked slowly to a window, and beveiled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the court. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shewn into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under. "No bad news from Vienna, I hope," said she:—"has any thing occurred to trouble you there?" "I am recalled," said he, hastily; "ordered, I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However, I am expected to join immediately." "But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl, passionately—"you will not go?" "How am I to help it?" answered he. "Have you not told me," said she, "a thousand times that the emperor was your friend—that he loved you, and would serve you?—Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell all. I will fall at his feet, and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favour in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me." "Adela," said he, "do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return."—"I swear it," cried she, falling upon his neck, "nothing but death shall change me, if even that—and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come,—is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat and, was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief.

To be continued in our next.

THE CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND CHARMS OF THE PERSIAN WOMEN.

A CONCLAVE is formed among them, consisting of seven women, who give the following as their judgment as to the manner in which their sex should be treated.

"If the husband be even a day-labourer, and he does not give his wages to his wife, she will claim them on the day of judgment. It is incumbent on the husband to bestow on the wife a daily allowance in cash, and he must also allow her every expense of feasting, and of excursions, and the bath, and every other kind of recreation. If he has not generosity and pride enough to do this, he will assuredly be punished for all his sins and omissions on the day of resurrection. And whenever he goes to the market, he must buy fruit and other little things, and put them in his handkerchief, and take them to his wife, to shew his affection for her, and to please her heart. And if she wishes to undertake a little journey, to go to the house of her friends for a month, to attend the baths, or enjoy any other pastime, it is not fit for the husband to deny those wishes, and distress her mind by refusal. And when she resolves upon giving an entertainment, it is wajib that he should anticipate what she wants, and bring to her all kinds of presents, and food, and wine, required on the festive occasion. And in entertaining her guests, and mixing among them, and doing all that hospitality and cordial friendship demand, she is not to be interrupted or interfered with by her husband saying, 'What have you done? where have you been?' And if her female guests choose to remain all night, they must be allowed to sleep in the woman's room, whilst the husband sleeps apart and alone. The learned conclave unanimously declare that the woman who possesses such a husband—a man so accommodating and obedient—is truly fortunate; but if he happens to be of an opposite character, morose, disobliging, and irritable, then indeed must she be the most wretched of wo-mankind. In that case she must of necessity sue for a divorce, or make him faithfully promise future obedience and readiness to devote himself wholly to her will and pleasure. If a divorce is denied, she must then pray devoutly to be unburthened of her husband, and that she may soon become a widow.—By artifice and manœuvering, the spouse may thus be at length induced to say, 'Do love, whatever you please, for I am your dutiful slave.'

"With respect to marriage and bridehood, and whatever depends upon them, it is proper, when a woman is engaged, that all conjugal arrangements should be completed at once. They present a lighted candle before her face, and place the Koran near her, and a mirror, and also a tray with ambergris-tapers, different kinds of perfume, some arzen and dried dates, called *kyani morad*, and cress-seed, aspund, and other articles required by ancient usage. And it is proper also. that a person should stand at the head of the bride, and pronounce the Khotbeh of Hazrat Adam; and they should also throw over the head of the bride a sort of veil of a green colour, so that her whole person may be enveloped in its folds. The bride herself must not speak to any one. She must then be undressed, even her gauze chemise taken off, and whilst thus hid from view, a large brass basin must be turned upside down, and a lighted lamp put under it, fed with oil made of ox-fat.—Upon this basin they must place a saddle, if they have one, and then a pillow, on which the bride is seated, the attendants singing aloud:

The husband is saddled, the journey begun,
And the beautiful bride her own race has to run."

. . . .

"If a girl is of a timid disposition, place a frying pan at the street door, and put fire into it to make it hot.—The mother and daughter must then stand on one side of the frying pan, close to each other, and every time they change hands, they must scatter a little salt and water into it. They must then look steadfastly upon the frying-pan, and particularly upon the spot where the salt and water were thrown, and, wonderful to relate, the image of the beast or animal which is the secret cause of fear, will be seen! Again, on a Sunday night, take an unburnt brick, and pour some oil upon it, drop by drop, and with a knife scrape up wherever the oil has fallen, and say, 'This is the eye of such a one, man or woman, mentioning their names. After that, put a piece of cotton and an egg upon the brick. then set fire to the cotton, and place the brick on the road.—In returning home be careful not to look back. Kulsum Naneh says, this is an excellent preservative against the evil eye. Again, the claws of the tiger and the wolf are also of great power in destroying the pernicious influence of enchanters. Some of these amulets are bound round the temples, and others over the shoulders, and some again near the heart. With regard to fortune-telling, a variety of stories are related. Take, hot from the oven, a loaf that is joined to another, and throw them both at the head of the girl whose fortune is to be told. If they do not separate she will soon be married. Take some bride-millet seed, called *arzen arusi*, and when the bride is entering the bridal chamber, throw them backwards after her, pronouncing her name, and by counting the seeds that fall, her future fortune may be ascertained. Upon first seeing the new moon, a girl should look at a crow, that her destiny may be known; if the girl's eyes and the crow's eyes meet each other at the same moment, the omen is propitious. If the palm of the hand itches, rub it on the head of a boy whose father and mother are still living, and a present of money will be the consequence. If a dog catches a fly, take and wrap it up in the corner of a handkerchief, and undoubtedly some good will ensue."

Atkinson's Customs, &c. of Persian Women.

A POETASTER TO AN EDITOR.

A REJECTED ARTICLE.

For the Olio.

Whether my sense grows dull, or taste
Is changed, I cannot see;
But this I know, my brains are waste
If thus blown out by thee.

Thou say'st my verse a chance must run:
Of what? I well may guess;
A vaporous wreath, betwixt the tun,
To make thee burden-less.

Is this my guerdon? this my lot?
Is this my way to Fame?
That I, to light thy mental pot,
Committed um to flame.

J.R.P.

ELECTIONEERING.

Strange that such diff'rence should exist
By unforeseen control:
'Twixt he that gets and he that's miss'd
The numbers on the poll.

Instead of our tables having groaned under the weight of new crayons, new songs, new vols, and new year's gifts, we have been pressed into the service of electioneering. What a heap of waste paper now rises up into our presence! — promises, pledges, and pains-taking, have, like a stormy atmosphere, subsided into comparative calm—the due performance remains. We have gone to the "poll." We have done our duty. Our voices are hoarse with stentorian exertion. The booths have been filled, but not with fairings. The serviles of the mob have gone through the radical exercise, but are not satisfied with their superior officers; who, in all honourable mention, descended to their level, and once in the way to answer the purposes of the occasion, called them "gentlemen!" With a very suitable piece of sophistry, they appealed to their "good sense;" and seemingly inclined to submit to the "Roman mob law" of staves and bludgeons, they heard *themselves* deliver orations within their immediate space, made their bows in defiance, or complaisancy, and are now either the victors of the "proudest day" in their lives, or retired into seclusion to bite their nails, count the cost, and trust to better fortune in future.

Who is there of us that has not been jostled and pulled by the button for our "*vote* and *interest*" during the past week? And is not the *Borough* of the *Olio* represented by an independent spirit? Has any point, pledged in the volumes hitherto printed, not been fulfilled to the very letter? But why should we apply self-adulation to the retrospective? Are we not now the prospective and successfully elected members of that literary, pictorial and scientific parliament, constituted to give the Republic of Letters, enfranchised for all periods, accounts of our proceedings in our hebdomadal session! "*You are? you are?*"—"Yes, *gentlemen*; and rely on it we are equally *disinterested* with the greater portion of our contemporaries." — "*Hear! hear!*"—"But, gentlemen, lest we tire your patience——" "*No, no; go on*——" By fine peroration and climax, antithesis, and classic allusion, we hasten to the most emphatic and satisfactory conclusion, by directing you to the *real* state of the *poll*." Should our enemies demand a scrutiny, still we are certain of the result."—"*To be sure you are: so you ought to be.*"—"Well, *gentlemen*—we thank you for the past, rely on you for the present, and trust for your future support."—*Hem!*—"And you *shall* have it!—When shall the Olio be *chaired?*"—"Gentlemen, we are *now already* in our chair writing, and like modest persons, candidates for popular favour, are not really aware that we have been addressing *ourselves*. Highly flattered by your suffrages, may we not *forget* our being elected! But, seriously withal, it is a most singular custom that the popular cause at the Hustings is governed by clamour, just as the cause of the Drama is ruled by the assumed censors of Olympus in the one shilling gallery."

. . . .

If such scenes are represented—such professions made—such unities resolved into practice in London and the environs—it follows that in other parts of the united kingdom similar influences are used. But, we are persuaded, the more widely knowledge is diffused, the greater integrity will prevail; the more the mind is cultivated, the better its fruits will flourish; and the closer the type poll is registered, the less danger there will be of the decline of literature and universal philanthropy. That we may all make our "calling and election sure," is the friendly and titheable desire of the Olio.

ASSASSINATION AND LAST MOMENTS OF THE DUC DE BERRY.

The *Literary Gazette*, from which we copy the following account, says:—At a period when the fate of the Duchess of Berry involves not only a story of strong personal interest, but a question of much national importance, we trust that the following narrative, for which we are indebted to a friend, will be acceptable to our readers.

"The Duc de Berry, last prince of the house of Bourbon in the direct line, was, like the first king of the race, the victim of an assassin's blow. On Sunday, the 13th of Feb. 1820, the Duke and the Duchess de Berry went to the opera, to partake in the amusements customary during the season of the carnival. Between the acts of the first piece they went from their own box to that of the Duc d'Orleans, where his good-humoured laughter, and caresses of the young Duc de Chartres, attracted from the audience their repeated notice and applause. In returning to her box, the duchess slightly hurt herself by the opening of a door, at the moment of passing; and feeling fatigued, she expressed a wish to retire, at about twenty minutes before eleven. The Duc de Berry accompanied her to the carriage, intending to return into the theatre. The duchess's carriage had drawn up to the door, the soldiers on guard were within the lobby, the prince having long waved the etiquette of their attendance under arms; one man remained at the door as a sentinel; and while presenting arms to their royal highnesses, his back was turned to the street, as was that of the Comte de Choiseul, an aide-de-camp in waiting. The Comte de Mesnard, senior equerry to the duchess, conducted her to the carriage on the left, while the duke was on her right. The Comte de Clermont Lodeve (gentleman in waiting) was in attendance, to return to the theatre with the prince. At this moment, a man, coming from the Rue de Richelieu, hastily passed between the sentinel and a servant who was putting up the step of the carriage: pushing him aside, he threw himself on the duke, at the instant when, turning from the carriage to re-enter the theatre, he said, 'Adieu! we shall meet by and by.' The assassin, leaning his left hand on the left shoulder of the royal victim, stabbed him with his right hand in the right side, a little below the breast. Thrown back by the blow on the Comte de Mesnard, the duke pressed his hand to the spot, exclaiming, 'I am assassinated; this man has killed me;' and raising his voice, 'I am murdered! I am murdered! I hold the poniard!' At the first exclamation of the prince, the Comtes de Clermont and de Choiseul, the secretary, the servant, and several other persons, pursued the assassin, who had fled by the Rue de Richelieu. The duchess, whose carriage had not yet driven off, heard her husband's voice, and tried to throw herself from the door, resisting every effort to detain her, and scarcely waiting till the step could be let down. 'Leave me! I command you to let me pass!' she franticly cried. The wounded prince made an effort to beg her not to come. Followed by Comtesse Bethizy (the lady in waiting), she flew to him at the moment he had withdrawn the knife from his bosom, and given it to the Comte de Mesnard, his friend in exile. He was then seated on a bench in the lobby, his head leaning against the wall, and his clothes were opened to examine the wound: it was bleeding profusely. The prince then repeated, —'I am dying!—let a priest be sent for. Come, my wife! that I may expire in your arms.' Faintness succeeded. The young princess threw herself on her husband's bosom, and in a moment her splendid attire was steeped in his blood. Meantime the assassin had been taken, and with difficulty saved from the summary vengeance sought by the soldiers. When lodged in the guard-house, he was searched, and another poniard found on him, together with the sheath of the one he had left in the bosom of his prince. The most immediate surgical assistance that could be obtained was that of Drs. Blancheton and Drojard, who found the wounded prince removed to the ante-room of his box in the theatre. On regaining his senses, his first inquiry was, whether the guilty man was a foreigner? and on being answered in the negative, the son of France observed, 'It was cruel to him to die by the hand of a Frenchman!' The duchess earnestly inquired of the surgeons what was their opinion, promising to support it with firmness; and they tried to encourage some hope, from the circumstance of his not having bled at the mouth. After cleansing the wound from the clotted blood, they proceeded to bleed him in the right arm. The sufferer rallied sufficiently to say to the two medical men, that 'he was truly sensible of their kind efforts; but that they were useless as he was beyond cure.' M. Blancheton sought to persuade his royal highness that the wound was not deep: 'I do not deceive myself,' he replied; 'the poinard was buried to the hilt—I say so positively.' The duchess tore off her sash, to serve as a bandage: she alone preserved her presence of mind in these dreadful moments, and evinced a character greatly above the common. The prince, whose sight became more feeble, said, from time to time, 'My wife! are you there?' 'Yes!' replied the princess, wiping her tears, 'I am here, and will never quit you.' One of the professional men, who had at the earliest intelligence flown to offer his aid, and who was particularly attached to the Duc de Berry, was desirous of sucking the wound, till the instruments for cupping could be got. 'My dear Bourgon,' observed the royal patient, 'what would you do, my friend? my wound is mortal, and probably poisoned!' . . . . . .

"The Duc de Berry had most anxiously requested the attendance of a minister of the church, and the Bishop of Chartres soon arriving, found him supported in an arm-chair, surrounded by the surgeons, and in full possession of his senses. The wounded prince held out his hand to this respected prelate; and uttering every sentiment of faith, resignation, and repentance, prayed for the consolation of his support. The bishop exhorted him to rely on the goodness of his Creator, and bestowed a general absolution, according to the forms of the Catholic church, till such time as the penitent could make a more detailed confession. The Comte de Mesnard, still flattering himself that the wound was not mortal, had gone for the Duc d'Angouleme, who had retired to bed, but hastily dressing himself, flew to the scene of suffering, where the meeting between the two brothers was affecting beyond description. They mingled their tears for expression was denied them. It was then decided to remove the Duc de Berry to an adjoining room, where he was laid on a couch, formed by four chairs, till a camp bedstead could be prepared. The Duc d'Angouleme, fearful of some new calamity, had not allowed the duchess to accompany him on leaving the Tuileries; but madame did not delay to follow him. What were perils to her? Has she ever shrunk from the endurance of sorrow or adversity? To her scenes of woe were familiar. It was not the first time that the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette had tended on a dying brother! The Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) soon followed; and those only who know the kind paternal heart of this afflicted father can judge of his sufferings. Monsieur had insisted on coming unattended; and he knew not that one of his best servants, the Duc de Maille, had, in order to follow him, bestowed honour on a place the least considered. The Duc de Berry expressed a wish to give his blessing to mademoiselle (the princess, his daughter). She was brought to him by the Comtesse de Gontaut, when the prince, placing his nerveless hand on his child, 'Poor girl,' said the dying father, 'may you be less unhappy than others of my family.' The Duc (present King of the French) and Duchesse and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, with whom he had been at the theatre, were added to the sorrowing party, which was also joined by the father of the Duc d'Enghein (late Duc de Bourbon). Bleeding of the feet was tried ineffectually; but, after repeated application of the cups, some relief was obtained; the pulse became stronger, the complexion reanimated, the blood flowed freely. The anxious group rejoiced to see blood flow! The celebrated Mons Dupuytren arrived at one o'clock. He found the prince lying on his right side. His paleness, his altered features, his short breathing, the groans which escaped from his bosom, the cold sweat which hung on his brow, his convulsive movements, the disorder of his blood-stained bed, and above all, the horrid wound exposed, struck consternation into the mind of a man whose duty, however, called him daily to scenes of mental suffering. The prince informed M. Dupuytren, extending his hand to him, that he suffered great pain; when, after examining the wound, and some conversation with the practitioners previously in attendance, it was decided to enlarge it, as the only means of giving vent to the blood collected on the lungs. M. Dupuytren, approached the prince, and questioned him as to his feelings; but not obtaining any reply, he requested the Duchesse de Berry to repeat the inquiry. 'I entreat you, to say, or point out to me the spot where you suffer most pain.' When recalled by a voice so dear, he took his wife's hand and placed it on his breast, making an effort to express that he was suffocating. Monsieur was desirous that his daughter-in-law should withdraw during the operation: 'My father,' she said, 'do not force me to disobey you!' and, turning to the professional men, 'Gentlemen,' she added, 'do your duty!' She knelt by the bed-side during the operation, holding the prince's left hand. When the caustic was applied, the Duc de Berry exclaimed, 'leave me to die, since it must be so.' 'My beloved,' said his weeping wife, 'endure this for my sake.' One word from this young and amiable princess softened his agonies, and he became all resignation to the will of God. When this painful operation was over, the Duc de Berry, passing his hand over the duchess's hair, said, 'My poor wife, how unhappy you are!' The depth of the wound was now ascertained. The knife with which it had been inflicted was six or seven inches long, the blade flat, narrow, and with two edges, like that of Ravaillac, and extremely sharp. . . . .

"A few moments of tranquillity followed the painful operation alluded to. To the dying is generally granted a short cessation from suffering, which affords time for a rapid glance at the past; like the traveller who rests for a moment on the summit he has laboured to ascend, before he turns his footsteps down the opposite side of the mountain. The prince placed his hand in that of M. Dupuytren, and begged that he would give him notice of any change in his pulse; thus placing at the post of life a sentinel too vigilant to permit of his being surprised by death. *Mors, ubi est victoria tua?* During this respite from pain, he addressed these words to the Duchess de Berry: 'My dear love, do not let grief overpower you; take care of yourself, for the sake of the infant you carry in your bosom.' This declaration afforded the truest satisfaction to all present, while the regrets for that prince were rendered even more bitter; who, at the moment he was, to all appearance, putting an end by his death to the existing monarchy, thus considerately announced its revival. Wherever the Duc de Berry turned his closing eyes, it was to evince some kind and grateful feeling. He was surrounded by weeping servants. 'My father,' he exclaimed, 'take charge of these good people—of all my household.' Violent retchings followed. The prince continued to assert that the poniard was poisoned. He had previously requested to see his assassin: 'What have I done to this man?' he said; 'I may have offended him unintentionally.' 'No, my son,' replied monsieur, 'you never saw, never offended this man; he could have no personal enmity against you.' 'He is then a madman,' observed the duke. He was most anxious for the arrival of the king (Louis IXVIII.): I shall not have time,' he said, 'to ask for this man's pardon;' and then added, 'promise me, my father, promise me, my brother, that you will solicit his pardon from the king.'

. . . .

"Three bulletins had been dispatched to the palace of the Tuileries. At five o'clock, A. M., the king arrived. The true statement of the prince's danger had not been made to him. The dying man, hearing the noise of the horses in the street, seemed to rally; and on the king's entrance, rousing himself as for the purpose—'Give me your hand, my uncle,' he said, 'that I may kiss it for the last time.' The king approached, overwhelmed by his grief, and embraced his nephew; when the Duc de Berry earnestly exclaimed: 'Grant me, my uncle, the life of *the man!*' 'You are not so ill as you imagine,' answered the king, deeply affected; 'we will speak of this another time.' 'The king does not say yes,' observed the prince, still persisting in his entreaty, 'pardon for this man, that I may die in peace!' then, after a short interval, 'This man's pardon would, however, have softened my last moments;' and, while his accents became imperfect by the near approach of death, he still murmured, 'At least let me carry with me the hope that a fellow-creature's blood will not be shed for me after my death!' The king inquired, in Latin, of M. Dupuytren, his opinion of the prince. His reply was a gesture that left no hope to his majesty. Still, there was a return of some strength, and momentary relief from the excitement of the meeting with the king; and the Duc de Berry signified his uneasiness that his rest should have been disturbed, begging him to return to his bed; but his Majesty replied, '*My* night is over, my son; it is now five o'clock, and I shall not quit you.' Day, in fact, then dawned on the expiring martyr—about to awake amidst angels, at a moment when he was accustomed on earth to shake off the bonds of sleep. Feeling his end drawing near, 'It is now over!' he said, and added, on hearing a burst of sorrow from the princess, 'Take her hence, my father; her sobs distract me!' Her royal highness was borne forcibly from the room to one adjoining; but on promising to be more calm, she was suffered to return to that in which her dying husband was. Every shadow of hope had fled, and the most alarming symptoms had appeared. The Duc de Berry desired to be turned on the other side. The medical men opposed this, but the royal patient insisted. He was heard to murmur 'Holy Virgin. have mercy on me!' These were his last words. He was turned on his left side, as he wished. In an instant every faculty had fled. When removed from the sight of her husband, the duchess lost all self-command, and gave herself up to the most frightful despair. To the Comtesse de Gontant she cried, 'Madame, I confide my daughter to you;—my husband is dead, and I also will die!' And then, breaking from those who would have prevented her, she flew back to the chamber of death, and, overthrowing every thing that stopped her progress, she flung herself, screaming, on the body of her husband. The Duc de Berry had just expired! In vain the glass of the king's snuff-box was placed on his lips—the breath of life was extinct! It had returned to God! Every one present fell upon his knees; united in tears and prayer, every eye was turned to heaven. 'I have a last duty to perform,' said the king, when urged to retire:—'I have a last duty to perform towards my son!' Leaning on M. Dupuytren's arm, he approached the bed, closed the eyes of the dead, and, tenderly kissing his hand, withdrew without uttering a word. The spectaters silently dispersed."

STANZAS

For the Olio.

Now slowly sinks the glittering orb of day,
And misty shadows hover o'r the plain ;
The sun behind yon hill has pass'd away,
And night once more assumes its gloomy reign.

Now glides the moon high o'er the peaceful lake,
And gently casts its pale beams from afar;
Or, where the gathering clouds at distance break,
Appears, in bright array, the evening star.

'Tis now the hour when fancy's magic sway
Can thrill to ecstacy the youthful heart;
Or memory now a busy part will play,
And bid each ray of happiness depart.

Can there be one who at this silent hour
No fond remembrance of the past can move,
Of some sweet scenes, or now deserted bower,
Some long-forgotten tale of early love.

Oh, night! too soon thy dusky shadows fly,
Oft with regret I mourn thy transient reign.
And when the last faint sunbeams leave the sky,
I gladly welcome thy return again.

Long ere the hand of time had rudely swept
One trace of pleasure from my inmost mind,
I've watch'd the wavering stars while others slept,
And fancied music in the evening wind.

Perhaps, now in regions far remote from this,
Some dear-loved friend is gazing on that beam,
Who, lost amidst the varied scenes of bliss,
Thinks of the feast, as of a midnight dream,

From *me* the dreams of life have passed away,
And retrospection chills each rising flame;
The fairest flowers of hope I've seen decay,
And all that's left of pleasure is the name.

H.F.S.

WALTER VIVIAN, THE CORNISH SMUGGLER.

Continued from page 283.

Vivian was speedily made acquainted with the conditions on which he was wafted to the western world. But remonstrance was in vain. Money he had none—friends he dared not seek—escape he dared not attempt—complaint he dared not utter, for his employers, or rather his *owners*, had been made acquainted with his name, his conduct, and the transaction which had exposed him to the resentment of the government and the laws. The terrors of outlawry were still held over his head; each emotion of disappointment only provoked new indignities, and riveted more closely his chains. Letter after letter he wrote to his wife and family, but they never found an exit from Virginia. Years rolled on—time silvered his locks—hard and galling labour bent his form—sorrow ploughed deep its furrows on his brow—but of wife, or home, or friends, he had literally heard nothing. His wife alone lived in his heart; but none knew the anguish that corroded and wasted that heart.

We cannot follow him through the latter part of his eventful life in America. Twelve years he passed, in a state of slavery. At length an irruption of the Indians opened a new chapter in his history. A band of these redmen of the wood broke in on the repose of his master during the night, and destroyed, in one conflagration, the greater part of his household, all his buildings and wigwams, and nearly all his property. Our hero and his owner's child made their escape, but were retaken by the Indians, and carried up the country. The interesting incidents of the succeeding seven years would fill a volume; but we must pass them over.

When nearly twenty years in America, and the last seven of the twenty in its deepest forests, where no white man had been seen before, he was permitted to return to the coast, or rather his departure was connived at, by the chief of the tribe. He there obtained permission to work his passage to England. He was landed in Cornwall, a forlorn man, emaciated with grief, like one who had risen from the dead, to search among the tombs for the remains of those he had left alive at his departure. He bent his way, leaning on an old bamboo walking stick, towards the beautiful village where he had laughed, and roamed, and been beloved in childhood. He had travelled during the night—a summer's night—from Falmouth. Day had broken long before he reached it. His heart beat with increasing pulsation the nearer he approached it. The sun shone bright in the sky, when he arrived at the high land that overlooks it. It was as still and beautiful as ever, as if, like him, it had just awakened from a sleep of twenty years. The river was as placid—the bay as serene—the smoke, curling up among the trees, as clear and blue—the fishermen preparing their nets as silently—as he had seen them yesterday in his dream. The grass in the church-yard did not seem to have been trodden—the bell in the tower did not appear to have been rung since the day of his marriage. There was a small trim lugger in the harbour, which might have passed for the eldest daughter of his own *Belle Amy*—but he could look no longer—fancy was touching a tender and a painful chord: he wiped the tear from his cheek, and paced on in gloom and silence.

Unhappy man! Unaltered as the village externally appeared, it had within, as regarded him, undergone a melancholy change. The house where he first beheld the light, and which was occupied by his elder brother when he last saw it, was now tenantless. The windows were broken, the doors off their hinges, and the roof fallen in. And his wife, too, was dead! For six years she had mourned his absence—day after day had looked for his return, or some tidings of his fate. Her aged grandmother divided with her her small annuity—her friends consoled her—the smile of her infant daughter lightened her melancholy—hope flattered her till its monitions had no longer any charm—her own heart, so early desolate, so wedded to her exiled husband, repelled as long as it could the dark misgivings of despair; but it was a broken heart—its chords were all rent—it burst, and she died! The Vivians, if they knew, never disclosed the fate or the destination of their brother. They even attributed to his roving disposition his neglect of his wife and his indifference towards his family.

When the first violent pangs of affliction were over, Walter found in his blooming daughter, born a few weeks after his departure, that charm of life which he expected to find in her mother. Both brothers had died, just as the last remnant of their wealth had begun to melt away; but this remnant had descended to the orphan child. She grew an untended rose, without a sister, beautiful as her mother, unconscious of the sorrow which had deprived her of one parent, or of the love which had restored to her another. Life would have been a burden to the exile, but for this child. He would, ere a few moons, have slept by his Tracy's side, but for this tie on mortality. Her smile gave him new life, her vivacity restored him to convalescence, the lineaments of her face carried him back to earlier days; the tones of her voice, the gentleness of her manners, the intuitive fondness she manifested for the worn-out man, weaned him from his cares. He gazed on her with a pure delight which none but a father—which none but a father such as he—can feel.

The contraband trade had greatly diminished when Vivian returned from exile. His enemies either slept in the churchyard, or at the bottom of the sea, or had, by the process of nature, been divested of their jealousies; for he found that all his neighbours were his friends. The place was indeed secluded; but he was considered to be old, and frail; and if the government knew of his return, certain it is they did not molest him. No magistrate inquired into his conduct; and in the society of his daughter he was the happiest of beings. On the sea-beach in the morning he was seen straying with that beloved child; in the cool of the evening they were observed walking together; in the pew at church they sat side by side—his heart beat but for her; her smile, her happiness, were dearer to him than his own life.

But the outlaw was the heir of a dark destiny. It was not fated that the happiness he now experienced should be of long duration. The snatches of impassioned felicity he had enjoyed were but angel visits. They were to his heart like the occasional drop of rain to the parched lip of the Arab in the desart. They but excited hopes which, alas! were not to be realised. He had suffered more than most men, but he had not yet suffered enough. He had drank deeply of the cup of misery, but he had not yet half quaffed its contents; and he was doomed to drain these to the very dregs. The angel's tear, if it had fallen on his early sins, had not yet washed them from the records of heaven. The penitent had not been absolved. He had the blood of his fellow-men on his breast; a dark, lurid, damning spot, which a whole life of anguish could not wipe away.

Tracy Vivian was young and beautiful, full of life and vivacity; her eye the deep luscious blue of ripe youth, her cheek streaked with the rose, her brow pale as the purest Parian, her lip round and ruby, her step light, and her smile soft, tranquil, and lovely as the beam

> "of that fair star
> That guides the wandering seaman through
> the deep."

But the smile from that full eye bespoke the malady that was soon to carry her to the grave. Its light was speedily to be quenched, and the girl so doted upon was ere long to sleep far below the lilies of the valley, and her father once more to walk the earth a childless, desolate man.

In the midst of life, Tracy was on the threshold of the tomb. More rapidly and imperceptibly than is usual with that insidious destroyer, she pined away. Her father's prayers availed not. He called on God to take him, and spare his child; but the lamb only could be accepted as the sacrifice. The bloom lingered on her cheek, her eye beamed more bright, but the tones of her voice daily became more than mortal. The old man gazed upon her as serenely as ever; her smile was returned with undiminished affection; but the dew of the sepulchre was on her brow. Medicine could not arrest the progress of the disorder. For a whole winter she was confined to her room; from the adjoining one, except when with his daughter, Walter never absented himself. The spring came, but it was only autumn to her. The beam of the morning summer sun could not restore the vigour of the past year. She gradually became weaker and weaker, nearer and nearer her dissolution. At length from her bed she could not rise. All that man could do—all that the intercessions of the pious could offer—were done and offered in vain. Her hand was moist and warm, but her frame was attenuated; her eye was increased in lustre, but her cheek was pale; or if otherwise, the suffusion which brightened it was but the hectic intermissions of fever. She felt no pain, but she was dying apace. For three weeks previous to her demise, her father never quitted her chamber. He sat by her bedside, a silent figure, in whose countenance there was no other expression than that of subdued, speechless unalloyed, consuming sorrow.

One night only did the solitude of the room tempt him to divulge audibly the pangs that wrung his bosom. It was far in the morning, when the patient had fallen into one of those brief slumbers with which she was occasionally visited and relieved at that hour; the nurse had retired for the same purpose. The moon, as it shone over the silvery estuary, darted its waning ray into the sick apartment. All around, in heaven and on earth, was still as the grave. The moon itself was an emblem of death. Its ray was feeble; it was in the decline, and it was near the setting. Favoured by the stillness, Vivian left his chair, and approached the window. He knelt on the floor, and by aid of the moonlight opened a large family Bible which lay on the table, and clasping his hands over it, he addressed himself to the Deity, in a strain of humble penitence and fervent supplication. The faint stream of light fell upon his withered features; his tears dropped on the sacred volume; and his hands were stretched upwards, while he besought forgiveness for his sins. Strange as it may appear, he was uniform in his belief, that the affliction of his daughter was a punishment on *him* for his yet unpropitiated transgressions. He believed that the intensity of his affection for his child was made the instrument of his punishment. Consequently, while he asked pardon for himself, he believed that its concession would include the suspension of the divine decree passed upon the life of Tracy, and her restoration to health, as an evidence of successful atonement.

To be concluded in our next.

PANORAMA OF STIRLING.

> "The tide of life, swift always in its course,
> May run in cities with a brisker force;
> But no where with a current so serene,
> Or half so clear, as in this *Stirling* scene."

By attending the private inspection of Mr. R. Burford's *Panorama of Stirling*, a spot so celebrated by Miss Porter in her "Scottish Chiefs," and also by many other writers, we feel pleasure in introducing this beautiful composition to our readers. The delightful situation chosen by the artist, for a view of one of the finest prospects in Scotland, is exactly adapted to his well-known scenic powers. Our impression is, in this performance, that fidelity is identified in the delineation of the luxuriant and picturesque scenery so richly illustrated by pleasing objects; and that the structure of the "bonny wee town," partially viewed by the spectator, by reason of the rugged and impending rock on which the Castle securely stands in gigantic strength, is perfectly correct. On this rock (as our readers are aware) the Castle was often the residence of the Kings of Scotland; and in which "Jamie" spent the whole of his minority, under the tuition of Buchanan. In the rebellion, it was defended by Blackeney, and sustained repeated and successful warfare.

The "Carse of Stirling," on the one side, is dexterously extended, far and wide into the bosom of romantic amplitude, and arrayed in all the charms of pictorial beauty:—the fertile Forth assumes its dappled tracks through enchanting and diversified portions of the country, sinewing itself into playful and attractive peninsulas of the most exquisitely touching affinities. On the other side, the Highland mountains, like the guardians of Nature, intended to protect the more genial growth of sylvan culture, give a closing and calm relief to the prolific vernabries of the Strath of Monteith—so that

> " —— the whole might seem
> The scenery of a fairy dream."

The eye is carried forward, with surprising reality, from the towns of Alloa, Clackmannan, Falkirk, and along the Frith of Forth, till the landscape allures it over the country to Edinburgh.

Another admirable feature, of inspiring interest, is the representation of the annual meeting of the Highland Society. The space in the esplanade, allotted to this purpose, though not the precise historic spot of the battle of Bannockburn, is disposed with judgment; and, in this particular, enhances the value of the Panorama; inasmuch as it leads the mind to reflection and the heart to the effect produced. The Scottish sceneries are reposed in varied tints, and the lurid waters relieve the sun and shade with the pencil of truth to nature. A corresponding unity pervades the painting, which is as worthy of the talent of Mr. Burford as any of his foreign predecessors. The lovers of the pretty bits in the Fine Arts will be delighted by the reality of the soldiers going into the Castle—the gardener—the sheep feeding among the ridges—the little vessels tracing the waters—the holes in the road—the tinted moss—the combat—the piper—the lassies—the assemblies in their gaieties as spectators—the soldiers—a Highland gallant leading a beautiful woman down the steps, actually *stepping* out of the canvas—the female reading—the playful child, and the dog watching the sport—the group near the Castle wall—with other attractive beautiful specimens of nature.

So far from the density of the atmosphere being unfavourable to the representation, as some may suppose, our friends may be assured, it is quite the reverse; and that, having once viewed Mr. Burford's performance, they will not be satisfied without the treat of a second sight in the realms of mist.

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature, like the dawn of sunny day,
Beams forth a smile of pleasure in its ray.

J.S.P.

Varieties.

Clay-eaters.—— The hamlet of Uruana is inhabited by the Otomacs, one of the rudest of the American tribes. These Indians swallow quantities of earth for the purpose of allaying hunger. When the waters are low they live on fish and turtles; but when the rivers swell, and it becomes difficult to procure that food, they eat daily a large portion of clay. Humboldt found in their huts heaps of it in the form of balls, piled up in pyramids three or four feet high. This substance is fine and unctuous, of a yellowish gray colour, containing silica and alumina, with three or four per cent. of lime. Being a restless and turbulent people, with unbridled passions, and excessively given to intoxication, the little village of Uruana is more difficult to govern than any of the other missions. By inhaling at the nose the powder obtained from the pods of the *Acacia niopo*, they throw themselves into a state of intoxication bordering on madness, that lasts several days, during which dreadful murders are committed. The most vindictive cover the nail of the thumb with the curare poison, the slightest scratch being thus sufficient to produce death. When this crime is perpetrated at night they throw the body into the river. "Every time," said the monk, "that I see the women fetch water from a part of the shore to which they do not usually go for it, I suspect that a murder has been committed in my mission."

Good Accommodations.—On the first evening of the late convention in New England, a teamster drove up to the door of one of the principal inns, and asked, "Can I have a bed?"—"No!"—"Well—part of a bed!"—"Every bed in the inn has two at least."—"Can you let me sleep in the parlour?"—"No! we are going to put up seventeen beds there directly."—"Lend me a buffalo skin, I will stretch somewhere and discommodate nobody." "No! I shan't have you in the entry; we shall be up all night, and I don't want any folks *clittering* and sprawling about the floor where people are passing all the time."—"Well! you are an accommodating fellow. I say (pointing to the coat-rack), what will you take to let me hang all night on one of them there pegs?" The disconcerted landlord at once said, that an effort should be made to accommodate such a good humoured fellow.—*Amer. paper.*

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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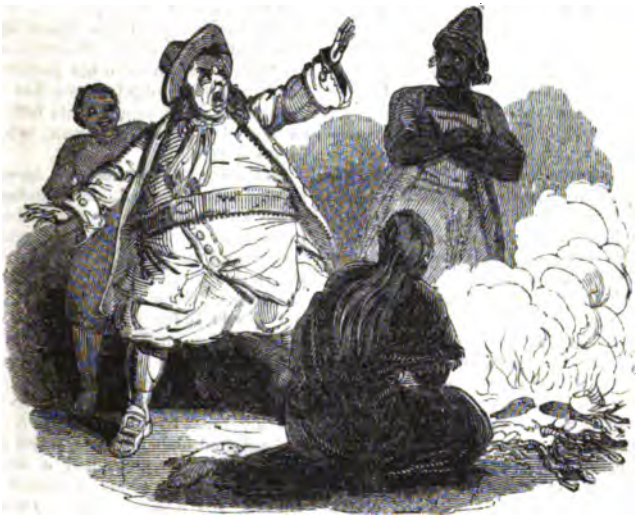

See page 323

Illustrated Article.

JOACHIM THE MALAY;

OR, THE

DOOM OF GABRIEL DROOGSLOOT.

A Legend of the Devil's Mountain.

FOR THE OLIO.

WHILE an inhabitant of Cape Town, it was my lot to become acquainted with a good-natured old Dutchman, named Klaas Van Winkelboom; from him I had the circumstances on which the following tale is founded, which occurred a few years previous to the settlement of the English in the colony, shewing the evil effects of the ill-treatment of slaves, who were completely under the despotic sway of their masters in the time of the Dutch. The particulars of this occurrence, my informant himself extracted from a Malay boy, who witnessed the transaction. Having thus given the reader to understand the source from whence my materials were derived, I commence my narrative without further preliminary.

"Peter, I say," roared old Cornelius Van Klomp, "Peter, thou black rascal, where art thou ?"

"Here, massa," responded Peter.

"Run for thy lantern then, immediately, and light Mynheer Droogsloot home."

"Ias massa, him fetch him lantern 'rectly, massa."

"Donner an hugel! haste thee then, thou sooty scoundrel," growled the impatient Dutchman; "quick, I say," and he added a kick to his exclamation that might have stove in the ribs of a bullock, which tended to accelerate the motions of the slave, who made his exit, howling piteously from the effects of his salutation.

Gabriel Droogsloot, who was a rich merchant of Cape Town, had been carousing with his friend, Van Klomp; they had kept up their baccanalian devotions to a late hour, and the potent effects of the schedam, which he had swallowed in deep and copious quantities, had reduced him to that condition, which sometimes passes under the denomination of "how came you so;" still he was not so far gone, but he could manage to stagger homewards, with the help of a stout bamboo, and by leaning the other arm on the shoulder of the slave, who now made his appearance with the light.

The residence of Van Klomp was situated in Table Valley, about a mile from the precincts of Cape Town; the night was fine, and the firmament was studded with innumerable twinkling stars; but still it was dark, for the moon had not yet risen; the weather was sultry and oppressive, and Droogsloot (in whose composition fat was the most luxuriant commodity) felt the effects of it; for the perspiration had soaked entirely through his dress of white linen, and poured down his forehead in streams; his person was enormous; in height he exceeded six feet; in rotundity he exceeded the compass of a nine leaguer; one of those characters who think no sum too great to expend upon their own gluttonous appetite, but will not produce a stiver to deliver a friend from a dungeon; his sordid and selfish disposition was only to be equalled by the petty tyranny that he exercised at home towards his family; and the brutal cruelty with which he treated his slaves, one of whom had lately absconded, and was supposed to have joined a horde of runaway convicts and slaves, who had taken refuge among the mountains, and subsisted by plunder. This loss, obviously, occupied his attention; for, as he stumbled, he muttered a torrent of imprecations upon the head of the slave who had deserted from him.

"Oh, hagel!" he exclaimed, "an that scoundrel Joachim, that villainous Malay, who cost me five hundred good dollars, come again into my hands, I'll flay him alive—I'll———"

"He, he, he," grinned Peter, "massa, gib him taste o' de sambuck, he, he,—dis way massa," continued he, leading Gabriel out of the beaten path; had he not been blind as a bat from the liquor he had taken, he would have perceived that Peter was guiding him in a direction totally opposite to that of his destined course; the dusky outline of the Devil's Mountain might have been discerned straight before them; but he was unconscious of the error, and onwards they went, Peter's lantern just serving to make 'darkness visible.' They had not proceeded far, when Peter cautiously blew out the light, and judging from the disposition of the man whom he was conducting, what his reward for this unceremonious transaction would probably be, he very prudently hopped out of the jurisdiction of Mynheer's cane, and in another moment, he clapt his fingers into his mouth, and produced a peculiar whistle; immediately a confused sound of voices, and the noise of footsteps, were heard; Droogsloot coupled the name of his attendant with every description of execration that came to his assistance; and lifting his cudgel above his head, dropped it at random; in its fall it encountered the skull of a man, who fell from the visitation.

His triumph lasted not long, however; he was seized, bound, and (elephantine as he was in bulk) whipped off his legs in an instant, placed on the back of a horse, and the whole party set off at a smart pace towards the foot of the Devil's Mountain. All this was transacted without words being exchanged on either side; neither could Droogsloot extract a syllable from his unknown assailants during their journey. After having travelled in this manner about two miles, the acclivity became too steep for the animal, and Gabriel was forced to dismount. They approached a deep ravine, up which they pursued their course: the sharp pointed rocks cut their way through Mynheer's thin slippers, and lacerated his feet dreadfully, though they had no effect upon those of his companions, which were harder than tanned bull's hide. They were now materially assisted on their way by the light of the moon, which was rising in cloudless majesty from behind the Hottentots' Holland mountains; illuminating with its splendour this scene of wildness. The breeze rustled among the silver trees which covered the hill's side; the harsh cry of the night bird was mingled with the thundering sound of the mountain stream, which, in consequence of heavy rains, had swelled to a torrent, and rushed impetuously downwards, sweeping away everything that impeded its course. They followed its tract a considerable distance, and their hands were often called to their aid in climbing over the rocky precipices that obstructed their progress. All this time was the miserable Dutchman driven on like an ox to the slaughter. The party now ascended the side of the hill, dragging their victim through a thick underwood of bush and brambles, which had well nigh deprived him of his nether garment. At length their career was stayed by a perpendicular mass of grey stone, rising more than fifty feet in height: one of the men piped a shrill whistle, which was soon answered from above, and a glimmering light shewed several figures flitting to and fro on the brink of the precipice. A rope was lowered, to which a capacious basket was attached; the huge form of Droogsloot was with some difficulty stowed therein, and, on a signal being given, he was hoisted up to the top of the rock, as also the goodly company who escorted him thither.

When landed on *terra firma*, Gabriel found himself in the society of some twelve or fourteen men; and as far as he could judge from the imperfect light, they were all blacks, who conducted their prisoner round a prominent granite rock, and entered a fissure that was wide enough to permit the passage of the burly Hollander, when they entered a spacious cavern, glowing with the light of a sort of flambeau, composed of unravelled rope-yarns, dipped in melted fat, stuck in the midst of a heap of stones. In the centre of the cave an old Malay woman was discovered, seated on the ground, nearly enveloped in smoke, by the side of a wood fire, in the employment of cooking some dried fish: her features were striking and prominent; the long, matted, grey hair fell over her back; her attire was tattered and ragged; a sheep's hide was drawn round her, in which she endeavoured to muffle herself as closely as possible, excepting when she occasionally stretched out her emaciated bony fingers to turn the fish upon the embers. Her wrinkled face assumed an expression of astonishment as Droogstool made his appearance; as well it might, for such a deplorable figure was rarely presented to human eyes before. He was pale, breathless, and woe-begone; his garments were torn, and the blood streamed down his legs, from the rude assaults of the brambles. He now for the first time encountered the piercing gaze of the Malay, Joachim, his runaway slave, who stood with his arms folded, and his eyes steadily fixed on his late master. Joachim was a tall, finely-formed man, possessed of features strikingly handsome; he was habited in a long dark green jacket, open in front, and which disclosed a red shawl neatly folded across his breast; his trousers were formed of dark cloth, his feet were bare, and his head was covered with a conical hat, composed of rushes. The dreadful conviction now flashed across the mind of Droogsloot that he was brought hither to be butchered—for well he knew that the revenge of a Malay was deep and terrible. It also occurred to him that Peter must have been in league with the runaways, and had betrayed him into the hands of his enemy; this idea was soon confirmed, for casting his eyes round, he beheld the swarthy visage of Peter grinning from amidst the group.

"Thou wilt not murder me, good Joachim!" exclaimed the Dutchman, in a supplicating tone; "thou can'st not do it,—have mercy for"—

"Do'st thou talk of mercy, Mynheer Droogsloot," said the Malay, "who had none for me when I was flayed by thy orders, for attempting to defend that innocent boy from the lash, my own child," (pointing to an urchin sleeping on a rock.) "but I did not speak of murdering thee.—Joomak," added he, addressing one of his companions, "bind Mynheer's hands, and fasten him to yonder stone, so that he may not escape us."

This command was obeyed with great alacrity by a man with a bloody pate, whose head and Droogsloot's cudgel had been intimately acquainted a short time since.

"But hear me, Joachim; suffer me to depart, I will enrich ye,—I will give thee thy freedom, and"—

"And will discover my retreat," returned Joachim, catching up his words —"and will hang me; but not so, Mynheer, we will not part till I have settled accounts with thee."

Gabriel finding his entreaties of no avail, sank down doggedly by the side of a stone, to which he was tethered, and at length being exhausted by the mental and bodily exertion he had undergone, fell into a broken and restless slumber. In the morning he was aroused by the Malay, placed between two swarthy natives of Mosambique, and conducted out of the cavern. The scene that opened upon them was awfully grand; Cape Town was situated more than two thousand feet below the eminence upon which they stood, the shipping appeared but as small specks upon the deep blue waters of Table Bay; and the Atlantic was visible over the top of the Lion's Head. Table Mountain rose frowningly on one hand, and on the other, the Peak of the Devil's Head, enveloped in clouds, towered high above them; the bright green of the vineyards, which were scattered in small patches below, contrasted strongly with the dusky brown of the mountains; on the opposite side of the Bay were to be seen Tiger Berg, and Groene Kloof, and the view was terminated by immense ridges of mountains.

"Hark ye, Mynheer," said Joachim; "old Hendrik, the boatman, will await us in Hont's Bay this night, and will convey all these wretched creatures, who have been driven hither by the tyranny of their masters along the coast to some place where they may rest from oppression. I have served thee faithfully, and truly, till by thy brutal usage I was driven from thy dwelling; now shalt thou be to me what I was to thee, my slave; thou art in my power, and no earthly price shall rob me of my just revenge. Contentedly would I have toiled for thee until death eased me of my sufferings, had I been requited by kindness; but stripes were my only reward."

"Spare me," groaned Droogsloot, as he grovelled on the earth before the Malay; "Spare me, and I will enrich ye beyond the reach of want."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Joachim, with bitter irony, "thinkest thou I have lived three years beneath thy roof, without knowing where to put my hand upon thy strong hold:—bring forward the chest, Tumak—Behold, Mynheer, the god thou worshippest!"

The man brought an oak chest, strongly bound with iron bars, and studded with large-headed nails. At the sight of the well known treasure, Gabriel uttered a cry of frenzy,—"*Strache* mich *helli!*" he exclaimed, starting on his feet, "shall I bear with this?" and, for a moment seeming to forget his dastardly nature, he sprang on the Malay. The strength of Gabriel, when exerted, was immense; they closed, both fell reeling to the ground; they rolled in each other's grasp to the brink of the precipice; a fragment gave way, and they fell; a deep groan from the Dutchman, and a piercing cry from the Malay, told their fate. Their bodies were dreadfully mangled;—Joachim was already dead, but the other still writhed in his agonies; they lasted not long, however, for an enormous stone rolled clanging down the steep, and falling directly on his head, crushed out his brains in an instant, and at once sealed the doom of Gabriel Droogsloot. WILLIAM HENRY.

THE RED COATED GENTLEMAN.

A FEW evenings before, I had accompanied a friend to a coffee house, intending to read the newspapers whilst he went up to the billiard room. I called for a glass of Dantzic and water, and the *Moniteur*, and while the waiter was bringing them, I looked round at my fellow-loungers. At a table near me sat two grave elderly gentlemen, with powdered heads, and long queus, deep in a game of chess. A knot of young men, most of whom their dress proclaimed to be students, occupied the window in earnest discourse respecting supernatural appearances, and the nature of the human soul; and a singular personage in a kind of scarlet surtout with long skirts, was pacing up and down the room; his hands behind his back, and a gold-headed cane under the left arm. Sometimes he stopped for a moment, and appeared to listen to the argument in the window, and sometimes he looked at the chess-players. The singularity of his figure and countenance completely diverted my attention from the events of the Spanish campaign; and I could think of nothing else. He was below the middle size, bony, and broad-shouldered. By his face I should have judged him about fifty; but a considerable stoop, made him appear, at first, much older. Glossy, pitch-black hair, hung straight and thick about his sallow visage; a long hooked nose drooped over thin and firmly compressed lips; and large dark eyes, whose brilliancy and animation, unnaturally contrasted with the cold impassibility of the other features, glittered beneath shaggy projecting eye-brows. It was altogether a countenance worthy of a hangman, a grand inquisitor, or a captain of banditti.

"The owner of such a face," thought I, "would burn a city, or spike a score of infants for pastime. For worlds I would not travel alone with him through a forest. Surely such a mouth can never have smiled, even in childhood."

In this conclusion, however, I was mistaken; for just then he stopped near the students, and laughed at what they were saying. But—God preserve us! what a laugh! It made my blood run cold. It was a grin of hellish malice—my eyes glanced involuntarily downwards, in expectation of seeing the cloven foot, and, true enough, the feet were not fellows. One, only, resembled a human foot; the other misshapen member was covered by a boot of peculiar form; and yet he did not limp; but, on the contrary, he glided along as gently as if he had been walking on egg-shells, and afraid of crushing them.

I had forgotten the anxiety for news with which I had entered the coffee-house; but I still held the paper in my hand, and looked over it at the hideous being by whom I felt spell-bound.

"Presently, as he was passing the chess-players, one of them said to his adversary in a tone of exultation,—'You are done for at last, I think.' The Red-coat stood still—his dark eye glanced rapidly over the board, and he said, 'You will find yourself mistaken, Sir, you are checkmated at the third move.' His tones were low, sweet, and clear; the player, who had spoken, looked up with a supercilious smile, and the perplexed adversary shook his head incredulously as he moved his piece: he moved again—and 'checkmate.'

The combatants re-marshalled their men, and commenced a new game. The Red-coat pursued his walk, and presently, stopped again, and listened to the discussion in the window. One of the speakers addressed him abruptly, 'You seem interested in our argument, Sir. But your smile would imply that you entertain opposite opinions from mine respecting the divine and human natures. Have you read Schelling?'

"'I have.'

"'And, may I ask, why you smiled just now?'

"'Schelling,' replied the Red-coat, 'is a sharp-witted, sagacious poet, who gives the dexterous flights of his imagination for truths, secure that he can only be answered by other dreams, which required still greater acuteness than his own to defend. Philosophers are still what they have ever been. The blind dispute about the theory of colours and the deaf about the laws of harmony. Just as Alexander would have thrown a bridge up to the moon to carry his conquests into another world—so philosophers, dissatisfied within the boundaries of reason, would carry their arguments beyond it.'

From Lights and Shadows of German Life.

A BELL-RINGER'S NARRATIVE.

For the Olio.

For sorrow, custom, feasting, prize, or gay,
I could pursue the "tenor" of my way:
And I could lead, or follow every change,
In which the bells, delighted, seemed to range.

PREPATRONAGE and patrimony ushered me into this line of life, and the ropes were pulled with more than provincial eloquence at my birth by my joy-feeling relations, that hoped, at least, if they did not leave me land, to leave the free use of the "tufts" in the belfry, as long as I, like the bull in *Cock Robin*, could *pull* them, or let an unprunning eel-like rope slip out of my fingers, through the eyelet holes in the way to the tower loft. At my christening, which did not take place till I was many months old, in a sunny afternoon, when the revel was kept in the kindest spirit of hospitality, it is fanciedly said, I was rejoiced to hear the mounting chime of five silvery-tongued notes sounding softly, loud and louder, in the circumjacent sceneries; and the sweet echoes from a distant mill replied in gratulatory imitation and undulating melody. The first present I received was given me on this signal day, when the flag was hoisted; it was a set of coral bells, which, I am told since by those of my friends present in the church, when my face was sprinkled in the ceremony, I dashed passionately in the curate's arms, and struggled right and left with a hearty cry, to the full satisfaction of my parents and the attending goodies. "Ezekiel's one of the old sort," said uncle Tobit, the best ringer of swine in the county. "Ay, that he is, to a *dead* certainty," uncle Simeon, the blacksmith, a famous ringer of iron-fastening, from ringing the bull to a bed-curtain, replied.

Simeon, or uncle Sim, as he was called, lived over against the churchyard, and his leisure was not unfrequently filled with the "town in danger" tradesmen, that sat and talked the news of weal and wail in the corners of the sign of the Five Bells, a courtyard from the road, or in the smithy.

As I was to be the adopted child, much discussion arose, whether I should follow the calling of my father—a wheelwright, or not; or take my post at the anvil with uncle Simeon; or visit the farmers professionally with uncle Tobit, to be a terror to the nasal organs of the pig-my race, whose "withers were unrung." Many conjectured as to my future greatness; and all agreed that I evinced acuteness of genius. The philoprogenitive prizes of hats and hose were laid by for me when my head and legs were grown large enough to wear them; and, after being taught to wander in a go-cart with tolerable assurance, I commenced and completed my education at the Ma'am's school, where I used to ring the bells under the forms by swinging my legs. No Sunday seminaries, or infant establishments, for *finishing*, being in propagation when I first fingered the Horn-book, and traced the Psalter.

As I grew older, and, I hope, wiser, it was proposed that I should endure a month's trial with each of my uncles. Only imagine the pleasing novelty I felt—in *principio*. Arrived at a large farmer's range of *Augean styes*. I gloried in my strength, and my fingers itched, or rather tingled, like the pseudo-hero in the duel. "We shall have a rare peal to-day, Zehiel," said uncle Tobit. Each of us was arrayed in thick high boots, hedgers' gloves and blue frocks. To forward our operations, we dragged a sturdy spotted urchin forth from his family of the council of ten, squeaking most unmusically, most melancholly. The farmer's daughters and dame, by anticipation, were peeping through the dairy with imploring hands and beseeching looks. The old farmer, leaning calmly over the wicket, and his herdsman beating down the grunting and agitated mother of many generations, as she thrust her opening jaws and awful tusks through an aperture of her adjoining littered dwelling, disdainful of danger, anxious to rush on the foe. When uncle had secured his captive, and pressing the head between his knees, he performed the art, by forcing the sharp points of the ring through the snout—holding the leathers, the pincers and rings, I assisted him. He curled the ends to the nostrils, and with a jerk let off the frightened wight into the paddock, pleased to find the pinch in the nose no worse—the farmer remarking, as he threw a handful of peas, "Egad, thou may'st drill the ground at thy leisure now." One after the other, we *treated* in a similar way, till they were "rung for better or for worse." By attention, at the expiration of the month, I imagined I was able to perform my uncle's art with credit, and he regretted the contract,—to "try my liking" with uncle Sim.

Attired in a Smith's costume, with shirt sleeves curled up to my shoulders, and an apron touching my feet, a badger skin cap and tight and ready for the sparks, I laid one hand on the bellows handle, and stirred the reddening iron in the small-coal, roaring fire with the other, pressing a long pair of forceps, then beating out the yielding metal with might and main on the shining and illuminated anvil. A little experience made me expert in the smithy, and there was no doubt I should make a good bell-hanger.

But for an accident, here necessary to relate, I should have fixed my choice in the penthouse, in preference to reforming the swinish multitude. Recollect it was within sight of the belfry, and I was learning to ring. In a dark winter night when the villagers had retired from the fire to rest, a stranger in knightly gear stopped and dismounted. He held the rein of a beautifully proportioned palfrey as white as snow, advancing with the larger one he rode, and gently lifted off a "lady fair," partly veiled and habited in warm cloth and fur. The wind gushed mournfully by the penthouse, as they entered it. She leant on his shoulder and seemed faint. I called down aunt, half alarmed, who brought her a seat, for she would not go into the house, while uncle examined the palfrey's hoof that had been lamed. She sat down, the stranger requesting speed and clasping her hand to his quivering and whispering lips. As I held the lantern and tool-box to my uncle, I could see the silent tear-drop, chastened on her cheek. As I altered my position, I saw the tall terrific figure of a man, with his horse drawn parallel behind him, wrapped in a cloak, just peeping round the post at the eaves, with a dagger clutched in the fist that clenched his covering. I trembled in the glare of his eyes. As I held the lantern's open door towards the place, never before scared, by goblin grim, or demon shade, my heart almost chilled dead. The lantern dropped from my hold. A pistol was fired—but I knew not at whom—the ball passed my shoulder and stunned the stranger knight. A second report followed—the milk-white palfrey fell. A sudden rush was made by the stranger without at the lady. By the sparks of the forge I saw his arm round her waist, and he mounted quicker than lightning. The tramp of his horse's heels echoed against the walls. The intervals were filled by screams, and the stranger knight recovering his confusion, he drew a pistol from the holster, and with equal quickness mounted his horse, threw down a piece of money, and said—"Bury the poor creature decently—nor let a dog taste its flesh." We complied on the morrow,—gazing wildly through the dim discernment of the spheres.

I began to think a blacksmith's life rather too experimental. Besides, ere my month expired, I received many unfriendly kicks and treads; and pieces of flesh were twice bitten out of my arms by saucy racing fillies, one of which, that appeared to take pleasure in raising levers, had the mechanical assurance, while I was stooping and examining the fetlock, to catch me by the jacket and lift me off the ground, to the horror of uncle and aunt and the man that brought his valuable *vicious* property here. Fortunately, a carter that entered the penthouse at the nick of time, laid the butt end of his whip instanter across the biter's knees, and I was released.

After this, I returned home, commenced using the gouge, the axe, and the lathe, and peacefully pursued my father's business. But during these changes I did not omit an unwearied assiduity to the belfry's movements.—My first efforts, however, long ere this, were called into action, by assisting the sexton in tolling for service or any other occasion. By his leave, I was permitted to go up the belfry ladder, forty feet high, and to ascend the second ladder, into the "divine presence of the bells." In one of these flights, while but a boy, and flights of fancy they might be called, my doom was nearly sealed. None but myself knew that I was up in the tower among the bells, when the peal begun. I heard the ropes on the *qui vive*, saw the wheels gently moving and inducing the bells to swing; with more address than instant fear, I squeezed myself into the crevice of light in the tower window. The first bell swung close every turn within a hair's breadth of me. Had I moved but my shadow, I must have been beaten to atoms. The tower rocked like a cradle. In this situation I remained, dead to sound, yet without half apprehension of my imminent danger, for a full hour. After the rising bells had set—what a suspension!—they rested but a minute, and I gladly perceived the peal was ringing down. This ended, I leaped from the cranny, and descending the ladder, found my feet safe on the stone floor at the bottom, but the door locked. By knocking it loudly, the sexton rose from a grave he was digging by the porch, and almost doubted if I were a spectre, or the bodily form of Ezekiel. By his starting back and his wild gaze he feared the living more than the dead. Years succeeded to this event; and the muffled sounds for a ringer's funeral delighted me exquisitely. So far from being discouraged, I resolved to be a ringer.

My father's love of ringing was too great for his success in business; and that I was equally unfit, he proved by finding me in an empty barn in my childhood, pulling a rope slung cross a beam, and a clog of wood fastened to its end, with a parcel of latten bells to equipoise the exertion and make a jingle. When I made progress in the science of ringing, and began to choose for myself, I disobliged my father and uncles by tramping to the metropolis; and, by lodging at a bell-hanger's, found my way into the society of some of the most scientific in hand-bell and steeple ringing. But my deficiency here was obvious and humiliating for many years, though I practised without intermission, and could raise the heaviest tenor somewhat easily. I loved the science—my heart was in it. I loved the melody—my spirit adored it. I calculated the alternations with delight. Like the artificial characters in algebra, I resolved numbers by mental application, and mixed in the clubs of ringers with rapture. At length the sweet clapper of a *belle* woke my heart to the tender passion.

I married the daughter of a ringer who had been one of the leaders of the college youths, College Hill. Year after year, I rung muffled peals for brethren—*feu de joie* for victories—for festivals, weddings, and coronations: for peace, anniversaries, and prizes: drank many healths and happiness in the belfry, and I led off in the muffled peal for the celebrated Isaac Bond at Sutton.

A ringer's life, it is but too true, varies like the changes of the bells, subservient to his will. While he imparts tones of feeling to others, he is rarely recompensed for his study and time. This was my case, but I could not give in for all that. My wife and children, sometimes, pealed in my ears for support—I launched forth in the service, and how could I retract it? I passed through the evolutions with praise that bells are heirs to. Now I am an old decrepit man, my sons succeed to my harmonies and pleasures, satisfied to bear the discords; and I am content to fill the place of *Sexton*, by creeping up and down the dark stairs in the church of St. M—n, in the Strand, till all of life be over with me.

J.R.P.

AN UNFORUNATE SCHOOL-MASTER.

I opened a school, and I married a wife,
But soon found that both were the plagues of my life:
My scholars paid nothing, my wife was a scold,
So I shut up the school, and the furniture sold;
But to quit plague the second, in vain I endeavour—
The law of the land says she's mine, and for ever.

SONG WRITERS AND SONG-SINGERS OF CHRISTMAS TIDE.

THOSE heralds of Christmas, the carollers of the streets have made their debut in the usual minor key,—

'The first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one—'

with the antistrophe,

'God rest you merry gentlemen.'

We are not displeased with these premonitory stanzas, for they remind us—first, that the 'old year' is passing the boundary of Time; secondly, that we must set our domestic comforts in order for the reception of friends, and regulate our visiting cards so as not to disappoint, or clash, like vehicles meeting unexpectedly in a lane, and be obliged to retrograde, thereby losing the forelock of opportunity, and, consequently, the pleasures derivable from it; and thirdly, that a 'new year' will approach, almost before we are prepared to enter over the threshold of *Januarius*, to offer our thanksgiving in becoming salutations. But, as we may fall into the presence of those lightfooted, sprightly-hearted, and sweet-voiced 'young folks,' who aspire to greater pretensions in musical science than those whom we have noticed in the prolegomena, we cannot avoid intimating, that the prevailing taste of 'song-writing' is any thing but calculated to unite good fellowship, produce a fine moral example, or to make us love each other with more ardour, or cement the vibrations of friendship into closer harmony. Nine-tenths of the verses adapted to notes are sheer nonsense; not containing sentiment, feeling, precept, humour, or seasonable application. When Dibdin's songs were in vogue, and when Moore's melodies were dogs'-eared on the pianoforte stand, the heart derived at least a portion of cheering response to sound.—Nothing proved the good effect of this more strongly than the untiring repetition they elicited, and the popularity they acquired by their dwelling in the mind and living in the utterance. A few fastidious creatures—pitiable creatures!—cavilled at the frankness of Dibdin's airs, and pronounced Moore's sweetly poetic effusions as being like some of the songs of Solomon—'sick with love.' But, in what modern piece does there exist that fervour, which constitutes the essential of words incorporated with the essential of tones? Many exceptions we confess might be favourably instanced out of the magnitude of the compositions current and patronised. But, generally speaking, pretty, silly verses, are put into sing-song metrical version, for a pretty actress to shine through the variations of a play. The copyright is secured:—it makes its way into the shop windows, reaches the boudoir—it is rehearsed on the keys in the circle of kindness; and the operator, after eulogising the talent of a Cawse, or a Waylett, gives specimens of imitations, inimitably pathetic. But, we would not be understood as undervaluing any efforts made in behalf of willingness to please, for this is a practical principle of philosophy; we merely deprecate the encouragement given by persons interested in recommending nonsense miscalled poetry; and pity, the blindness of parents, or reprehend the craft of flattery in others, who knowing better, sit for hours bedaubing the tyro, fixing her to her music stool, misleading her little knowledge, and after an evening's display, settling her in the belief she has attained to the perfection of a public performer. Well, if such will persist in this indomitable practice through the season of 'toast and ale'—'mince pies'—'brawn,' and the dainties concocted, emulative of the housewife's superior skill to make the 'lords of the creation' happy—we are induced to offer them a couple, or rather, *duet of verses*, consonant with the style and taste of the season and its patrons. The first is said to be composed for, or by, a young lady, and will chime with any modern tune. It is characteristic of the tone which is now assumed in the coteries of fashionable life, and, of course, very worthy of being recited and sung.

I KNOW 'TIS HE.

I know 'tis he—the gallant youth,
Pass'd as I sat at tea;
His single eye was cock'd with truth,
And fired direct at me.
I know him by his martial nose,
His waist and seedy hat;
Mamma may scold—Papa oppose—
I'll love him more for that.

I know 'tis he! None other swain
Would knock with such address;
His impudence is sure to gain
My most sincere caress!
'My Beau Mamma!'—'Papa? my Beau!'
Come round the garden plat;
Old folks must not our secrets know,
We'll take good care of that.

The second, if not a parody on some of our popular airs, deserves to rank in the same line, as it might be supposed to have emanated from the pen of a clerk or Smithfield salesman. It runs thus—

I saw at the Poultry stand,
The feathers picking round her;
She grasped a turkey in her hand,
And with a goose I found her;
The pheasants by their heels were hung,
The snipes exposed their bills,
And every time of game she sung,
She praised their native hills.

I watch'd her fingers skin the hares,
The Hampshire rabbits draw;
She thought not of the many snares
Which caught them, spite of *law*.
My heart was snared; but then, I feared
If I confess'd its thrills,
I should be picked, and plucked, and reared
Far from my native h-ills.

Having sufficiently strummed over the specimens, we return to anticipate their effect; and trust that the *Waits* will shew them up to the ears of our young citizens and their romantic ladies *con amore*,—and during the midnight perambulations,

Though discords make 'rough music' in the ears,
Mirth will succeed, and concord crown the spheres.

OLIO.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST FAREWELL

For the Olio.

He has sighed his farewell, he has shed his last tear,
On the land where his infancy flourished;
He has gazed for the last time, on all that was dear—
On all that his fond hopes had nourished.
Yet he did not regret the lost pleasures of youth—
The hopes that so early were blighted:
For well he remembered, that founded on truth
Had been all that his fancy delighted.

He has gone—but ah! not to that feverish clime
Where the sun's scorching rays shall molest him;
When oft, as he listened, the loud pealing chime
With remembrance of home had depressed him.
No more shall his breast, by the nightbreeze be fanned,
Nor with transports of ecstasy burn;
For he's hastened away to that far distant land,
From whence he can never return.

Ne'er again shall he roam a sad pilgrim on earth,
Nor undauntedly brave the rude billow:
But calmly he rests in the land of his birth,
O'ershadowed by cypress and willow.
How oft has he faultering whispered farewell,
When the tempest of fate bade us sever:
But 'tis past—he has gone—'twas the last parting knell,
And now, he has sighed it for ever.

HENRIETTA ———

FORTITUDE.

Fortitude, like a needle, points its course,
And, unsubdued, maintains a victor's force.

J.R.P.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF MOHAMMED ALEE PASHA.

MOHAMMED ALEE was born in the year of the Hegira 1182 (1769), at Cavalla (Cowalah), a small town of Roumelia, where his father was an officer in the troops of the governor. Although his education was entirely neglected, he gave proofs at an early age of a subtle and penetrating genius, an active imagination, and an enterprising disposition, which appeared to presage at that time the lofty destinies he has been called to fulfil. In his youth he had occasion to give a proof of his courage and prudence, in recalling to their duty the inhabitants of a village which had revolted against the authorities of Cavalla. This action gained for him the confidence of the chiefs and the attachment of a lady, whom he afterwards married, and by whom he had three sons, Ismail, Toussoum, and Ibrahim. A particular circumstance placed him at the head of a body of 300 men, whom the district of Cavalla sent to Egypt, by order of the Grand Signor, against the French, on their taking possession of that country. Scarcely had he joined the Ottoman army, when he distinguished himself by the bravery of his conduct, of which he gave successive proofs in the different actions in which he was engaged with the republican troops.

I shall not follow Mohammed Alee in his military career: I hasten to that moment when, after having passed through every rank—after having met with all the vicissitudes incident to the profession of arms—after having been alternately blamed and rewarded by his superiors, he was chosen governor of Egypt, by a deputation of shekhs, on the 14th of March, 1805. The country was then a prey to all the horrors of intestine divisions, fomented by a number of tyrants, known by the name of beys, or memlooks. He thwarted their schemes of opposition; and two months after his election (the 9th July, 1805) he was recognised by the Sublime Porte as Pasha of Egypt.

The English observed with displeasure that tranquillity was about to be re-establish, by the energy of a single man, in a country which they had coveted, and whose commotions daily afforded a new stimulus to their pretensions. They declared openly against the government of Mohammed Alee, whose plans overthrew their long-cherished hopes. The British ambassador at Constantinople demanded his removal; and the agents of the cabinet of London excited new commotions. Their efforts succeeded with the Porte, which gave orders to Mohammed Alee to quit his pashalic, and take possession of that of Salonica; but he contrived to gain time by divers pretexts, until his services decided the Grand Signor to leave in Egypt the only man who was capable of governing it at such a critical moment, and of preserving it for the Ottoman empire.

The defeat of the English at Rosetta, at the time of their unsuccessful expedition in 1807, and their expulsion from Egypt, the annihilation of the memlooks, the wars against the Wahabees, and the conquests of the Hedjaz, Cordofan, and Sennar, were, at a later period, so many claims to the increase of favour and esteem he enjoyed from the sultan. His ambition has alone prevented him from maintaining it. He is persuaded that he has conquered Egypt by the power of his sabre, and is resolved to keep possession of it, and to transmit it to his heirs; in short, he intends to found a new dynasty.

Mohammed Alee unites with considerable courage the art of commanding; he is endowed with a subtle genius and uncommon perspicacity: nor is he unacquainted with all the machinery of policy and diplomacy, or the means of using it with address. Indefatigable and remarkable for his perseverance, which enabled him to learn to read and write at the age of forty-five; the restless disposition of an ambitious man, who is resolved on gaining a name at any price, is visible in all his conduct. Headstrong even to violence, he wants not however a certain share of humanity. He has taken from the grandees the odious privilege of putting to death without a trial. He has welcomed to his court a great number of subjects who had revolted from the Porte, where he treats them honourably, and whom he would never consent to give up; and during the revolution of Greece, he took under his protection those Greeks who happened to be in Egypt, kept them in his employ, and granted them an increase of favour. An enthusiastic friend to innovations, he adopts them with avidity, and frequently without previous examination; so that he has founded several schools, by whose failure his *amour propre* has been greatly mortified.

He is moreover affable, and has an easy and prepossessing manner. Void of prejudices, he knows how to appreciate European nations, affects even to imitate their customs, and is constantly blaming the grandees of his court for their mistaken notions of them. The expression of his countenance is gay and open, and his eye is full of fire.—Constantly agitated, he sleeps but little, and seldom enjoys sound repose; and during the night two women watch alternately at his bed-side, to arrange the coverings he constantly throws off in his sleep. On making an acquaintance, he is communicative and curious, particularly in every thing that relates to Europe. In short, as an individual he possesses several estimable qualities: he is a good father, a faithful friend—temperate and regular in his habits.

Such is Mohammed Alee. But if some of the features of this sketch are daily losing their exact resemblance, we must attribute this change to inexorable age, which seems to augment in rigour as it weighs upon him. *Lit. Gaz.*

EASTERN ANTIQUITIES.

BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

A Buddhist Temple recently brought from Ceylon, is exhibited in the Strand, and it gives a perfect idea to our countrymen of Deification. Buddha, a colossal idol of no mean stature, was the object of fervent idolatrous devotion. Its removal to this country, we believe, was effected by private means not altogether agreeably with the wishes of its idolators, who paid for their prostrations and genuflections in the presence of this carved and gilded figure. As there are various periods of probation to the idol in the interior, so the roof and walls are decorated with appropriate descriptions; and, in addition to these are models in wood, of trades, professions, and processions, worthy the perusal of the curious in eastern workmanship.

WALTER VIVIAN, THE CORNISH SMUGGLER.

Continued from page 319.

Faint and constrained as was his voice, it disturbed the patient, and attracted the attendant; and when he arose in consequence of the interruption, he was so weak and paralysed, that he fell prostrate on the floor. But he speedily recovered himself, and resumed his position by the bedside.—Visitor, physician, nurse, be heeded not. From Tracy's bedside he stirred not. His food was that of his daughter, the tepid gruel that tempered her burning thirst. He changed not his raiment, he shaved not his beard, he bathed not his face, he stretched not his limbs; he saw no one, he heard nothing, he spoke not, but he frequently bent his head to his knees, as if in the attitude of deep and overpowering devotion. No groan, no tear, no convulsive throb escaped him. His features were fixed, firm, immovable.—Tracy was speechless—he was silent; the daylight was obscured—his mind was dark, strange, and unfathomable. The neighbours wept, the nurse sobbed, the clergyman knelt and prayed, he alone was impervious to the common emotions. At length, the gentle spirit of his beloved child fled from its exhausted tenement, and the whisper of the attendants was heard—"*she is no more!*"

Walter Vivian started up; he drew aside the curtain of the bed, and kissed the scarce cold lips of the departed angel. He then shook hands cordially with the few persons present, and proceeded to another apartment. He washed himself, dressed himself, gave orders for her funeral; and when the day came, followed in her mourning train, apparently the least moved of its many attendants. He listened to the solemn service, as a mere spectator; he saw the cold earth heaped upon the remains of Tracy; he was the last that left the churchyard; and he walked home, erect, unchanged in feature, and seemingly as one who had been but the official leader in the ceremony.

From that day no human being, except the old nurse, did he permit to enter his house. His door was shut upon the nearest of his relations. He seemed a man of a different race, of a distinct species, from those who dwelt around him. Like a bird that has been robbed of its young, he moved round, but never wandered far from the spot where he had been a happy parent. The youth of the village gazed upon him with a feeling of awe—the old looked on with compassion—the simple maiden wept when she thought of the beautiful Tracy—no one addressed him—to no one did he speak. In the morning he might be seen in the churchyard, at mid-day slowly straying on the beach, at all hours, when in his cottage, he might be heard at his devotions. All seasons were the same to him. In storm, in rain, in sunshine, in summer and winter, he might be found in his accustomed walks, his only companion a pocket Bible, which he discoursed with on the high cliff, and in the sequestered dell—when the rain pelted its leaves, when the sunbeam gleamed on its pages. When night fell, and the village was asleep, the circle of the aberrations was more extended. At the dead hour, when the owl on the turret, the ripple of the water on the beach, or the loud wave on the shore, alone disturbed the silence of the village, he might be seen wandering forth, apparelled as we have described, and bearing the small lantern in his hand. He would then ascend the hills, stray over the moors, and here and there, at accustomed spots, kneel down and lift up his voice in prayer on the winds of the night. As if the grave had sent him forth, he preferred, even at these dark hours, the most lonely and unfrequented places, in order that the Deity alone should hear and witness his adorations. For more than thirty years has he followed this aberrant and melancholy life, his health sustaining no injury from the dews which fall on him, or the bleak winds that chill him. On these wilds, habit has made him acquainted with every step of the way—with every sheep-path — every tor—every glen—every cliff. Day has dawned upon him when seated on the steep far above the sea—the moon has gone down and left him at his devotions at the base of some high rock—the stars alone and his glimmering lantern have lighted him over crags scarcely passable in the broad sun: and when the fisherman, with the first ray of the morning, has been going forth to his toil, he has been met returning to his fireless home, drenched in the rain, sometimes robed in the hoar-frost, often covered with snow, bearing still unquenched the flickering lamp, its gleam scarcely perceptible in the bolder blaze of the dawn. He still lives and still pursues the same wild devotional excursions.—Ninety years have passed over his head, and yet Walter Vivian is as hale as when his Tracy died. Her grave he still visits; her humble tombstone is nearly sunk in the earth; the green grass half covers it; yet is it as fresh to the memory of the parent as if it had been placed but yesterday over his child.

We have not coloured a single fact—such a story requires no colouring. Walter Vivian—or rather the person whom we have represented by this name—is still alive to attest the truth of his own wild tale.

THE BLACK MASK.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

Concluded from page 311.

The summer into the autumn flowed, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet the count never returned: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling, that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they coutd at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion; and if she had any objections, the thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, would have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing. That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, redoutes, and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation, throughout the city. The baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found an hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain unknown and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital.

They had not been many days in their new abode, when tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather; and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present, they, therefore, at once, determined on retracing their steps, and endeavour, if possible, to reach the city, before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manœuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turned to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that a traileur regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested, with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact, that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, with their long drooping cloaks of white, looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their attention now was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of the artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Dev Kaisec*," "*Leb der Kaiser*," rose to the skies from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracalling upon their beautiful "*shimmels*," (such is the term given them), and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting; there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet could not clearly discern his features. Adda's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor and his favourite aide-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously professing aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes, and gazed on him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times as if endeavouring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days, and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beauteous child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek; what was his joy to discover symptoms of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell; and raising one arm, placed it round her father's neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her—with what an ecstacy of joy he watched the signals of recovering life; and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms. As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked ball given by the emperor to his subjects. Her face, which had hitherto been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow—a half suppressed shriek escaped her—the smile faded from her lips—her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hue of death again resumed its dominion. It was but a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued the scene of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, to which all ranks were eligible; and great was the rejoicing in Vienna at a mark of such royal condescension and favour. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendour of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps, shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly-plucked flowers in his bonnet; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole, strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from that land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the sovereign and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the saals, and habit himself in domino: under which disguise, after many ludicrous rencontres with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet boddices so tightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacks, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited banished all recollection of the scene around him:—the music and the dance he no longer minded. All passed unheeded before his eyes; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly loved! He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the badinage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on; but then there was that in the low plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black; the heavy folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently before him, and then said, "Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice to call their own, be sad amid a scene like this?"

"What mean you?" cried he, "How knew you me?"

"How knew I *thee?*" she repeated in a low melancholy tone.

There was something in the way these few words were uttered which chilled his very life's blood; and yet he knew not wherefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness. "My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of—"

"Of those you had long forgotten—is it not?" said the mask.

"How!" cried he; "what means this! You have roused me to a state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part."

"That shall you do," said the mask; "but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone." Saying which she led the way, and he followed to a small cabinet, which leading off one angle of the saloon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practised on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp the only light of the apartments. She turned her head slowly round as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview; on perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently upon his arm;—he shuddered from some indescribable emotion as he felt the touch; but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments. "I have come to keep my promise," said the mask in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him. "What promise have you made?" said the emperor, agitated; "I can bear this no longer." "Stay! stop!" cried she gently; and the voice in which that word was uttered thrilled to his inmost heart: it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

"To keep a promise am I come—bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then? Have you all now you ever wished for, ever hoped?"

He groaned deeply.

"Alas!" he exclaimed involuntarily "that I could be spared that thought! I do remember one—but—"

"Then hear me, false-hearted! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more: her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell!" and the voice with which the word was uttered faltered and died away in almost a whisper.

He stood entranced—he spoke not—moved not; the hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the mask made a gesture of departure.

"Stay!" cried he. "Not so—you leave not thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus?" and he lifted his hand to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stept back, and waving him back with one hand, said in a low and hollowed voice, "'Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, Sir, for your own sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer!" and she again endeavoured to pass him as he stood between her and the small door which led towards the court-yard.

"You go not hence, till I have seen

you unveiled," he said in a voice of increased agitation.

The mask then lifting the lamp which stood by with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed, Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colourless; and her eye beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart-stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground. When he recovered, he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of gladsome voices. Pale and distracted he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his confidentials, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the mask, though none spoke to her, and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so celebrated for fearlessness as the emperor. Accordingly, many took the streets which led from the court-yard and terminated in the Augustine kirch and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask, dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble and ill-requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the monarch of Austria and Hungary, for remorse bound him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron," he cried hastily, unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head. "Noble, Sir," said he, "the baron lies on a bed of sickness; since this morning he has uttered no word; I fear he will never rise again."

"His daughter—lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas, sir, she *died* this morning!"

"Liar, slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxysm of grief and astonishment, 'but an hour since I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man stared incredulously, and pointed to the staircase, and taking a lamp he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence up a broad staircase and through the long corridor, until he stopped at a door which he gently opened, and making the sign of the cross, entered the room—they followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights, and at one extremity, on a large couch, lay two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around; wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor, with an unsteady step, approached the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, lay the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept, and in the low tender accent with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed stedfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance—her eyes were now closed for ever—her heart had ceased to beat—she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or knew the bitter and agonizing remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor as he gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one, perhaps the only one, who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

. . . .

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery, They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her whom he had first met in the dark forests of Hungary.

SONNET.

Had I met thee in the morn
  Of boyhood's bliss,
When the light of love was born,
When roses blushed without a thorn,
When every breath was but the sigh
Of sympathy,
  And every touch was transport's kiss!

Thee, lady, I had loved. But now
  The glow of youth is gone—
The pulse had perished on my brow,
The blossom wither'd on its bough.
And nought can please—not even thee,
  Most lovely one! Q.

Varieties.

Value of a Hoity Toity.—An elderly man having just left the society of a sprightly girl, exclaimed to his wife, "Well, I would not, for the worth of a hundred thousand pounds, be such a *hoity-toity* as our niece Julia."—"Oh! nonsense, Robert," said his wife—"*hoity toities* are all the go with the young men of the present day.'—"I suppose so," replied Robert, "or you would not take their part."—"Certainly not, my dear—nothing like being in the fashion." J.Z.

Extraordinary Japanese Mirror.—A curious mirror has been recently brought from China to Calcutta, and is now amusing the Dilettanti, and perplexing the philosophers of our Eastern metropolis. This mirror is made of white metal; it has a circular form, and is about five inches in diameter. It has a knob in the centre of the back, by which it can be held, and on the rest of the back are stamped. in relief, certain circles with a kind of Grecian border. Its polished face has that degree of convexity, which gives an image of the face half its natural size; and its remarkable property is, that when you reflect the rays of the sun from the polished surface, the image of the ornamental border, and circles stamped on the back, is seen distinctly reflected on the wall. The gentleman who brought it from China says that they are very uncommon in that country; and that this one, with a few others, was brought by a Dutch ship from Japan several years ago. On the back of one of these was a dragon, which was most distinctly reflected from the polished side. George Swinton, Esq., who has sent the account of this curiosity to England, ingeniously conjectures that the phenomena may have their origin in a difference of density in different parts of the metal, occasioned by the stamping of the figures on the back, the light being reflected more or less strongly from parts that have been more or less compressed. Other speculations have been formed as to how these strange effects are produced, but as the original mirror is to be sent to England, either to Sir David Brewster or to Sir John Herschel, in such able hands the question cannot remain long undetermined.

Philosophical Mag.

Tisty Tosty—*A derivation.*—This is a game played by two persons with a ball made of cowslips, and simply a contraction of "This to ye"—'Toss'd to ye." Forty-four times, the number the ball must be kept up, rhymes as this—"Tisty tosty, four and forty." Z.

Rats in Jamaica.—In no country is there a creature so destructive of property as the rat is in Jamaica; their ravages are inconceivable. One year with another, it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar-canes throughout the island, amounting to little short of £200,000 currency per annum. The sugar-cane is their favourite food; but they also prey upon the Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots. Some idea will be formed of the immense swarms of those destructive animals that infest this island, from the fact, that on a single plantation thirty thousand were destroyed in one year. Traps of various kinds are set to catch them, poison is resorted to, and terriers, and sometimes ferrets, are employed to explore their haunts, and root them out; still, however, their numbers remain undiminshed, as far at least as can be judged by the ravages they commit. They are of a much larger size than the European rat especially that kind of them called by the negroes *racoons*. On the experiment being tried of putting one of these and a cat together, the latter declined attacking it.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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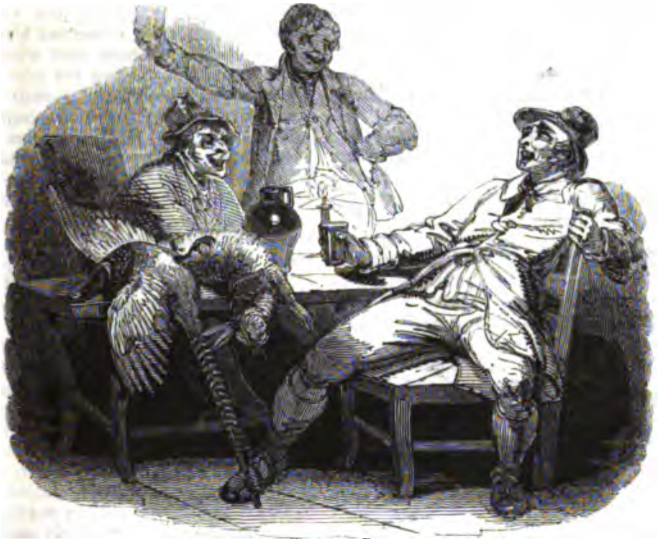

See page 338

Illustrated Article.

THE BURGLAR; OR, MATERNAL LOVE.*

Grace Huntley marries a man, handsome in person, who, unfortunately, after a few years becomes an abandoned villain; and, finally, leaves his wife. Occasionally, however, he returns for a day or two, after months of absence; and having formed an acquaintance with two poachers of the name of Smith, he endeavours to seduce his own son to his evil and guilty practices, by making him steal his mother's things, and a partaker in his nightly exploits.

"Huntley soon discovered that his wife had been influencing their child's conduct; indeed, the sacred law of truth formed so completely the basis of her words and actions, that she did not attempt for a moment to conceal it.

"'Then you mean to set yourself in opposition to me!' he said, all evil passions gathering at his heart and storming on his brow.

"'Not to you, but to your sins, Joseph,' was her meek but firm reply; whereupon he swore a deep and bitter oath, that he would bring up his own child in the way which best suited him; and dared her interference.

"'As sure as you are a living woman,' he continued, with that concentrated rage which is a thousand times more dangerous than impetuous fury—'as sure as you are a living woman, you shall repent of this! I see the way to punish your wilfulness; if you oppose me in the management of my children, one by one they shall be taken from you to serve my purposes. You may look for them in vain; until (he added with a fiendish smile) you read their names in the columns of the *Newgate Calendar*.'

"That night, as latterly had been his custom, he sallied forth about eight o'clock, leaving his home and family without food or money. The children crowded round their mother's knee to repeat their simple prayers, and retired, cold and hungry, to bed. It was near midnight ere her task was finished; and then she stole softly into her chamber, having first looked upon and blessed her treasures. Her sleep was of that restless heavy kind which yields no refreshment; once she was awakened by hearing her husband shut the cottage-door; again she slept, but started from a horrid dream—or was it indeed reality? and had her husband and her son Abel quitted the dwelling together? She sprang from her bed, and felt on the pallet—Gerald was there; again she felt—she called—she passed into the next room,—'Abel, Abel, my child! as you value your mother's blessing, speak!' There was no reply. A dizzy sickness almost overpowered her senses. Was her husband's horrid threat indeed fulfilled? and had he so soon taken their child as his participator in unequivocal sin?—She opened the door, and looked out upon the night; it was cold and misty, and her sight could not penetrate the gloom. The chill fog rested upon her face like the damps of the grave. She attempted to call again upon her son, but her powers of utterance were palsied—her tongue quivered—her lips separated, yet there came forth no voice, no sound to break the silence of oppressed nature; her eyes moved mechanically towards the heavens—they were dark as the earth:—had God deserted her?—would he deny one ray, one little ray of light, to lead her to her child? Why did the moon cease to shine, and the stars withhold their brightness? Should she never again behold her boy—her first-born? Her heart swelled and beat within her bosom. She shivered with intense agony, and leaned her throbbing brow against the door-post, to which she had clung for support. Her husband's words rang in her ears:—'One by one shall your children be taken from you to serve my purposes.' Through the dense fog she fancied that he glared upon her in bitter hatred—his deep-set eyes flashed with demoniac fire, and his smile, now extending, now contracting, into all the varied expressions of triumphant malignity. She pressed her hand on her eyes to shut out the horrid vision; and a prayer, a simple prayer, rose to her lips; like oil upon the troubled waters, it soothed and composed her spirit. She could not arrange or even remember a form of words; but she repeated, again and again, the emphatic appeal, 'Lord, save me, I perish;' until she felt sufficient strength to enable her to look again into the night. As if hope had set its beacon in the sky, calmly and brightly the moon was now shining upon her cottage. With the sudden change, at once the curse and blessing of our climate, a sharp east wind had set in, and was rolling the mist from the canopy of heaven; numerous stars were visible where, but five minutes before, all had been darkness and gloom. The shadow passed from her soul—she gazed steadily upwards—her mind regained its firmness—her resolve was taken. She returned to her bedroom—dressed — and, wrapping her cloak closely to her bosom, was quickly on her way to the Smith's dwelling, on Craythorpe Common.

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* The above tale is written by Mrs. Hall, and appears in that excellent annual. *The Amulet*, under the title of the 'Trials of Grace Huntley.'

"The solitary hut was more than two miles from the village; the path leading to it broken and interrupted by fragments of rocks, roots of furze, and stubbed underwood, and, at one particular point, intersected by a deep and brawling brook. Soon after Grace had crossed this stream, she came in view of the cottage, looking like a misshapen mound of earth; and, upon peering in at the window, which was only partially lined by a broken shutter, Covey, the lurcher, uttered, from the inside, a sharp muttering bark, something between reproof and recognition. There had certainly been a good fire, not long before, on the capacious hearth, for the burning ashes cast a lurid light upon an old table and two or three dilapidated chairs; there was also a fowling piece lying across the table; but it was evident none of the inmates were at home; and Grace walked slowly, yet disappointedly, round the dwelling, till she came to the other side, that rested against a huge mass of mingled rock and clay, overgrown with long tangled fern and heather. She climbed to the top, and had not been many minutes on the look-out ere she perceived three men rapidly approaching from the opposite path. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them was her husband; but where was her son? Silently she lay among the heather, fearing she knew not what—yet knowing she had much to fear. The chimney that rose from the sheeling had, she thought, effectually concealed her from their view; but in this she was mistaken—for while Huntley and one of the Smiths entered the abode, the other climbed up the mound. She saw his hat within a foot of where she rested, and fancied she could feel his breath upon her cheek, as she crouched, like a frightened hare, more closely in her form; however, he surveyed the spot without ascending further, and then retreated, muttering something about corbies and ravens; and, almost instantly, she heard the door of the hut close. Cautiously she crept down from her hiding place; and, crawling along the ground with stealth and silence, knelt before the little window, so as to observe, through the broken shutter, the occupation of the inmates. The dog alone was conscious of her approach; but the men were too seriously engaged to heed his intimations of danger."

. . . .

"'Then there is hope for my poor child,' she thought, 'and I can—I *will* save him!' With this resolve, she stole away as softly and as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit.—The depredators revelled in their fancied security. The old creaking table groaned under the weight of pheasant, hare, and ardent spirits; and the chorus of a wild drinking song broke upon her ear as returning strength enabled her to hasten along the rude path leading to Craythorpe.

"The first grey uncertain light of morning was visible through the old churchyard trees, as she came within sight of her cottage. She entered quietly, and saw that Abel had not only returned, but was sleeping soundly by his brother's side.

"Grace set her house in order—took the work she had finished to her employer — came back, and prepared breakfast, of which her husband, having by this time also returned, partook. Now he was neither the tyrant whose threat still rung in her ears, nor the reckless bravo of the common; he appeared that morning, at least so his wife fancied, more like the being she had loved so fondly and so long.

"'I will sleep, Grace,' he said, when their meal was finished—'I will sleep for an hour; and to-morrow we shall have a better breakfast.' He called his son into the bed-room, where a few words passed between them. Immediately after, Grace went into the little chamber to fetch her bonnet. She would not trust herself to look upon the sleeper; but her lips moved as if in prayer: and even her children still remembered that, as she passed out of the cottage-door, she had a flushed and agitated appearance.

"'Good morning, Mrs. Huntley,' said her old neighbour, Mrs. Craddock, 'Have you heard the news? Ah! these are sad times, — bad people going—'

"'True, true!' replied poor Grace, as she hurried onwards; 'I know—I heard it all.'

"Mrs. Craddock looked after her, much surprised at her abruptness.

"'I was coming down to you, Grace,' said her father, standing so as to arrest her progress; 'I wished to see if there was any chance of the child Abel's returning to his exercises; as this is a holiday, I thought—'

"'Come with me,' interrupted Grace, 'come with me, father, and we will make a rare holiday.'

"She hurried the feeble old man along the road leading to the rectory; but returned no answer to his enquiries. The servant told her, when she arrived at her destination, that his master was engaged—particularly engaged—could not be disturbed—Sir Thomas Purcel was with him; and as the man spoke, the study-door opened, and Sir Thomas crossed the hall.

"'Come back with me, sir,' exclaimed Grace Huntley, eagerly; 'I can tell you all you want to know.'

"The baronet shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm, as if she were a maniac. Grace appeared to read the expression of his countenance. 'I am not mad, Sir Thomas Purcel,' she continued, in a suppressed tremulous voice, 'not mad, though I may be so soon. Keep back these people, and return with me. Mr. Glasscott knows I am not mad.'

"She passed into the study with a resolute step, and held the door for Sir Thomas to enter; her father followed also, as a child traces its mother's footsteps, and looked around him, and at his daughter, with weak astonishment. One or two of the servants, who were loitering in the hall, moved as if they would have followed.

"'Back, back, I say!' she repeated; 'I need no witnesses—there will be enough of them soon. Mr. Glasscott,' she continued closing the door, 'hear me, while I am able to bear testimony, lest weakness — woman's weakness — overcome me, and I falter in the truth. In the broom-sellers' cottage, across the common, on the left side of the chimney, concealed by a large flat stone, is a hole —a den; there much of the property taken from Sir Thomas Purcel's last night is concealed.'

"'I have long suspected these men—Smith, I think, they call themselves; yet they are but two. Now, we have abundant proof that *three* men absolutely entered the house—'

"'There was a third,' murmured Grace, almost inaudibly.

"'Who?'

"'My—my—my—husband!' and, as she uttered the word, she leaned against the chimney-piece for support, and buried her face in her hands.

"'The clergyman groaned audibly; he had known Grace from her childhood, and felt what the declaration must have cost her. Sir Thomas Purcel was cast in a sterner mould. 'We are put clearly upon the track, Mr. Glasscott,' he said, 'and must follow it forthwith; yet there is something most repugnant to my feelings in finding a woman thus herald her husband to destruction.'

"'It was to save my children from sin!' exclaimed Grace, starting forward with an energy that appalled them all; 'God in heaven, whom I call to witness, knows, that though I would sooner starve than taste of the fruits of his wickedness, yet I could not betray the husband of my bosom to—to—I dare not think what! I tried—I laboured to give my offspring honest bread: I neither asked nor received charity; with my hands I laboured, and blessed the Power that enabled me to do so. If we are poor, we will be honest, was my maxim and my boast; but he—my husband, returned; he taught my boy to lie—to steal; and when I remonstrated—when I prayed, with many tears, that he would cease to train our—ay, *our* child for destruction, he mocked—scorned—told me that, one by one, I should be bereaved of my children, if I thwarted his purposes; and that I might seek in vain for them through the world, until I saw their names recorded in the book of shame! Gentlemen, this was no idle threat—last night Abel was taken from me—'

"'I knew there must have been a fourth,' interrupted Sir Thomas coldly; 'we must have the boy also secured.'

"The wretched mother, who had not imagined that any harm could result to her son, stood as if a thunderbolt had transfixed her—her hands clenched and extended—her features rigid and blanched—her frame perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue. The schoolmaster, during the whole of this scene, had been completely bewildered, until the idea of his grandchild's danger, or disappearance, he knew not which, took possession of his mind; and, filled with the single thought his faculties had the power of grasping at a time, he came forward to the table at which Mr. Glasscott was seated, and, respectfully uncovering his gray hairs, his simple countenance presenting a strong contrast to the agonised iron-bound features of his daughter, he addressed himself to the worthy magistrate: 'I trust you will cause instant search to be made for the child Abel, whom your reverence used kindly to regard with especial favour.'

"He repeated this sentence at least half a dozen times, while the gentlemen were issuing orders to the persons assembled for the apprehension of the burglars, and some of the females of the family were endeavouring to restore Grace to animation. At last, Sir Thomas Purcel turned suddenly round upon Abel Darley, and, in his stentorian tone, bawled out, 'And who are you?'

"'The schoolmaster of Craythorpe, so please you, sir—that young woman's father,——and one whose heart is broken!'

"So saying, he burst into tears; and his wail was very sad, like that of an afflicted child. Presently there was a stir among the little crowd—a murmur—and then two officers ushered Joseph Huntley and his son into the apartment.

"He walked boldly up to the magistrate's table, and placed his hand upon it, before he perceived his wife, to whom consciousness had not yet returned. The moment he beheld her he started back, saying, 'whatever charge you may have against me, gentlemen, you can have none against that woman.'

"'Nor have we,' replied Sir Thomas; 'she is your accuser!'

"The fine features of Joseph Huntley relaxed into an expression of scorn and unbelief. 'She appear against me! Not—not if I were to attempt to murder her!' he answered firmly.

"'Grace!' exclaimed her father joyfully, 'here is the child Abel—he is found!' and, seizing the trembling boy, with evident exultation, led him to her. The effect of this act of the poor simple-minded man was electrical—the mother instantly revived, but turned her face from her husband; and, entwining her son in her arms, pressed him closely to her side. The clergyman proceeded to interrogate the prisoner, but he answered nothing, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon his wife and child. In the meantime, the officers of justice had been prompt in the execution of their duty: the Smiths were apprehended in the village; and the greater portion of the property stolen from Sir Thomas Purcel was found in the hut where Grace had beheld it concealed.

"When the preparations were sufficiently forward to conduct the unfortunate men to prison, Joseph Huntley advanced to his wife. The scornful, as well as undaunted, expression of his countenance had changed to one of painful intensity; he took her hand within his, and pressed it to his lips, without articulating a single syllable. Slowly she moved her face, so that their eyes encountered in one long mournful look. Ten years of continued suffering could not have exacted a heavier tribute from Grace Huntley's beauty. No language can express the withering effects of the few hours' agony; her husband saw it, and felt, perhaps for the first time, how truly he had once been loved, and how much of happiness he had sacrificed to sin.

"'Twas to save my children,' was the only sentence she uttered, or rather murmured: and it was the last coherent one she spoke for many weeks. Her fine reason seemed overwhelmed. It was a sight few could witness without tears. The old father, tending the couch of his afflicted daughter, would sit for hours by her bedside, clasping the child Abel's hand within his, and every now and then shaking his head when her ravings were loud or violent.

. . . .

"It might be some fifteen years after these distressing events had agitated the little village of Craythorpe, that an elderly woman, of mild and cheerful aspect, sat calmly reading a large volume she supported against the railing of a noble vessel that was steering its course from the shores of 'merrie England,' to some land far over sea. Two gentlemen, who were lounging on the quarter-deck arm-in-arm, frequently passed her. The elder one, in a peculiarly kind tone of voice, said, 'You bear the voyage well, dame.'

"'Thank God, yes, sir!'

"'Ah! you will wish yourself back in old England before you are landed six weeks.'

"'I did not wish to leave it, sir; but my duty obliged me to do so.'

"The gentlemen walked on.

"'Who is she?' inquired the younger.

"'A very singular woman. Her information transported for life a husband whom she loved notwithstanding his coldness, and his crimes. She had, at that time, three children, and the eldest had already become contaminated by his father's example. She saw nothing but destruction for them in prospective, her warnings and entreaties being alike unregarded; so she made her election—sacrificed the husband, and saved the children!'

"'But what does she here?'

"'Her eldest son is now established in a small business, and respected by all who know him; her second boy, and a father whom her misfortunes reduced to a deplorable state of wretchedness, are dead; her daughter, a village belle and beauty, is married to my father's handsome new parish-clerk; and Mrs. Huntley, having seen her children provided for, and by her virtues and industry made respectable in the Old World, is now on her voyage to the New, to see, if I may be permitted to use her own simple language, 'whether she can contribute to render the last days of her husband as happy as the first they passed together.' It is only justice to the criminal to say, that I believe him truly and perfectly reformed.'

"'And on this chance she leaves her children and her country?'

"'She does! She argues that, as the will of Providence prevented her from discharging her duties *together*, she must endeavour to perform them *separately*. He was sentenced to die; but, by my father's exertions, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life; and I know she has quitted England without the hope of again beholding its white cliffs.'"

MANNERS AND HABITS OF A TURKISH NOBLEMAN.

Mr. Slade in his "Records of Travels in Turkey, &c." gives the following description of the third man in the empire:—

"I have hitherto said little on the capitan pasha—those of most Ottoman grandees. He led a life of absolute ennui. He could neither read nor write, nor was there any body to read to him, had he wished it. He did not play at chess, therefore had an enjoyment less than the sailors: neither had he any person to converse with, an advantage possessed by every body else on board. Between a master and his slaves there can be no conversation, since the latter must assent and smile *en regle*. His legs seemed made for no other purpose than to bend under him: his hands to run over his comboloyo (rosary). A narghiler was never from his lips, except while he ate, or prayed, or slept; how he performed the first of these offices I have described; suffice for his meals, that they took place twice a day at unsettled hours. Officers continually stood before him, arms crossed — eyes cast down—a painful apprentissage which every Osmanley goes through before arriving at power —and anticipated every desire with surprising dexterity. If he wished to rise, he was lifted on his legs; if he drank, the glass was held to his lips; if he walked, he was supported by the arms; if an ignorant fly alighted on his brow, officious fans warned the intruder not to return; even when he spat, which was not rare, he being asthmatic, there was never wanting one to hold his handkerchief for the precious token. Such servility—though perfectly natural from the effect of early education, therefore not abstractedly servile—was disgusting to witness, performed, too, by men who in their own homes exacted the same from their inferiors, and thus made themselves amends for their own humiliation. From the top to the bottom of the ladder is a gradation of similar servitude. The grand vizir kisses the sultan's foot; he bows to Mohammed. The pasha kisses the grand vizir's foot; the bey, the pasha's; the aga, the bey's; and so on. No mussulman subject is so high but what he has a master, and none so low as not to have a slave; the son is slave to the father. I often saw the capitan pasha's son, a royal page, with him; but the youth never sat or tasted food in his presence. With all his deficiencies, Achmet Papuchgi was a good-natured man, a complete contrast to his predecessors during the last twenty years, who were all remarkable for cruelty. The quality seemed inherent to the office. In the middle of the day he crept into the kennel abaft the mizen-mast, and reposed for some hours, his example being duly followed by the officers, stretched out on the quarter-deck, and covered by flags to keep off the sun. On awaking, coffee and chibouques were served. Water was then brought, with a complete change of garments, and in the same narrow box, six feet by three, by two high, he washed and dressed; then came out and enjoyed the cool of the evening on his quarter-deck conch, always doing me the honour to place me beside him with a chibouque; and no doubt it was a droll sight to the crew, who all gathered round the pasha and me thus cheek by jowl.—His band, consisting of as many drums and cymbals as could be collected, with two clarionets and one fife, usually made a noise for our benefit. It played the hunter's chorus in Freischutz, Zitti zitti, and Malbrook, over and over till I fairly wished it at the bottom of the sea. I not only could not stop my ears, but was obliged to applaud liberally. Thinking, one evening, that its style was more adapted to Turkish music, at the same time intending a compliment, I asked the pasha whether it could perform any Turkish airs.—'Turkish air,' he repeated with astonishment; 'Mashallah, have you not been listening to them these two hours?' I bowed, and took refuge in ignorance. He asked me one evening, if I would like to see his regular soldiers; I had never heard of any being on board. Presently six scare-crows marched aft, preceded by a drum and fife, each carrying a musket, and wearing a shabby tactito uniform. A first-rate's marines! I could scarce refrain from laughing out at the idea, although a thousand eyes were fixed on me to observe my admiration. The pasha told them seriously to do their best, for a judge of military performance was by. Accordingly, they went through the manual exercise, and the same was rendered exceeding amusing by the drollery of the jester, who, shouldering a long chibouque, acted as a fugelman, to the roars of both spectators and soldiers. I warmly applauded, and the pasha in delight gave the corporal a piece of gold, which was contested by the jester, who swore that without him the troop would have been disgraced. The chief entertainment of every evening was provided by the crew, who, when our orchestra closed, commenced acting gross buffoonery, such as ducking in tubs of water for money, when many a poor fellow half-drowned himself in vain attempts to take with his lips the thin bit of silver, shining at the bottom; or playing at bear and monkey, when both the bear and monkey well deserved the piastres their beating gained them; or blind man's buff. This last game was capital.—The blind man, provided with a stick, was at liberty to hit every body within reach, only subject to the inconvenience of tripping over the bodies of his prostrate fellows, or over the comings down a hatchway. The pasha's attendants received sundry blows in keeping off the presence, and as he readily found his way amongst them, I supposed that he was purposely allowed a peep-hole, especially as his excellency enjoyed it much. A game also of men hanging in pairs to the spanker-boom, till one turned senseless or cried quarter, afforded infinite amusement. Each exhibition the deck was convulsed at the writhings of the actors; the pasha, forgetting his hauteur, would join in the laugh, and rapidly combing his beard with his fingers, throw pieces of gold at the victor. 'Well,' he said to me one evening that I was more than usually tired of this foolery—'does your capitan pasha amuse himself in this way?' I could not for the life of me flatter him. I simply answered that the English capitan pasha had always else to do. A dead silence, and mutual looks of surprise, ensued. Such were the occupations of the third man of the empire; of one of the chiefs on whom depended the fate of Turkey."

. . . .

"In the morning we were close off the Bosphorus, nearly becalmed. Not a strange sail was in sight, a void marvellously consoling to the crew, among whom I perceived a sad spirit of apprehension. I am not vain enough to say I did not share it, (the mere circumstance of there being no surgeon on board was discouraging) but at any rate I did not shew it, and being in fairly for the worst, determined to make the best of it. I considered the trial of our strength only deferred. My principal aim was to encourage the chief, and, therefore, having first breakfasted on coffee thick as chocolate, without sugar, bread, and honey, I repaired to him. He was undergoing the operation of having his head shaved, and looked very dismal; that done, he performed his minor ablutions, and said his prayers, I all the while smoking his narghiler on the divan. 'What can I do?' the pasha despondingly said, 'with such men, such means? they know nothing.' 'Nor do you,' I thought, and replied, 'Let us do our best; allow me to exercise the guns, it will give the men confidence; if we do meet the enemy, let us not die like dogs!' He scarcely heeded me at the moment, for his attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a boat coming off. He hoped it contained his jester and his pilot, who had missed their passage the day before, and whose absence considerably annoyed him. He was disappointed; it brought an order from the seraskier pasha to steer out to sea again. His countenance fell; and we were about to fill the maintop sail, when a merchantman's boat was seen emerging from the shade of the canal's high banks. We distinguished in it a Frank and an Osmanley, the objects of the pasha's solicitude. The jester skipped on deck with the confidence of one who knew that his presence would excuse his absence. He was gaily attired in scarlet and gold, and his fez was bound by a silver band. He was dumpy in stature, but active in limb; and his countenance displayed more archness than folly. He saw the suppressed smile of the officers, and at once ran up to the pasha, who affected to look stern, and, making a somerset, took hold of the hem of his robe, saying, 'Thus will the Russian admiral reel before your potent thunder, and thus will I salute him,' making a sign with his foot. 'Pezzveng,' said the old man, taking him good-humouredly by the ear, 'I will nail this to my cabin-door.' 'The fool will then hear the wiseman's secrets,' replied the other, 'and you will have to sew his mouth up. What would you do without his tongue? Talk to him,' he added, pointing to the pilot, who stood at the gangway, doubting what to do; 'without his boat your highness's Tom Fool must have come off on a porpoise's back, for the Pezzveng caikgis will not take jests for piastres.' This acknowledgement, which included a scarcasm on his slender emoluments, secured his companion's grace; and with this invaluable addition we made sail. He had originally been a dervish, (a jester's profession, after all,) and was much liked by all the crew, for whom he was always ready to exert his influence."

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"When the first news of the capture of Varna reached Warsaw, a German trader ventured to doubt its truth, in a large coffee-house, where the company were discussing on the subject, and said that it wanted confirmation. He was scarcely out of his bed, the next morning, when a police-officer came into his room without ceremony, and informed him that the grand duke wanted to see him. 'Why—what—' exclaimed the terrified German, 'What have I done?' 'You will soon know,' replied the satellite. With unpleasant forebodings the poor man arrayed himself in his best, and obeyed the summons. 'So,' says Constantine to him, 'you do not believe that the emperor's army has taken Varna,—what do you know about Varna that makes you doubt of its fall?' 'Please your highness, I am a poor ignorant man:—I merely thought—' 'You thought; then, sir, you must learn to think right.' 'Pardon, your highness—I meant no harm.' 'There is no harm done; do not be afraid. Hold!' continued Constantine, seeing the German about to prostrate himself—'a courier is this moment going to Varna, you will go in his kibitka and clear up your doubts.' Away they go, click clack, day and night—the poor German in a mortal fright, under the idea that he is on the road to Siberia. They arrive at Varna, and the courier addresses his companion for the first time since they left Warsaw. 'Sir, this town is Varna; you will have the goodness to put the question to any body you like, and convince yourself. Now, sir, you see these troops—look at them well—examine the uniforms. Are you satisfied that they are Russian troops?' 'I am perfectly satisfied,' answered the German. 'Then, sir,' replied his companion, 'you have no further business here. In a quarter of an hour another courier will start for Warsaw; you will return in his kibitka, and report yourself to the grand duke.' Away he goes again, jolt, jolt, in fear of dislocating half his bones, for being free, this journey, from mental anxiety about Siberia, he had leisure to observe that he was made of flesh and nerves. Constantine welcomed him with a horse-laugh. 'Now,' he said, 'you will go to that cafe where you were the last evening you were in Warsaw, and acquaint the company that the Russians *are* in Varna.'

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh.
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by;
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone:
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

Motherwell's Poems.

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE MOVEMENTS OF THE YEAR.

The kindly intercourse will ever prove
A bond of amity and social love.

—— *Bloomfield.*

Ere half another week elapse, this year will be cast into the abysm of eternal ages. Were we to trace some of the events which have taken place, politically and literary, we should call to mind important changes likely to arise, by the loss of several great and shining characters. But, as politics do not fall into our immediate track, and the public press takes a full and correct estimate of them in criticism, detail and chronology, we are reminded of our losses in the lapse of the labours of literary and scientific men, whose places are not readily filled in the various walks in which they were distinguished. Yet, as these men have left their works for our edification, and many writers in their several classes are eminent in their wake, we need not fear the want of 'Romance,' in which some have excelled; or doubt, but quite as many disciples in the ratio of organs, will be as ready to 'bump,' as persons found to have their heads shaved for craniological and phrenological development. We doubt not, that, as the colleges, boarding-schools, and seminaries in the empire, are emptied of the refractory and studious; the grand emporium, the metropolis, is filled in all quarters, and believe the romances in real life, will supersede the necessity of troubling the library shelves, containing the artificial and marvellous. 'Police Reports' will detail the works of delinquents and criminals, and the 'Scan Mag.' calendars delineate the *tete a tete* of the 'haut ton;' and authors in literature be temporarily forgotten.—Instead of feeling casts, many will fully prove their tendencies to be cast against harder, if not thicker, substances than those of which they are naturally possessed, by using remedies to allay thirst, and gourmanderie, to exhibit the beauties of gluttony, to their most unamiable and fullest extent of capacity. Thus, eating and drinking will prevail at this season, to repletion.—Thus, the youngest will leave the elders in 'their glory,' while they will draw liberally on their purse-strings,

> And trot the busy town
> For pleasure and renown.

After six months absence from the coteries of chat and fashion, what changes have been made—elder brothers, sisters, and cousins, are married. The bridal visits must be paid. Lace caps and pincushions furnished. The tall misses that left home the last vacation, are now finished and ready to accept advantageous offers to settle in life, and prefer, should an elopement be advised, to take a trip to Gretna. That they are grown out of knowledge none will deny. Their brothers are also finished and enter the counting-house, or shop, or prepare their taste for an indenture for five or seven years. At all events, parties are visiting in all directions.—Trade is the better for it. Exhibitions look 20, bazaars 50, and perfumers, a 100 per cent. Locks and bolts (ladies of course) are at a high premium. The theatres are bringing out their operas and pantomimes. Tragedians, orange-merchants, and butchers' shows, are in vogue. The emblems of peaceful, druidical, and friendship-lasting verdure, are in the order of decoration.—Beadles and dustmen, postmen and pew-openers, porters and butlers, bring the revenue of their 'boxing perquisites into the calculating fund,' and bankers wind up their cash accounts. Yet, after all, these incumbencies and annuity duties—whether young, in prime, or aged, none should forget the moral obligations—the ties of consanguinity—the power of the rich—the duty to the poor. None should omit self-examination, as to how the account of gratitude stands with that Being who has 'created man but a *little* lower than the angels,' in spite of the prurient cavils of the 'Dramatic Licenser,' and has given the most beautiful link in creation, *woman*, to be his *help*-mate, not his *check*-mate. None should neglect the opportunities of doing good, as they cannot be more nobly registered than in the scroll which Time will shortly hand into the care and keeping of inviolable Truth and inscrutable Justice. As the love of life is great, so should be the love of harmony, the love of kindness and benevolence. As the love of nature is strong, so should be the love of knowledge united with the love of literature. If, then, we can give a fair debtor and creditor account of our actions at the close of this year, and a balance of clear conscience remains, we can hope to increase our mental treasures, and offer our smiles at the shrine of the Virgin year, and break out in ecstacies of laughter in behalf of the conquests of Nature and Deity. OLIO.

THE PRISONER.

A YOUNG lady resided in the same street of St. Malo, where stood the prison of the town. One evening, while sitting at needle-work in her own room, the door was suddenly but noiselessly opened, and a man stood before her. She did not scream, as many young ladies would have thought themselves obliged to do; for, although the circumstance was undoubtedly singular, it was impossible that there could be any real danger. It was broad daylight; the street was crowded with passengers, and in the house itself there were her father, and brothers, and a numerous family. The stranger gazed in her face for some moments as if he would read her very soul. An expression of relief, or satisfaction, at length beamed on his features; and, turning round cautiously, he shut and bolted the door. "Lady," said he, "I have escaped from the prison over the roofs of the houses. Save me!" At the moment a knocking was heard at the door. There was no time to reflect; she acted on the instinct of her woman's heart; and, pointing to a closet, where she was accustomed to keep her clothes and books, the stranger entered, and she locked him in. "Why do you keep your door locked?" cried her elder brother. "You are wanted to come down to dinner." "I was asleep," said she; "I forgot that I had locked it." She went down to dinner, and subtracting a portion from every thing she put upon her plate, hid it in a towel; for the economy of the household was so managed, that she could not otherwise have obtained a morsel of bread without exciting surprise. On returning soon after to her room, she handed in the stolen property to her protege, but without uttering a word; for her younger sister, who slept with her, and who rarely stirred from her side, was close at her heels. At midnight, when this sister was asleep, and the whole house was buried in silence, the young lady rose from bed, and, dressing herself, went into the closet to inquire into the stranger's wishes and intentions. A hurried whisper was all they could exchange, either now or afterwards. During the two days he remained in the house, she never so much as touched his hand; and a brief question, and a monosyllable in reply, was their only intercommunication. At length, seizing the opportunity of a festival, when the streets were crowded at night, even after her father and his family had retired to bed, she called him from his lurking place, opened noiselessly the outer-door, and set him free, neither party daring to utter a word. From this time a change appeared to take place in the manner of the young lady. She became restless and uneasy. Her only business was gazing from her window into the street, and her only amusement poring over newspapers. One day, when at this latter employment, she was observed to grow pale; but not a word, nor sign, nor even look, escaped her which could betray the cause of her emotion. In that newspaper she read that her protege had been retaken, and shot at Bordeaux. Soon after, to the grief and amazement of her friends, she expressed a wish to take the veil. No argument, no entreaty, had any effect. She was equally firm in adhering to her choice of a locality; and is at this moment a nun in one of the convents at Bordeaux.—*Turner's Annual Tour.*

THE ADMINISTRAION OF JUSTICE IN RUSSIA.

Unfortunately (says Mr. Moore,) I am able to speak positively as to the total absence of all justice in this country. It has fallen to my lot to have to manage a very unpleasant and complicated business; and, although I have contrived to keep out of a law-suit, I have thought it my duty to make inquiries as to what remedy I should have, in case matters should be pushed to extremity. Alas! I find that "the glorious uncertainty of the law" is doubly uncertain here. The Russian tribunals are all corrupt. The judges generally receive fees from both plaintiff and defendant, and the highest bidder usually gains the cause! 'But,' said I to my informant, 'the laws are *there*; the judge must surely decide according to the statutes.' 'Ah! my dear sir,' replied my friend, 'you speak as an Englishman; but the jurisprudence of this country is all founded upon imperial *ukases*—your lawyer may find an *ukase* perfectly applicable to your view, and to the justice of the affair in question: you may feel quite satisfied, in your own mind, that the decision must be in your favour; —but your antagonist's solicitor will, in all probability, find another *ukase* of a diametrically opposite tendency, or (which is the same thing to you,) it will be coaxed into the signification desired, by the attractive influence of a personage well-known in Great Britain by the appellation of the Old Lady in Threadneedle-street, and who issues her *firmans* here in the shape of Russian banknotes. It is true that a third *ukase* might possibly be discovered, which, accompanied by a rouleau of ducats, would make the scales of justice incline to your side; but this would be a costly proceeding, and even a just decree might be evaded by an adept, who would be more than a match for you, with your old-fashioned, straightforward English ideas.'—'Enough,' rejoined I; 'it has always been my opinion that one had better make a great sacrifice than go to law; but here nothing short of total ruin could ensue to an honest man who might be tempted to meddle with imperial *ukases*.' Upon expressing my astonishment at the existence of such disgusting abuses, observing that I had imagined that the emperor was high-minded and just, and that I presumed he must be ignorant of these vile proceedings, I was told that the Czar knew all about it—that he deplored the evil—but that the government being too poor to pay the public officers adequately, these *poccadilloes* were winked at! To this was attached another piece of information, viz. that after a man has been at his post long enough to have lined his pockets well by his mal-practices, he is put on the shelf to make room for some half-starved aspirant:—so that the system is carried on from one generation to another. The contracts for the government supplies are secured and acted upon in the most nefarious manner. I know, from a good source, that the contractors bribe the authorities whose duty it is to superintend the due performance of their engagement, and that the most wholesale peculation is carried on unblushingly.

LIFE.

Life's like *lump sugar* into water thrown,
'The simile is new—but odd,' you say;
It bubbling lessens in the liquid zone,
'Till every particle dissolves away. S.R.P.

THE DUEL.

It was agreed that we should commence the combat with our pistols, and if they failed, we were to determine it by our swords. The ground was measured, and, at the distance of eight paces, my antagonist and I stood face to face. Our seconds had arranged that the challenged party should fire first. We were asked if we were prepared, and, having replied in the affirmative, the signal was given. I saw the flash, and trembled to and fro for a few seconds, then fell backwards on the earth: the ball of my foe had passed through my body. Dreadful, excruciating were the sensations which I endured during the few succeeding minutes, while I lay on the grass—the *crimson* grass, which I had prophesied should be the bed of my enemy. In spite of the great effusion of blood, which, conjoined to what I had previously lost, induced a mortal weakness, I yet retained a vivid consciousness of all that passed around me. My antagonist had thrown the discharged pistol on the earth, and stood with his arms folded across his breast, regarding with a stern and fixed countenance the wound from which my life-blood was fast issuing. Motionless and impenetrable as a statue, it was impossible to infer from his impassive countenance the nature of his feelings; but he appeared to be awaiting the result without anxiety, and without exultation. My second advanced to assist me; but I snatched the handkerchief from his grasp, and applied it myself to the wound. An increased feebleness then subdued me, and I fell back on the grass, still keeping my eyes fixed on the countenance of my adversary, who retorted with an equally immovable gaze. I had thus lain during what appeared to me an eternity, but, in reality, perhaps, did not exceed a couple of minutes, when his second approached him, and advised him to depart. "No, no!" I shrieked in the agony of my dread lest my anticipated victim should escape me; "stay, stay, I command you!—I am prepared, and capable of firing;" and I presented my pistol. But the second of my adversary interfered, and stated that so long as I remained prostrate on the ground, the laws of duelling required that I should be considered *hors de combat;* and that unless I arose, he could not consent that my foe should sustain my fire. My friend then approached, in the intention of aiding me to rise; but the opposing second again intervened, and declared that unless I could stand, and fire without assistance, he should remove his principal from the ground. I groaned with anguish; and nothing, I fear, prevented me from sending my bullet through the head of this zealous adviser, but the dread of thereby suffering my far more hated antagonist to escape. I instigated my second to protest against the injustice of this proceeding; but his remonstrances were vain; for, as we both too well knew, the other was acting in accordance with the common rules and precedents on such occasions. During this discussion I was momentarily growing weaker. Hastily, therefore, in the fear of becoming utterly incapacitated, I struggled to rise, and partially succeeded, but immediately fell again. A second time I made a still more violent effort, and contrived, with the assistance of the pistol, to raise myself on one knee. But the pain I then suffered was excruciating, and the great difficulty was yet to be surmounted. How vividly intense, even at this moment, is my recollection of the scene! My foe was still intently regarding me with the same impassive, inscrutable gaze. Not an emotion was apparent in the stony rigidity of his fixed and pale features. He neither quailed beneath my wrathful glances, nor retorted with a similar expression. His dark, deep-set eyes seemed to penetrate the inmost recesses of my soul, but offered no clue to the secrets of his own. At length I succeeded in attaining my feet. For a moment I reeled as though in a state of utter ebriety; then, with one final, and I may also say, superhuman exertion of my remaining strength, I stood for a single moment as firm and motionless as a rock, deliberately levelled my pistol at his throat, and fired. With the fierce shriek of the death-agony he sprang convulsively into the air, and with a dull heavy sound fell on the earth a corpse. I saw the result—saw that my prophecy was fulfilled, that the green grass was red beneath him, uttered a faint cry of exultation, and sank into the arms of my second.

ATHENIAN PRIESTS.

FOR THE OLIO.

There were various persons among the Athenians in 'Holy Orders.' The Greek word 'parasitoi,' of a parasite, was held in derision, and understood in comic satire as equivalent to 'shark,' or 'smell-feast;' and though many of the class were estimable men, yet the object of Terence was more to attack the bad portion of them, and bring them to a life of practical reformation, than to cast odium on the lives of those who were worthy of commendation. For, when these had set apart such a parcel of land as they thought the revenues would suffice for the sacrifices, they chose certain men who should regulate the proportions of the harvest, and with the income were the changes of the public sacrifices defrayed. Hence, great 'yearly substance' is used by Aristophanes for 'great sacrifice,' and conducted by 'Ceryces,' a 'crier;' but in sacred functions, a 'minister,' who slew and offered the victim. Athenio, the comedian, ascribes much honour to them, as if they had first taught men to seeth victuals, the flesh of sheep and oxen; while before, they devoured each other raw. Their name is taken from Ceryx, the son of Mercury and Pandrosus. In the time of divine rights, they craved the silence of the people, and when the service was concluded, they invoked praise. It was the duty of these ministers to preserve that which was found in the church, and to keep it in repair, there being a law that what they laid out should be repaid them. These are the priests ever waiting on the gods, whose prayers the ancients acquired at their sacrifices, out of which they had a fee—'*the trotters and skins*,' as the Ceryces had the '*tongues*.' And, indeed, there was no necessity for there being tables in their temples on which they might lay their oblations. Demosthenes states there were priestesses, on whom devolved the proper administration of the linen, and they were compared by Dionysius to vestals.

PYLADES.

METHOD OF SELLING WOMEN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mohammedan, they remain so; if born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform, when purchased, to the Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colours; and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business —between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The would-be purchaser may fix his eyes on the lady's face, and his hand may receive evidence of her bust. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant gives his warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about 100l. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the Kislar Aga. A coarser article, from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white toothed, plump cheeked, merry eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible "Buy me." They are sold easily, and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare footed, and bare headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her à la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about 16l.

Slade's Records of Travels in Turkey.

GHOST STORIES; OR, SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

FOR THE OLIO.

POOR PETER AND WILL O' THE WISP.

An ignis fatuus of the swamp,
Misleading silly folks.

How beautifully the little clear rivulet runs, like liberated quicksilver, along the valley which reposes in its hilly shelter, and is secluded in woody umbrage. Our ancestors took infinite pains to realise their wishes, when they scooped out a basin for their dwellings and devotion in the identities of Castle Coombe. Whichever way we enter, we suddenly quit the airy hills, and descending by an abrupt and narrow road, with the stones of rugged age beside us, almost topple into the presence of chimnies and low habitations. The very tops of the church are rarely concealed, till we seem, like Munchausen, to tie the bridles of our horses to them. In this remarkable town, once celebrated for its castle, but now in utter retirement, many families lived and died without travelling far beyond the fosse. Of the castle nothing remains but a mound, the broken walls shrinking into the green usurpation of the ground, as if desirous of being concealed with the former grandeur of the possessors, and ashamed of the ruin to which mute survivors are liable. The ditch, once doubtless of considerable importance and fortified, is scarcely observable—rank weeds, briars, and stagnant waters have converted it into a swampy spot. Castle Coombe is now a "Coombe"—for there are woolcombers in it—without a castle.

By the side of an hermit-like meeting-house in the stony recluse of the road, a weaver lived in comfort. This dwelling possessed the usual accompaniments of a cottage. A well in the garden, a long window for the light of the loom, and a pretty bird's-eye view up and down the hill, with a few steps willowed each side down into a narrow path, which cut off the distance and formed a rather interesting object to the perspective of an observer.

When Peter Jones, the only son, had arrived to years old enough to work with his father, Nelly, who had assisted in driving the shuttle and the quills between the warp or chain, many and many a long day, now initiated Peter, her "dear boy," into the service. Consequently he was kept in ignorance of the doings of other boys in the shambles of the market-place, and, moreover, being very destitute of a natural capacity; which, singularly enough, was that which constituted him a perfect natural in any thing but weaving.—Peter's judgment and experience, like a couple of unread novels, lay on the shelf; yet, very often, after the labours of the day were closed and the fire was brightened up, when his father sat smoking and his mother darned the chasms of the hose—Peter, half drowsy, with the petted feline crop-eared tabby on his knees, listened to the casual conversation between his parents. To him they parabled in mysteries: at one time he heard them speak in anguish of "Agnes Broome" breaking her heart for love: at another they lamented the suicide of "Ellen Scrope:" sometimes they talked of the ghost of the squire appearing at the sun-dial in the green plat;—and at others they detailed oral traditions, which, ever and anon, amused him. When they discovered this symptom of reason dawning at the age of seventeen, they encouraged the exercise, though he could not be induced to look into a book but for a loved perusal of the picture. To be sure he went regularly to church on Sundays, and his demeanour in it was inimitable—for he rose, and sat, and mumbled the responses to the best of his ability, and his heart indited the service faithfully. This was so remarkable to those who knew him that he was known by the appellative of "*poor* Peter!" Indeed, he was so far pleased with this significant epithet, that he considered being called "*poor* Peter!" was equivalent to squire and a mark of honour. But with all the descriptions of those in a supernatural world, none had so strong an effect upon his mind as the accounts his father detailed to him which happened when *he* was a boy, during the weaving of the day,—of the tricks *he* and his old playmates invented with the ***Will o' the Wisp***, round the ditch of the castle,

Many a night Peter lay awake in his bed, and resolved in his contracted brain what he should do in imitation of his father; and, no doubt, he ripened his scheme to his fancy, ere he determined to put it in practice. This, however, is only conjectural; for, one star-light night, when the moon slept on the waters, and the grass was crisp with globules of silvery dew, being assured that his parents were fast as death in the realms of nature's sweet restorer, he rose, and dressing himself in hushing secrecy, went forth alone with a stake in his hand, to see if he could not play a prank or two with the "Will o' the Wisp" round the outer dyke of the castle's mound.

It was the distance of a mile from his home, for the zig-zag road deceived the eye and the foot, and made it appear only half as far. Peter reached the spot of his intention, though he lost his life in accomplishing his supposed object. It is evident in the sequel that he went in pursuit of the Will o' the Wisp, by the situation in which he was found. Well, then, when his father and mother woke like the larks refreshed for the morning's duties, Peter's voice was missing. His mother drew the latch of his sleeping room—she entered—it was empty. She shrieked, and the old man, who had descended to the weaving room, for the purpose of breaking up a faggot, hearing her, left the half lit fire, and met her, falling and fainting in his arms. Not imagining, at the momentary impulse, the real cause, he called loudly for his son—but hearing no reply, feared the worst. As soon as Nelly was brought to, their eyes seemed to inquire, what has become of their dear, poor Peter!—They searched round about, and looked among their neighbours in vain. None could give any information respecting Peter. All the folks, (so deeply interested were they for his welfare, set their feet in all directions. Three days and corresponding nights' anxieties and bewailings were unhappily employed to no purpose. Some affirmed that he had gone after the soldiers and was enlisted; while others said, "Ah! poor Peter was too good to be long in this world."

A week had elapsed, and the old couple were wearing out their sands of existence with the most silent and sure expedition, when the squire's gamekeeper entering, disturbed their calm meditations, by informing them "poor Peter was found!" They rose at one impulse, and looked unutterable wildness, when they asked, "*Alive!*"—"Nay; not *exactly* so," said the gamekeeper, humanely softening down their calamity—"This dog,"—patting the unconscious animal,—"yes, Carlo discovered him as I was out shooting this morning round the castle. By the aid of Tom the shepherd, we dragged poor Peter out of the mire, and he was 'at peace' when we left him, and his lodging, poor fellow, is on the cold, cold ground!" Here he wiped away a tear, and his auditors trembled in dumb distraction.

True was the account, and soon realized in all its bearings. But it would be tedious to narrate the subsequent effects of an endearing son lost, and a humble and heart-broken pair of self-accusing parents, who, in their utter despair, attributed the fatal result from their filling their son's head with fantasms they could not explain. Though the old couple went out of time without an elucidation of the cause of the Will o' the Wisp; yet, in after years, the rising generations met with a full proof of it. But no sooner was Peter buried than, of course, his ghost was seen wantonly attacking the Will o' the Wisp here and there about the castle's site. This was not all—whoever ventured that way over the bridge by moonlight could see the youth's form distinctly musing over the place of his death. Nay, more—his voice could be heard (so it was said) distinctly in the lapse of the cadent waters, accenting the melancholy tones of "Poor Peter!"

A literary gentleman, in the vicinity of Castle Coombe, determined to realise the truth, or dispel the fiction of Poor Peter's posthumous interposition. By repeated visits near the spot, he first accounted for the actual presence of the Will o' the Wisp; and, secondly, proved, by the removal of the stump of a tree from the spot, that Peter's ghost ceased to inhabit it with an untoned spell. This tree, certainly, before it was plucked up as a brand, resembled a form in shade, by moonlight only, of a human being. We are, therefore, bound to demonstrate the agents, ere we fix our belief in the subject of the departed returning to our mortal career for no apparent cause than feeding credulity, and wrapping the mantle of ignorance round the half-cowled terrors of superstition.

Varieties.

American Taverners.—A six foot Kentuckian was not long since travelling in the interior of Pennsylvania, when he put up for the night at a Dutch tavern, where he was excessively annoyed by those tormentors of human flesh and blood which, time out of mind, have been the peculiar denizens of unclean beds. In the morning, when the rest of his fellow-passengers had paid their fare, our Kentuckian stepped up to the landlord, and in a voice of thunder inquired the price of beef in that vicinity. "De price of beef?" responded the half frightened and half wonder-struck tavern-keeper. "Yes, what is beef a pound in your village?" "Why tish, let me see now—tish sixpence de pound." "Here, then," said the Kentuckian, "take that," at the same time throwing down on the counter a silver dollar, "Dat! and vat ish dat for, Mynheer six footer?" "Half of it is for my bed and board, and half to purchase beef." "Beef!—for vat?"—"For the d—d hungry bugs in your beds—they came near eating me up alive—look here, and here, and here!" said he, at the same time shewing the bites and marks of blood on his face, arms, and legs. "Do you mean to insinivate that my beds are buggy!" said the landlord, stepping round in a great passion. "Buggy! to be sure I do; and that you are but one door off from being a murderer: had it been a thin consumptive fellow that had slept where I did last night, instead of me, he would have been a dead man before morning; and to guard against such a catastrophe, I make a present to you of that money—buy beef with it, and feed your bugs every night before putting any body into your beds." The Dutchman was forced to submit to the joke, the Kentuckian all the while looking fiercely at him in the face, and keeping as cool and determined as if it were a case of life and death. *New York Constellation.*

The Game of the Tinkeler's Shop as played in West Cornwall:—

"A large iron pot, with a mixture of soot and water, is placed in the middle of the room, one of the party acts as master of the shop, having a small mop in his left hand, and a short stick in his right, as his comrades have also; each of these assumes a name, as Old Vulcan, Mend-all, Tear'em, All-my-men, &c. They all kneel down round the vessel; the master cries out, "Every one and I;" they then all hammer away as fast as they can, some with ridiculous grimaces; the master suddenly cries out, "All-my-men and I," "Mend-all and I," or any other name he chooses, upon which all are to cease working, except the individual named. If any of them fail in attending to this, they are treated with a salute from the mop, well soaked in the sable liquid; and as the master contrives to puzzle them by frequently changing the names, and sometimes calling two or three together, the faces of most of the party are soon reduced to a state that would make even Warren's jet blacking look pale with envy."

Curious South American Painting of the Last Supper.—Here the cherubims and seraphims have undergone a terrible degradation, for instead of being represented, as is usual, in heaven, they are figuring as cooks and scullions. They are drawn as all head and wings, but busily employed:—one is scouring a dish in a kind of modern European kitchen; another is blowing the fire in the Spanish manner; a third is frying eggs; in the back-ground some are officiating as waiters, handling the plates, and making all necessary preparations.

The Smoking Doctor.—Dr. Aldrich's excessive love of smoking was well known to his associates; but a young student of his college, finding some difficulty to bring a fellow-collegian to the belief of it, laid him a wager, that the dean, Aldrich, was smoking at that time (about ten o'clock in the morning). Away went the latter to the deanery. After being admitted to the dean in his study, he related the occasion of his visit. The dean, instead of being disconcerted, replied in perfect good humour, "you see your friend has lost his wager, for I am not smoking, but only filling my pipe." The story, however, is not quite correctly told; the wager was, that the dean was either smoking, stopping, or filling his pipe. The parties called on him, and he who made the bet immediately exclaimed, "I have lost my wager, I perceive;" for the doctor was not smoking but had his hand in his waistcoat pocket, "You have won it," said the dean, to whom the matter had been explained, "for," said he, withdrawing his hand from its place of concealment, "I am filling my pipe at this very moment," his pocket being his tobacco-box.

Toads—The common toad, which is generally esteemed the most loathsome of British reptiles, and which boys too often heedlessly pelt with stones, as if it were a creature injurious to mankind, is an animal of considerable use in the economy of nature, being evidently created for the purpose of destroying and clearing away worms and other small vermin which would injure vegetation. The character of this inoffensive creature has recently been well described by Mr. Fothergill, a naturalist. "The common food of the toad (says he,) is small worms, and insects of every description; but its favourite food consists of bees and wasps. When a toad strikes any of these insects, however, deglutition does not immediately take place, as in other cases, but the mandibles remain closely compressed for a few seconds, in which time the bee or wasp is killed, and all danger of being stung avoided. The mandibles are provided with two protuberances, which appeared to be destined for this office. Although capable of sustaining long abstinence, the toad is a voracious feeder when opportunity offers. To a middle-sized one the writer has given nine wasps, one immediately after another; the tenth it refused, but in the afternoon of the same day it took eight more. To see the toad display its full energy of character, it is necessary to discover it in its place of retirement for the day, and, if possible, unperceived, to drop an insect within its sight; it immediately arouses from its apparent torpor, its beautiful eyes sparkle, it moves with alacrity to its prey, and assumes a degree of animation incompatible with its general sluggish appearance. When arrived at a proper distance, it makes a full stop, and, in the attitude of a pointer, motionless eyes its destined victim for a few seconds, when it darts out its tongue upon it, and lodges it in its throat with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow. It sometimes happens to make an effectual stroke, and stuns the insect without gorging it, but never makes a second stroke until the insect resumes motion. It uniformly refuses to feed on dead insects, however recent. For several years a toad took up its abode, during the summer season, under an inverted garden-pot, which had a part of its rim broken out, in the writer's garden, making its first appearance in the latter end of May, and retreating about the middle of September. This toad, there is reason to believe, distinguished the persons of the family, who daily fed it, from strangers, as it would permit them to pat and stroke it. To try the indiscriminating appetite of these animals, the writer has dropped before a full-grown toad, a young one of its own species, about three-fourths of an inch long, and the instant it began to move off, it was eagerly struck at and swallowed; but the writer, in repeating this experiment, found that more will refuse than devour the young of their own species. When living minnows were dropped before a toad, they were struck at and swallowed in the same manner. These experiments were made on toads at full liberty, and met with like results. Toads generally return to their winter quarters about the time that swallows disappear. The writer, on such occasions, has seen them burrowing in the ground backwards, by the alternate motion of their hind legs."

Origin of the Tender by the Sheriffs for Six Horse-Shoes.—The year 1235 is memorable for the origin of the payment or tender for six horse-shoes, with the nails thereunto belonging, by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, at the time of their swearing into office before the Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and this custom ariseth from the possession of a piece of ground in the Strand, within the parish of St. Clement Danes, to which they have a right by a grant from Walter le Bruin, a farrier, who in this year purchased the same from the Crown, for the purpose of erecting a forge, on condition of his rendering to the Exchequer annually for the same a quit-rent of six horse-shoes, with the nails, &c. and which was twice paid there in the reign of Edward I.; and although this piece of ground is not at present in the possession of the city of London, yet the custom of making this tender annually at the Exchequer, by the hands of the Sheriffs is still continued.

New History of London.

Antipathy of the Women of Rome to Perfumes. – One of the most extraordinary phenomena that present themselves to a foreigner who resides for any length of time at Rome, and which is liable to bring him into unpleasant situations, is the antipathy of the female sex in that city to perfumes. A Roman woman scents a monthly rose at the distance of from sixteen to twenty paces, and falls into convulsions if it is not immediately removed. Lying-in women are particularly affected by such odours; and the physicians of Rome assert, in all seriousness, that at such a time exposure to the smell of roses or violets, if for only five minutes, would be likely to prove fatal to them. Persons in this condition, indeed, dislike strong smells in general, for instance, that of leather, roasted coffee, &c.; hence, wherever there is a lying-in woman, no coffee house-keeper dare roast his coffee in the street. Let it not be supposed that this is affectation; from that no women in the world are more exempt than those of Rome. A still more extraordinary circumstance, however, is, that natural animal odours of every kind, and even such as arise from matters in a state of putrefaction, excite no disgust. A lady of the highest rank, whose apartments not a flower of any kind is permitted to enter from one year's end to another, will live in the hottest months of summer over a butcher's shop, without turning up her nose; nay, even the smell proceeding from the common sewers, in long-continued dry and hot weather makes no impression upon her.

ON READING HEATH'S 'BOOK OF BEAUTY,' BY MISS LANDON.

Heath's 'Book of Beauty' formed by L.E.L.,
Is made for hearts which lovers ought to see;
And if so *beautiful*, in passion's spell,
Of what *materials* must the *authoress* be!

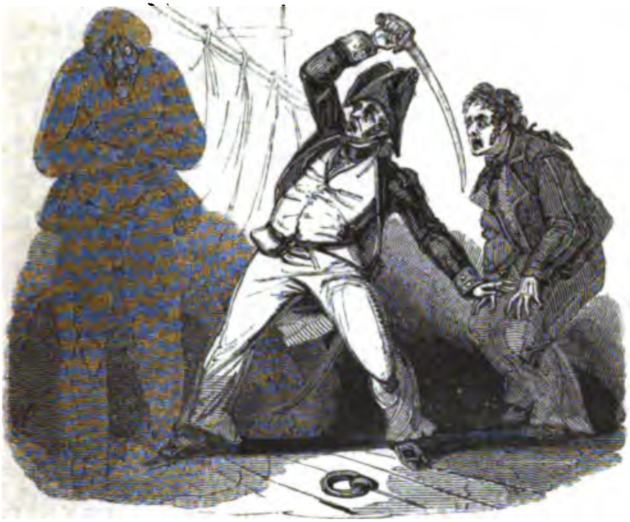
INTERLOCUTOR.

Errata—In the article on the Panorama of Stirling in our 20th Number, for 'vernaltries,' read *vernatries*—for 'lurid' read *lucid*—and for 'roads' read *walls*.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

No. XXIII.—Vol. X. *Saturday, Jan. 5, 1833.*



See page 357

Illustrated Article.

THE SPECTRE OF THE MIST.*

At a coffee-house in London I became acquainted with a gentleman whose singular life is worthy of being related. From the first moment I felt interested in the stranger; the naval uniform, and his handsome sunburnt countenance, showed he had visited foreign climes. We generally dined at the same table, but seldom addressed each other. A circumstance, however, brought us intimately acquainted. Indisposition had for some time confined me to my apartment; when I returned to the coffee-room I found my friend in his usual place. He welcomed me with a kind smile, saying, "You have been a long time absent, sir; I am afraid you have been unwell; and indeed, from your paleness, I fear you suffer still." The restraint which at first existed between us being thus removed, we soon became intimate, and the more I saw of my new friend. the more I esteemed the qualities both of his head and heart. One day he invited me to take a sail with him as far as Greenwich, and we soon reached that noble hospital, which is a refuge for more than 2,000 invalid seamen. We had scarcely entered the court, when I observed that the eyes of my companion were anxiously in search of some one. With hasty steps he approached an old sailor, with snow-white hair and a weather-beaten countenance, who was seated on a bench warming himself in the sun. The moment the old man saw the captain, he instantly rose and touched his hat. "Why, my old shipmate," said the captain, "you seem to be lying quietly at anchor here; you have tumbled into a secure and peaceful haven after the storms of life." "Thanks to my king and to you, sir," said the old man, with a cheerful smile, while he again resumed his seat, "I still sail with a fair wind, and hope to enjoy a few more years yet in this quiet haven. This day twenty-five years since," he continued, with a significant wink, "we little thought to live to see this day, or to reach such a secure port: and to think that I still sail with a fair wind, and have anchorage in this good haven here to rest from all my toils and cares, is more than I could have looked for. Take it not amiss that I speak thus freely; but our meeting this day brings back many a long yarn." "Yes, yes, Tomkins," said the captain, "this day twenty-five years since was a dreadful day; and I would not have given sixpence for either of our lives; but courage and firmness often overcome danger, as the Spectre found who so obstinately persisted in taking up his quarters with us." Tomkins gave a significant nod in reply; and my friend having spoken a few words aside to the old sailor, slipped some money into his hand, and we left him.

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* From the United Service Journal.

On our return my friend informed me that Tomkins had served many years under him; that he was steady and faithful, and that he owed to him his life. This account gave me a desire to hear more of his history, and I requested my friend to gratify me. "Yes," said my companion with a thoughtful look, "it is indeed a wonderful story, of which I have never yet spoken; but to you, my young friend, I will confide what has never yet crossed my lips:—

"About twenty-five years since I served as lieutenant on board the Minerva. Our ship had gone as convoy to some merchant vessels bound to Canton, and it was our intention to return the same way as soon as they had taken in their lading. The season was far advanced, and we were prepared to encounter many dangers. The captain of the Minerva was of a stern and determined character, and so obstinate that he would listen to no one's advice. Avarice was his ruling passion; and from this vice the crew suffered great privations, as he never laid in stores sufficient for the voyage, but trusted to receiving a supply from the merchant-vessels should it be required, without reflecting that if we were to be separated from them, our situation would indeed be dreadful. As we lay at anchor at Java, I thought it my duty to warn the captain of what might take place; but he replied that it was no business of mine to meddle in matters that did not concern me; and that unless I wished to bring punishment upon myself, I would instantly desist from my impertinent interference. Upon this I was silent; and although we had the fruitful coast of Java before our eyes, yet no one dared approach the island. At length we put to sea, and sailed between Sumatra and Malacca, through the dangerous straits. Here it was that our captain showed his skill and courage. With the greatest ability he piloted us through the numerous rocks and sand-banks by which we were encircled, and the merchant-vessels followed in our course. We safely passed the dangerous sound; but we had hardly reached the open sea, when a dreadful storm arose, which raged during the whole of the night. Our vessel, though good, and strongly built, yet sustained some damage, though fortunately not of much consequence. But you may imagine our horror, when daylight broke, on finding that the ships under convoy had all disappeared. Not a sail was to be seen. For the first time, the captain seemed anxious and discomposed. All on board were aware that the cutter had only provisions for a few days; the evil which I had anticipated had now overtaken us; and with one voice the crew insisted that we should return, and procure provisions at the first port. This proposal recalled the captain to himself. A dark shade overspread his countenance, while, with a voice of thunder, he exclaimed, 'Silence, every man of you! The first who dares to murmur, I shall hang at the yard-arm. I know my duty; I command here; my orders shall be obeyed, though every soul should go to the bottom.' To this none had the courage to reply. I myself could not but wonder at this bold speech.

"For some days we continued to cruise in the Eastern Ocean, without meeting a single sail, and always receding from the coast. The daily rations at length were so diminished that, from exhaustion, the crew were disabled from working the ship. I now remarked that the captain had become extremely irritable; his countenance alternately changed from the flush of fever to the paleness of death. The orders which he formerly issued with determination, were now given with intemperance, and if not instantly obeyed, the crew were severely punished. Amongst others, Tomkins was harshly punished for a very trifling fault; but on my remarking that this was from the effects of fever, he thought no more of the matter. The same day, the captain died. His body was the first that was food for the fishes; but many were to follow. Already had the Spirit of Destruction marked us for his prey.

"After the captain's death, I assumed

the command. As I thought it probable that the dispersed vessels were driven to the coast of Sumatra, I determined to bend our course there, and this determination gave universal satisfaction to the crew. The state of exhaustion, however, to which hunger had reduced us, rendered our reaching the coast so improbable, that a feeling of despondency took possession of us. Notwithstanding all our economy and care in regard to distributing the provisions, to our horror we found that we had only one day's allowance on board; and, even with a favourable wind, we could not expect to reach the nearest coast in less than five or six days. With a heavy heart I watched the ship's course, which, with a slight wind, moved slowly on. The heat now became oppressive. I was the only one on deck. When twilight began, Tomkins approached with a mysterious look, and said, in a half-whisper, 'Lieutenant, it goes ill with us; in a short time the Minerva will be driven out to the open sea. Have you not remarked the oppressive heat? See how her sails flap together! All hope is past, for there will be a dead calm, which will last for many days.' 'Tomkins,' I replied, 'you yesterday predicted calm weather; it may be so; but may we not be fortunate enough to procure some fish or wild fowl? or, perhaps, we may fall in with some vessels that will bring us assistance?' 'Sir,' answered Tomkins, with a serious look, 'don't be offended that I speak my mind freely. I am not the man to grumble at the want of provisions. Do you think that an empty larder is depressing to me?—that that is the evil I dread? No, no; old Tomkins has suffered that privation too often to be cast down by it. But,' continued he with earnestness, 'there is a spirit coming on board, which is always the forerunner of destruction. Do you see nothing, sir? Do you not observe something extraordinary upon deck? Hist! it moves!' he exclaimed in a suppressed voice. And now I did remark that the evening mist had assumed a strange and spectral form, which laid itself down upon the deck. 'How, Tomkins!' said I in an ironical tone, 'have you no other grounds for your anxiety than the phantoms which are raised by the mists of the evening?—You, who are an old sailor, ought to know that this frequently occurs without any evil agency.' 'Ah, to be sure,' grumbled the old sailor, 'every cabin-boy would stare at me if I did not know that; but a fog in this shape, and upon these seas, is something worse than common evening mist. Have you never heard, lieutenant,' he continued, 'of the Sea Spectre?' I shook my head. 'Well,' said he, 'I shall tell you of this spirit, of which I have heard from old sailors who have been in these seas. It is well known that this spectre comes on board every vessel which has the misfortune to enter these seas. Over the winds and the provisions has this spirit, which is called the Spectre of the Mist, no power, but only over the crew. It takes its place at the helm, and steers where it thinks fit. This spectre seems every moment to increase in size; it begins to move a few steps from the helm, to which it soon returns, and at every step it takes dooms its victims to death; but if it once reaches the other end of the ship, all hope is lost, and the spectre either brings the captive ship on a rock, or sinks it in the deep.'

"The old sailor's story appeared so truly ridiculous, that but for our melancholy situation I would have laughed outright. 'Tomkins,' said I, as I turned to go to the cabin, 'I fear not your spectre: we have enough of real evils, without troubling ourselves with a fabulous spirit.'—'We shall see enough of it by and bye,' grumbled the old man as I left him.

"Want of sustenance, and the fatigue of watching upon deck, had so much exhausted me, that I soon fell into a deep slumber. About midnight I was suddenly awakened by a dreadful tumult on deck; the noise of voices, the clashing of swords, and the firing of pistols, became tremendous. I flew to the door, but, to my rage and disappointment, I found it locked. This is mutiny,—was my first thought. I called on the mate, the boatswain, on old Tomkins,—but no one answered me. I went to the cabin window, and listened attentively; the tumult appeared to be over the gangway. I fired my pistol, but no notice was taken of it.

"It was nearly an hour before the affray ceased; I heard the boatswain exclaim, 'Surrender instantly, you rascals! or, as sure as you are imps of Satan, I'll fire the powder-room, though we all should dance in the air together.' This threat seemed to take effect, for I again heard the boatswain say, 'Ah! it is well, old boy; and now I will bind you so tight, that the blood will spring out from your finger ends. And now, Tomkins,' he added, 'you may go and free the lieutenant, whom we locked in.'—In a few minutes the cabin door flew open, and old Tomkins entered, who told me that the crew had broken open the provision-room, and had helped themselves to all that they found there; and that some of them had entered into a conspiracy to barricade the cabin-door, and leave the vessel to its fate. They carried the stolen provisions on deck, where an unexpected reception awaited them: they were immediately attacked by that part of the crew who would not join in their enterprise, and a severe conflict ensued. In the meantime, some of the mutineers had, unobserved, placed the provisions in the boat, which they instantly lowered into the sea; and having taken possession of it, they were soon joined by their companions, who had the good fortune to fight their way through those who opposed them, and to reach the boat in safety. Deep was the indignation of those who remained at the treachery of their companions. All had taken to flight, except four, who had been placed as a guard at the door of the cabin. I immediately ordered lights to be hung out, and sent several shots after the cowardly rascals, which unfortunately missed them, and they soon vanished in the dark. In the gangway we found many dead, and some severely wounded: the first we lowered into the sea, and we bound up the wounds of the latter. Our situation was now indeed deplorable.

" At break of day, as I stood mournfully upon deck gazing upon the calm sea, old Tomkins again approached me, saying, ' Well, sir, you yesterday laughed at me for telling you the spectre would pay the Minerva a visit; but I don't think that you will again take the old sailor Tomkins for a man who troubles his head with a fabulous spirit.' In truth, I did again observe something standing immoveable by the helm, which appeared like the figure of a very large, tall man Without waiting to reply to Tomkins's remark, I quickly approached this singular apparition. The nearer I approached it, the more indistinct and shadowy it became. When I reached the place where the phantom stood, to my astonishment it had disappeared; but the instant I left the place, the Spectre re-appeared, and assumed the singular form of an old sailor in a bending attitude. ' See, lieutenant,' said Tomkins, ' the spectre makes himself sure of a good prey during the night, because he is seen more distinctly. He will now begin to take command of the ship, which he will keep for days.' I knew not what to think of this matter, but on being called down to the cabin, where two of the steersmen lay mortally wounded, I cautioned Tomkins to say nothing of it to any of the crew, as not a man would stir from horror of the apparition. I found both the wounded men at the point of death. The same day, four more of the crew died, and at midnight we had only twelve men on board the Minerva.

" When we sunk the last body in the sea, I looked towards the helm, but the apparition had vanished. Tomkins, who stood beside me whispered, that it would again appear in the evening, and that it would be more distinctly seen than hitherto. We had paid the last honours to the dead, and my unhappy comrades had gone below to avoid the oppressive heat, and I stood lost in thought on our melancholy situation; not a breath of air cooled the burning atmosphere; not a star glimmered in the wide horizon. Our vessel rocked from side to side, the helm had lost all power over her. I now apportioned what remained of our provisions to the crew, for myself I retained none. Tomkins was still the most active and unrepining.

" As soon as I had dealt out the small remains of the provisions, I returned on deck. Here I found my favourite dog, Cynthio, who, the moment he saw me, turned with feeble steps towards the helm, and looking steadfastly on the place, began to howl. Sorrowfully I called the faithful animal to me. 'Cynthio,' said I, ' for many years you have faithfully served your master; you must now receive your death from his hand.' I need not express to you what my sensations were; seizing my pistol, a deep groan followed the shot, and then all was still. The report brought all the crew upon deck. With a bitter sigh I gave the dog to the poor fellows. Their repast was soon prepared, and they all expressed their gratitude for the sacrifice I had made. When Tomkins returned upon deck, he approached me and said, 'Lieutenant, you are a generous man, and spare nothing to your crew.' 'Truly, I have never had that in my power until now,' said I; 'I have done nothing more than you would have done, had you been in my place, Tomkins, for I think you a warm-hearted fellow.' 'But,' answered Tomkins, 'I would rather have kept the dog for another and worse time, which we may yet see.'

"In the evening I felt some one touch my shoulder; I quickly turned round—it was Tomkins. 'Our steersman is here again,' he whispered; 'see how restless he becomes, and how he strides backwards and forwards.—Courage will not help us here; those over whose heads he walks, are doomed by him, and he makes himself sure of us also.' I now looked towards the helm, and saw the spectre more distinctly than I had done in the morning. On approaching nearer, I remarked with horror and astonishment two eyeless sockets; and the dark and furrowed countenance of the phantom was meagre and ghastly. With crossed arms and measured steps he paced between the helm and the mast. I summoned my courage to my aid, approached and addressed him; but, he silently continued his walk, without appearing to have observed me. I now drew my sword from the scabbard, and made a thrust at the unbidden guest, but it only cut the air, and the spectre quietly pursued its wanderings. 'You are right, Tomkins,' said I, as I turned to the old man, 'Satan has taken up his abode with us, and I have no power to drive him away.' With a feeling of terror, which till then I never experienced, I went forward, leaving the spectre to continue his walk undisturbed. The moon had risen; the heavens were bespangled with stars; Tomkins and I were sitting upon deck, lost in thought, when suddenly a wild song arose from the steerage—without doubt the unfortunate beings were endeavouring by this means to restore their cheerfulness. As I was still in hopes that the spectre would suddenly vanish, I looked towards the helm, but to my disappointment I still saw him pacing backwards and forwards as before.—Since the evening I had allowed all the work of the ship to stand, as the famished crew were quite unfit for service; and as no exertions on our part could be of the slightest use. All was now quiet in the steerage. That is the calm of desperation, thought I; and as none of them came on deck to enjoy the cool breeze, I went down to enquire the reason, and to my surprise I found them all in a state of insensibility.—They had emptied the last anker of rum; the empty keg lay upon the table, and the unhappy crew were extended on the ground, without any signs of life. At first, I thought it was from intoxication, but on finding behind the empty anker, a bottle with *opium* inscribed upon it, and which was also empty, I soon found that the miserable wretches, to console themselves under their privations, had had recourse to this dangerous and fatal remedy. I hastily called Tomkins, and told him my suspicions; we tried to restore them to consciousness, but without success. 'Sir,' said Tomkins, 'I greatly fear none of these poor fellows will ever come to life again; take notice, 'tis not for nothing the spectre is walking over their heads.' He was right. The same night eight of the unhappy crew died in violent convulsions, but the boatswain and cabin boy became sensible next morning. They told us that they had all partaken of the drug, for the purpose of delivering them from their wretchedness. As they had frequently indulged in the use of opium, its operation was slow, but at length death asserted his power, and by mid-day all was over.

"With a mind full of sadness, I paid the last rites to the dead. Tomkins was still active and cheerful, whilst I, who was much younger, could hardly support myself upon this sorrowful occasion. When all was concluded, I became extremely faint. I threw myself down upon deck; every thing appeared to move around me, and I soon fell into a stupor: my thoughts wandered and became unsettled. I dreamt that I was on a fertile coast, and that several persons approached me with the most delicious fruits. A number of slaves came near, bearing in their hands cups of gold, which emitted the most delicious perfumes. From this enchanting vision I suddenly awoke; but on opening my eyes I thought I still dreamt, for Tomkins stood before me, holding in his hand some of the fruit I had seen in my dream. Without inquiry I took part of it, from which I found great refreshment. Inquiringly I looked at Tomkins, who, in confusion, threw down his eyes. 'How came you by this fruit, Tomkins?' I asked after a pause: 'Did you swim for it to-day, sir?—that's a sign we must be near some coast.' 'Not to-day,' said Tomkins; 'but I swam for it when we lay at anchor on the coast of Java.' 'Impossible, Tomkins!' I replied, as I angrily sprung up; 'surely you could not have kept this refreshing fruit when so many of your messmates were dying of want?' 'I give you my word, sir,' said Tomkins with a firm voice, 'I have always divided my rations with them: they are now dead; but not from famine alone, but from their wounds, and the opium they drank.' This reply placed the old sailor in a very favourable light. He told me he had overheard my conversation with the captain, in regard to our want of provisions, in consequence of which, when keeping watch during the night, he swam secretly to the shore, bought some fruit, and returned without being missed. He expressed his happiness at having an opportunity of showing his gratitude to me, for having saved him from a punishment with which the captain had threatened him. We now went down to the steerage, where he showed me where he had hid the fruit, and some cocoa-nuts, under an old chest.

"In the evening our spectre friend again appeared: he was even more restless than ever. With rapid steps he quickly strode to the bench where we sat, and with a commanding air he stretched forth his right hand. On his deep furrowed features lay the expression of a fiend. By heavens, my young friend, I have stood the battle's thunder without feeling the terror which seized me at the sight of this spectre! The nearer it approached me, a shudder ran through my veins. The dreadful feeling of expectation which filled me, at every turn the spectre took, became at length so insufferable, that drawing a pistol from my belt, I fired at this wandering spirit; but it had not the least effect on him. 'Of what use is it, sir,' said Tomkins, as I threw myself in deep disappointment by his side, 'no human hand can injure him. We, too, are marked out for his sacrifice, and he is compelled to continue his wandering over the whole ship. If he again comes this way we are lost. You had better now write down the melancholy intelligence, how that the cutter Minerva and her crew were sunk into the sea.'

"In the evening the spectre again began its wanderings, which continued till next morning. After we had divided the last cocoa-nut, 'Tomkins,' said I, 'I owe my life to you, and the service you have rendered me is the more to be praised, as you will probably live some days longer, and have nothing left for yourself. Let us, Tomkins, boldly meet death as brave seamen, nor fear the spirit as he stands before us with his threatening looks and gestures.' Upon this I went down to the cabin, to give an account of the destruction of the vessel and the crew. I had just finished my document, which was to be thrown into the sea, and believing my last hour to draw near, I lay down in my hammock, when I was suddenly aroused from my uneasy and disturbed slumber, by the joyful voice of Tomkins, who, rushing into the cabin, exclaimed, 'Hurrah, sir, our deliverance is near. The spectre has disappeared, and a stiff breeze now fills the sails.' I flew upon deck, and found to my relief that the dreadful spectre had indeed taken to flight; but I could not restrain a sigh at the loss of the crew, as from want of hands we could make but little way. 'Courage, lieutenant,' said Tomkins, 'if this wind will not take us to any vessels, it may bring them to us. The phantom has taken himself off, that is the principal thing, and convinces me that we will soon be succoured.' Tomkins was so strong in this hope, that in the evening he hung out lights, and fired a signal gun; but, as the morning dawned, not a sail could we descry on the wide and solitary ocean. I now gave up to despair, but nothing could damp the hopes of Tomkins. He ascended to the masthead, declaring he would stay there till he saw a sail, or die like a brave sailor. This affected me much. I threw myself upon deck, there to await our unhappy fate. I was soon roused from my painful reflections by an exclamation from Tomkins, of 'A sail! a sail! —a sail before the wind!' he exclaimed in breathless haste. The joyful intelligence instantly restored my strength. While Tomkins fired a signal gun, I went up the mast, and there saw, not one, two, or three, but four sail. It was the fleet which we had convoyed to Canton, and, to my great joy, I saw the vessels bending their course towards us.

"I was soon in the arms of my friends. Some sailors who were on board informed us, that the spectre was the apparition of a Portuguese corsair, who, 200 years ago, had drowned himself in the Eastern Ocean, from remorse at having, in the most cruel manner, allowed his crew to die of hunger.

"We returned to England. Tomkins made some new voyages with me, after which he went to Greenwich. He is now nearly ninety years of age: we have not met for a year; and, my young friend, this is the anniversary of that day on which the phantom disappeared, whose presence had caused so much terror."

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

L'anima semplicetta, che sa nulla
Salvo che mossa da lieto fattore
Volentier torna a cio, che la trastulla.
Purgatorio.

The revolution of time has brought us to the close of the year 1832, and we enter again another cycle of toil and trouble; and, however glowingly we paint the prospects of the future, it may not differ very materially from the preceding; which, like the encircling wave hastens onwards till it has disappeared amidst the boundless expanse of past ages. We have traversed thus far the path of our destiny, and we are like the weary traveller of the desert, who having experienced a thousand difficulties, is still cheered by the illusions of the future, and encounters fresh dangers in the hope that he will ultimately obtain a resting place, and reap the reward of his fortitude and perseverance.

The progress of time is alike important to all:—in the revolution of an hour ruin and prosperity assume the supremacy; now fortune scatters her glittering favours, and now destruction deals desolation around her. To indulge the hope that the future period of our lives will be more replete with happiness than it has hitherto been, is perhaps a pardonable weakness; it is, however, certain that it is a feeling which belongs to the initiated, as well as to the uninitiated—to the timid as well as to the daring. The usurer who calculates men's lives and fortunes, welcomes the coming year as the harbinger of wealth and treasure—bonds and post obits;—the pensioned warrior hopes next year to raise the siege, and reckons upon his pay and preferment, (should he escape the cannon and the mine);—the lover thinks of his tardy mistress, and hopes that another year will see her kinder, her parents less rigid, or her guardians less obstinate;—the worldly look forward to another year, and hope that "things will take a better turn;"—the religious, with well stored proverb and parable, descants upon coming events, and traces in the laws of creation, the workings of his peculiar system; he also enters upon the duties of another year with much devotion, and many hopes of a greater godliness.

It were an endless task to enumerate the feelings of the great diversity of characters which occupy our habitable globe; but it is highly pleasureable to observe, that in a Christian community there is in the celebration of their rites and ceremonies, a humane and liberal feeling then every where present; ambition and its attendants, fears and jealousies, are for the time forgotten—it is felt and known, that the happiness and prosperity of each individual is dependent on some other, and that it is the mutual interest of all to be united in their endeavours—to feel charitably, and to act impartially.

A retrospective glance at the ravages of time during the progress of the last year, ought to have a great tendency to strengthen the bonds of society. Divines have asserted, and philosophers demonstrated, that human happiness is increased in proportion to the sympathy and affection we bear to those around us; yet how often have these pleasures been denied existence, because an individual selfishness has prevailed instead of philanthropy and affection.

Although our predictions are seldom realised, there is, however, something magical in the anticipation of futurity; we think of the toils of the past, and the imagination revels in the prospects of the future; the panorama of life, which is *seen* but not *felt*, presents to the delighted senses a series of successive objects, which appear to be created for our diversion.

We admire, and our admiration induces us to enter the scene—the deeply tinged glow—the romantic figures—the surrounding splendours have then disappeared, and we feel the dull reality of life; we are then convinced that in our anticipation of future events, we are indeed deceived; and that, if we have lost that which might have amused us, we have, however, learnt to guard against idle speculations, and we become greater in our adversity; and should fortune favour, we wear her honours more gracefully, and with less ostentation. G. M. B.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

If th' affairs of this world did not make us so sad,
'Twould be easy enough to be merry.
OLD SONG.

There is nothing but plague in this house!
There's the turbot is stole by the cat,
The Newfoundland has ate up the grouse,
And the haunch has been gnaw'd by a rat!
It's the day of all days when I wish'd
That our friends should enjoy our good cheer;
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dish'd—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The old law-suit with Levy is lost:
  You are fined for not cleaning the street,
And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,
  And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.
Your old tenant at seventy-four
  Has gone off in the night with his gear,
And has taken the key of the door—
  But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's misfortune wherever we dodge;
  It's the same in the country and town;
There's the porter has burn'd down his lodge,
  While he went off to smoke at the Crown.
The fat butler makes free with your wine,
  And the footman has drunk the strong beer;
And the coachman can't walk in a line—
  But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome,"
  Not a critic on earth seems to laud;
And old Huggins is lately come home,
  And will swear that your Claude isn Claude.
Your election is far from secure,
  Though its likely to cost very dear,
You're come out in a caricature—
  But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christen'd an ass in the *Times*,
  And the *Chronicle* calls you a fool;
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghrimes,
  Has engaged the next house for a school;
And the play-ground will run by the bow'r,
  That you took so much trouble to rear;
We shall never have one quiet hour—
  But I wish you a happy New Year!

Little John will not take to his book,
  He's come home black and blue from the cane;
There's your uncle is courting the cook,
  And your mother is married again!
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,
  And against them you'll have to appear—
If they're hung, you'll be wretched for life,
  But I wish you a happy New Year!

Hood's Comic Annual.

INTIMATIONS OF NEW BOOKS.*

1. *The Phiziorama of Fun.*

This work, which takes great liberties with the 'phiz,' is calculated to excite laughter without the expence of price or personality, and produces a temporary antidote for the megrims of the season.

2. *Lyric Leaves.*

Mr. Cornelius Webb has been a 'pretty considerable time' before the public as a poet of highly cultivated powers. The 'Lyric Leaves' are worthy of the poetic branch which bears them; and they will flourish with the music of the lyre.

3. *The Buccaneer.*

The manners and habits of this 'tale' are descriptive of the history and fiction which give an interest to Cromwell and the 'fair figurantes,' who were conspicuous in the commonwealth of society. The delineations are natural, and the incidents skilfully interwoven, so as to give an idea of reality and interest to the tone of a meritorious production.

4. *The Splendid Village, Corn Law Rhymes, and other Poems.*.

These poems are varied in their class and excellent in their kind,—political, pathetic, or satiric. A spirit of freedom, a love of truth, and correct views of society, are the pervading attributes, highly honourable to the heart of the man and the mind of the poet.

5. *Lights and Shadows of German Life.*

All life is checkered with 'light and shadow;' but, in a country like Germany, so strongly touched by the spirit of romance, and, consequently, more supernaturally grown into the histories, legends, and passions of its inhabitants, the 'lights' are more prominent and the 'shadows' more deep. The scenery, adventure, humour, and pathos, are sown in the narrative with admirable art; and the attention awakened to considerable gratification throughout the reading of so seasonable a book.

6. *Sermons by the Rev. Mr. Stebbing, M. A.*

These sermons are remarkable for elegant language, sound doctrine, and Christian philanthropy.

A DAY WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A YEAR or two before Sir Walter (he was then Mr. Scott) publicly declared himself the author of the Waverley novels, I had the good fortune to spend a large portion of one day in his company, at Jedburgh.

Where we dined, our hostess informed Mr. Scott of the narrow escape of a young lady in the neighbourhood who had been pursued by an angry bull, and who had not yet recovered from a serious illness brought on through her terrible fright. "And wad ye believe it?" added she; "her hair has already grown grey, and it is thought will become white in another week, if it gangs on as it has done."

On hearing the account of the young lady's escape from the terrible bull, and the effects of her alarm, he said, "I can readily credit that one's hair may, through a dreadful fright, grow grey, and that too, as we read in romances, in one brief hour. But speaking of a mischievous bull, puts me in mind of a similar case, which I myself witnessed, many years ago, in Edinburgh. I was proceeding from the old to the new town, by the earthen mound, at the head of which I was led for a few minutes to look at a bull that had got into an enclosure there, after the unmerciful butcher lads had driven it fairly mad. The crowd that gathered on the outside of the fence increased the brute's fierceness. At last they began to cast ropes over its horns, and around its neck, thereby to pull it to a stronghold, that it might be slain in the place where it was, which drove it to its most desperate fury. Its eyes now glared madness, there were handfuls of foam flying from its mouth, with its fore feet it pawed the ground, throwing lumps of earth as high as the adjoining houses, and it bellowed so as to make one quake. It was any thing but an agreeable sight, so I moved away homewards. But before I got to the foot of the mound, an alarming shout caused me to look back, when I perceived the animal at no great distance behind me, coming on with all its rage. I had just time to spring to the top of the wall that lined the footpath, and to behold its future progress.

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* Publishers, authors, and artists, wishing impartial intimations of their productions, by forwarding them to the office of the OLIO, shall not be disappointed.

"I shudder to this hour when I think of what immediately I saw. Among the people that were near me and in jeopardy, was a young lady, and as you have said, she wore a red mantle, which is a very offensive colour to many of the brute creation. As I did, she also made for the wall, but had neither time nor strength to gain its top, ere the infuriated animal drove towards her. She turned her back, however, to the inaccessible eminence, as if to see the full extent of her fate, and then stood as nailed to it, save only her arms, which she threw aloft in her despair, which would indeed have been as fragile in defence as a rotten reed. Her tender body would have been nothing against a force that could have broken bars of brass, and horns that might have transfixed an animal of its own size. As I have said, directly towards the unprotected young lady the bull drove forward; with intentest eye he came on, he mistook his mark not an inch: for, as the multitude behind him yelled their horror, he dashed with prodigious strength and madness against her.

"Was it not a miracle that the dear young woman escaped unhurt and untouched? Yet it is true: for the terrific animal struck at her so accurately, that a horn smote the dead wall on either hand, thus embracing, but from their great length, shielding, her person from even the slightest damage. But the staunch wall withstood the tremendous thrust, and sent back with rebounding force, to a great distance, the huge and terrible brute, throwing him prostrate, never to rise again: for numberless destructive weapons were plunged into him before he had time to recover from the recoil. Whether the lady's hair changed colour I never heard; but some wonderful alteration might well be conceived to testify the extent of her petrified despair.

"I remember another story about a bull chase, and the catastophe that befel my friend the Laird of ——, as described to me by himself. The creature was a favourite, which he intended to exhibit at a competition of cattle, and which had a character for remarkable docility and good nature; attributes which the laird proclaimed, that all who meant to breed a fine dairy stock might be apprised where an excellent parentage was to be found. For every dairyman knows the value of a kindly tempered cow, not only as regards guiding and handling, but in the article of milk. Among the Dunlop cheese-makers, it is a beautiful sight, that of the milk-maid, when the milking hour comes, standing at the gate of the enclosure where the herd are grazing and ruminating, and enticing them home to her, by merely chanting, 'Pretty ladies! pretty ladies!' As they approach her, she has a name for each, and a liking, according to their several merits, whilst they court her approbation, by submitting to the hand that is held out. The laird had been among his cattle on the occasion referred to, and was returning from them, at a pace suited to his bandy legs and rotund corpus, when he was advertised of something extraordinary being in the wind, by a *crooning* at no great distance behind. This was no other than the voice of his favourite bull making decidedly to address him. 'Naebody can tell,' said the laird, 'what crotchet a bull beast may tak' into his head in the dog days;' so he hobbled off the best way that he could to a stone fence which was at hand.

"Breathless he gained the dyke, and attempted to clear it at a vault. But it was vain without the aid of science, therefore he had to lay hold of the top with his hands, and endeavour to arrive at a proper pitch of elasticity ere he could accomplish the feat. This he hoped for through the subservience of his legs; springing up and dropping down his body, thus to progress in his practice. But, alas! the animal, just at the critical point of time when the liard ejaculated, 'Here for it!' unceremoniously lent him a hearty slap behind; which impetus so much surpassed the worthy man's expectations and arrangements, that it drove him heels over head to the safe side of the fence, into an ugly pond of stagnant water. On hearing the laird relate this story, I said it was a mercy that his bull had so considerately watched the moment when he could advantageously volunteer his rough aid. But he would not admit that there was any kindness or discretion in such a coarse customer, for that he felt the effect of the attack for many a long day, which was less than agreeable. I next presumed that the docile creature had not by this one misdeed entirely forfeited his master's good will. And the choleric man answered, 'I dociled him; for as soon as I was able to hirple hame, I took my rifle and shot him as dead as a door nail, to teach him manners, and that nane o' his gets might be casten up to me afterwards.' "

"I marvel," quoth our hostess, "how you can carry in your head a' the stories ye write and tell, Mr. Scott. Ye'r an unco man." "My dear madam," answered he, "I hardly know what it is to let anything slip that I have once fairly got hold of." "I weel believe it," she again said, "but ye have na told whither the laird's hair was affected by his fright." "Why, I believe, it continued as it had been for many years, which was white; but," proceeded he, "I'll tell you a curious story about a fright I myself got, that may convey some information regarding the sympathies of one's hair with the affections of the mind.

"It happened several years ago, when I was traversing the Highlands, along with a much beloved, but now departed friend; one of the true men of the old school; one who was rich in classical and legendary lore, but still more in sterling moral virtues.—For it has been my lot to possess friends and companions from whom I was ever gaining, till my store has become somewhat bulky. Alas! there are so many deserters from the corps by this time, who shall no more return, that I wish to cherish the persuasion, that to be gone and be with them, will be far better. My friend and I were among the thickly strewn mountains and ragged rocks of the wildest branch of the Highlands, where there is a remarkable natural ravine, which we visited and explored. It is, rather than a ravine, a fearful pit or dungeon, descending deep among the yawning rocks. It is as if a volcano had boiled there, but in course of time spouted out all its lava, forming strange adjacent peaks all around; thus leaving the furnace or crater dry and empty. It is a terrific throat wide open, on the very edge of which one may stand and look down to the very bottom.

"There is a mode of descent into its depths which visitors may command. This is by means of rope and windlass, as it were into a coal pit, which are fixed and worked from a prominent brow of the highest frowning peak.—To the main rope a machine is attached, called a cradle, by four shorter cords, that tie to its distinct corners.—He that descends takes his stand or seat in the cradle, within the stretch of the four diverging cords that meet above his head. A rough old Highlander presided at the windlass, who appointed my friend first to go down. Ere the cradle came up for me again, a presentiment of some horrid accident about to happen to one of us began to take hold of my nature, and I could not resist inquiring if all was right with my friend below. 'Hoo, surely,' was the answer. 'And the cradle will be up for you in a minute; ye are as heavy as twa o' him.' 'Is the rope frail?' 'No very rotten ava; the last ane was rottener afore it brak, an' let a man fa',' was the alarming reply.—'Was he killed, say you?' 'Killed, though he had had a hundred lives, he wad hae been killed; he was smashed to pieces down on yonder jagged rock,' quoth the hard-hearted Celt. I now examined the rope, and it appeared much worn, and to be old. 'How old is it?' inquired I. 'Just five years auld, the last was a month aulder afore it brak,' was his next piece of tantalizing information. With some irritation of manner I put it to him, why a new one had not been provided before any risk could attend a descent; and to make things worse, he provokingly announced, 'We are to get a new ane the morn; ye'll likely be the last to try the auld.'

"But already the cradle waited for me to step into it; I could not disappoint my companion by not doing as he did; and ashamed to seem to hesitate before the hardy Highlander, at once I took my seat. It was perhaps to encourage me, that he said, as he let me off, 'A far heavier man than you gaed down yesterday.' 'Then he strained the rope,' cried I; but it was too late to return, and after all I got safe down. The sun shone brightly, and made every intricacy, even in the deep crater, clear and open to the eye. The floor might allow a hundred and fifty people to stand on it at once: and consists of a fine sand that sparkles with pebbles, which have dropt from the surrounding and impending rocks. The face of these rocks is also gemmed by thousands of the same sort, that glittered beautifully to the sun-beam; all which has naturally suggested the idea of a work of enchantment, for it is called the Fairy's Palace. But I confess, though a palace, it had few attractions for me; for besides the disheartenings the Highlander filled me with, ere my descent, my friend, now that I was down, though without any mischievous intent, crowned my fears, by giving, with startling effect, the following narrative. 'A young man once ascended from this, but when he came to the top, he incautiously stood bolt upright in the cradle, and then a moment ere it was landed, being impatient to get out of it, he made an adventurous leap for the breast of the rock. But the cradle being still pendant in the air, without a stay, fled back on the impulse of his spring, and fearful to think, let him fall between it and the landing place.' 'Horrible! most horrible!' was my natural exclamation. 'But,' continued my friend, 'keep ye your seat in the cradle till it be firmly landed on the rock, and all will be safe.' He ascended, and I prepared to follow.

"I thought of the young man's leap and fall; I figured to myself the spot where he alighted, and the rebound he made when he met the ground, never more to rise. And as I took my seat, my limbs smote one another, and my teeth chattered with terror. When I had descended I kept my eyes bent downwards, and was encouraged the nearer I got to the bottom. But on my ascent, though I looked all the while upwards, I was tremblingly alive to the fact, that I was ever getting into higher danger. I held the spread cords as with the gripe of death, never moving my eyes from the blackened creaking main rope. 'There! there it goes!' I gasped the words; for did I not first see one ply of the triple-twisted line snap asunder as it happened to touch a pointed piece of granite? And when once cut and liberated, did the ply not untwist and curl away from its coils? Did I not see another ply immediately follow in the same manner, leaving my life to the last brittle thread, which also began to grow attenuated, and to draw so fine, that it could not long have borne its own weight? I was speechless; the world whirled round, I became sightless, and when within one short foot of being landed, I fell!—I fell into the grasp of my friend, who seeing me about to tumble out of the cradle from stupor, opportunely snatched and swung me, cradle and all, upon the rock. When strength returned I ran from the edge of the precipice, still in the utmost trepidation, shaking fearfully, and giving unintelligible utterance to the agony of my awe-struck soul. And if my hair did not undergo an immediate change of colour, I was not without such an apprehension; for certainly it stood on end during my ascent from the floor of the Fairy's Palace."

Thus the mighty minstrel—the matchless enchanter went on, with anecdote growing out of anecdote, till he wrapt all that heard him in the greatest delight and wonder.—*The Metropolitan Mag.*

HISTORY OF DON CARLOS.

This wretched prince had from his infancy manifested every species of imbecility and depravity which can be united in the mind of one man. Incapable of instruction, yielding without bounds to every passion, stupid as the most grovelling brutes, ferocious as a beast of prey, no care of courtly masters, no lessons of learned preceptors could bestow on him that scanty polish of manner, and that smattering of the general language of intercourse, which are expected from princes. His grandfather, Charles V., who saw the heir of the Spanish dominions at sixteen, bewailed the fate of his late empire. A Venetian minister, long resident at Madrid, when he saw the prince eagerly tearing to pieces the rabbits brought in for his sport, and contemplating with delight the convulsions of their muscles and the palpitations of their hearts, foretold to his senate the miserable condition of those many millions, in every region, from sunrise to sunset, who were to be subject to his will. At eighteen he fell from a high scaffold and received wounds in the head, which durring the remainder of his life added convulsions, confusion of thought, and occasional attacks of insanity, to his natural defects and habitual vices. His father, perhaps justifiably, restrained him. His mad passion for travelling was exasperated, and he formed wild schemes of escape. His incoherent talk often turned on the revolt of the Flemings, with whom he sometimes affected a fellow-feeling; while, on other occasions, he professed an ambition to command the army against them. When the Duke of Alva took his leave to repair to that command, Carlos said, "My father ought to have appointed me." "Doubtless," said Alva, "his majesty considered your life as too precious." Carlos drew his dagger, and attempted to stab Alva; adding, "I will hinder your journey to Flanders, for I will pierce your heart before you set out. Towards the end of 1567, his frenzy seemed to rage more fiercely, mingled with much of that cunning which sometimes, for a moment, covers madness with a false appearance of reason." He declared to his confessors that he was resolved to take the life of a man. In reply to their inquiries who it was, he said that he aimed at a man of the highest quality; and after much importunate examination, he at length uttered, "My father!" His father, attended by the chief officers of state, went at midnight in armour to arrest him. Philip, acting on his fatal notions of the boundless right of kings and fathers, did not shrink from communicating his proceedings to the great corporations of Spain, and to the principal Catholic states of Europe. His subjects and his allies interceded for Carlos. Their intercessions were withstood by the iron temper, the unbending policy, and the misguided conscience of Philip, although he was occasionally haunted by the unquenchable feelings of nature. The commissioners appointed to try Carlos reported, that he was guilty of having meditated, and at his arrest attempted, parricide; and that he had conspired to usurp the sovereignty of Flanders. They represented the matter as too high for a sentence, but insinuated that mercy might be dictated by prudence; and threw out a hint, that the prince was no longer responsible for his actions. Men of more science than the Spanish commissioners, and more secure in their circumstances, might be perplexed by the intrinsic difficulty of ascertaining the precise truth, in a case where the malignant rage of Carlos often approached to insanity, and might sometimes be inflamed to such a degree as to be transformed into utter alienation of mind. The clouds which always darkened his feeble reason might sometimes quench it. The subtle and shifting transformations of wild passion into maniacal disease, the returns of the maniac to the scarcely more healthy state of stupid anger, and the character to be given to acts done by him when near the varying frontier which separates lunacy from malignity, are matters which have defied all the experience and sagacity of the world. At this point the records of the commission close with a note made by their secretary, stating shortly that the prince died of his malady, which hindered a judgment. A dark veil conceals the rest of these proceedings from the eyes of mankind. It is variously related. Philip is said to have ordered that advantage should be taken of the distempered appetites of Carlos, which after he had confined himself to iced water for a time, were wont to hurry him into voraciously swallowing monstrous quantities of animal food; that his excesses should be allowed, if not encouraged: and that he should thus be betrayed into becoming his own executioner. Another narrative, not quite irreconcilable with the former, describes the prince of Eboli and the cardinal Espinosa as having intimated to Olivarez, the physician of Carlos (as darkly as John spoke to Hubert,) that it was necessary for him to execute the sentence of death, which the king had pronounced on the wretched patient in such a manner that the disease might seem to be natural. When he felt himself to be in the agonies of death, he desired to see his father, and to receive his blessing. Philip sent his blessing, but, by the advice of the confessor, declined to disturb the dying devotions of Carlos. Vanquished by nature, however, he stole into the chamber, and, standing unseen, spreading his arms over his son, prayed for a blessing on the expiring youth. The father withdrew, bathed in tears, and Carlos not many hours after breathed his last. An historian, who wrote from original documents, adds to a narrative otherwise not dissimilar, the significant words, "if, indeed, violence was not employed." However terrific the sound of this may be on other occasions, in the circumstances of Carlos, it rather relieves the mind, by intimating that his agonies were cut short, and can hardly be said to insinuate an aggravation of a tale so tragic, that if proved to be real, it would still be too horrible, and too wide a deviation from the general truth of nature for the verisimilitude required in history. *Cab. Cyclop.*

THE PROGRESS OF TIME.

For the Olio.

Down the vast precipice and far along
The ocean of discernment, rolling fast
Out of the seas of memory into dark
And deep oblivion—who will take a glance?
What mind is strong enough to ponder over
The magnitude—the past? 'Tis gone, with friends
We cannot see till Heaven reveal us them,—
With the beloved by nature's strongest ties
And sweetest hopes, which, like the leaves in storms,
Are driven from their birth-spots, and the earth,
Leaving us on the present rock of time,
Mercies of favour'd life! The future, bright
To thousands, like a morning's dawn that brings
Delight till noon, then closes in the clouds
And wraps the veil of darkness round them, proves
How oft the harbinger of death! Hours run
The round; the years to years are added, all
The schemes, sports, wealth, and purposes of men
Are but as grass. J.P.R.

THE FALLS OF THE NIAGARA.

The "Falls of the Niagara" have become celebrated by the notices given them in the travels of many of our countrymen, and excited so much interest as to call the talents of artists into requisition. Thus a dioramic representation of considerable effect, showing the heights and depths of this wonderful effort of nature, is in view at the Pantechnicon. A second representation by the now proscribed pencil of Stanfield, is introduced into the new pantomime at Drury; and Mr. Burford, we believe, is producing a picture of extensive character for a future exhibition on the same subject; so that there appears to be a fashion in depicting the 'Falls of Niagara', which collectively considered, will, doubtless, make the British public thoroughly acquainted with them.

SCRAPS OF INTEREST.

To the Editor of the Olio.

Sir,—Not having met with the following 'Scraps of Interest' in my course of general reading, you will oblige me by giving them insertion.

I am, Sir,
Your constant subscriber,
Islington. P. R. J.

1. *Noli* me *tangere.*

Touch me not—This is a sort of canker in the face, especially above the chin; a piece of flesh in the nostrils which often stops the wind, and the more it is touched, the worse it grows; it is also a herb, whose seed spirts away as soon as it is touched.

2. *The Lame, or Game Leg.*

The oval foot pertains to the saddle horse, the hunter and bit of blood kind, whose bold projecting frogs the farriers remove. And these being compelled to perform long and painful journies, ever starting or going off with the same 'leading leg,' and continuing the same throughout, lameness is contracted in that foot. The horse which changes the leading leg with most ease, oftenest, and with least trouble, is ever the best; such an one never acquires this lameness, and is said to possess a real 'game leg.'

3. *Pond or Pand.*

'Pond' was formerly pronounced 'Pand' (from pandere) to open; and derived of 'bond' to bind, or shut up; or 'Pyndan' to shut in. It was customary to open and shut the 'Ponds' at certain seasons, for the purpose of taking the fish contained in them, and cleansing the stagnant waters.

4. *Miserere.*

Miserere derives its title from the 51st Psalm, called the 'Psalm of Mercy,' and commonly presented by the ordinary to such malefactors as had the benefit of clergy allowed them.

5. *Origin of Pell Mell.*

'Pale Maille' is a game where a round ball is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron, standing at either end of an alley, as in St. James's Park—hence Pell Mell.

6. *Epitaph for a Bankrupt.*

The Italian epitaph is no less applicable to the bankrupt than to the defunct, which runs—"What I spent, I *had*—what I gave, I *have*—what I kept, I *lost*."

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

Between Austerlitz and the heights, thus won by the French, was still the Russian reserve, with the Emperor in person, his choicest troops; the guard, for instance, commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine. These two were marching towards the left, when to their astonishment, the French skirmishers and cavalry charged in among them. It was a scene of surprise and confusion. The Emperor, however, aided by Kutusoff, rallied his men.—The Russian guards and other regiments charged, and the French, a moment since victorious, were driven back. Some regiments that had even formed squares were broken into and routed by the impetuosity of the Russians. Napoleon did not see what was taking place, Austerlitz being hidden from him by the heights. His ear, however, caught sounds that did not augur victory and he instantly sent Rapp, his aide-de-camp, to see what was the matter. Rapp gallopped off with some squadrons of the guard, rallied stragglers, as he advanced, and saw, as he came up, the menacing position of affairs, the Russians victorious, sabering the French, who were driven from their broken squares. They were already bringing cannon to play upon Rapp, when the latter crying out to his men, "to avenge their comrades and restore the day," charged at full speed amongst the Russians. This gave the routed French time to breathe and rally. They grouped and formed; Rapp returned to the charge. Half an hour's obstinate struggle and carnage took place, which terminated in the rout of the Russian guards before the eyes of the two emperors. This feat achieved, Rapp rode back to acquaint Napoleon that all the foe in the direction of Austerlitz were in flight. On other points victory had been already assured. The left of the allies, on the efforts of which so much had been built, was now cut off—it was completely destroyed or taken. The most dreadful feature of its rout was the attempt of the squadron to escape over the lakes; but the ice which supported the tread at first, gave way under the weight, and thousands of brave men perished.

Cab. Cyclop.

Table Talk.

Antiquities at Winchester.—The combat between Guy Earl of Warwick and Colbrand the Danish giant, is traditionally said to have taken place before the walls of Winchester; and Dr. Milner considers the fact as "so strongly supported by innumerable traditions, founded on so many ancient records, and confirmed by so great a number of monuments existing till a recent period, that to reject it savours of absolute scepticism." The "monuments recently existing," he states to be—1. "Athelstan's Chair," a turret in the northern wall of the city, from whence that prince is said to have beheld the combat; 2. A representation of the battle, carved in stone, on a part of the wall; 3. Two statues, one of a tall man, and the other much less, apparently engaged in combat; 4. "Colbrand's Axe," which was preserved, as late as the reign of James I., in the Cathedral Treasury; and probably disappeared when the sacred edifice was despoiled by the Parliamentarians. Q. P.

The Travelling Tinker. — The best practical lesson I ever got originated in the following accidental occurrence. Some years ago I received private information, that a travelling tinker, who occasionally visited these mountains to make and repair the tin stills used by the peasantry in illicit distillation, was in the constant habit of destroying fish, and he was represented as being a most successful poacher. I was returning down the river after an unfavourable day, a wearied and disappointed fisherman, and observed, at a short distance, a man chased across the bogs by several others, and eventually overtaken and secured. It was the unfortunate tinker, surprised by the keepers in the very act of landing a splendid salmon; two, recently killed, were discovered in his wallet, and yet that blessed day I could not hook a fish! He was forthwith placed in durance before "my Honour," to undergo the pains and penalties of his crime. He was a strange, raw-boned, wild-looking animal, and I half suspect Sir Walter Scott had seen him before he sketched Watt Tinlin in the Lay. He was a convicted felon—he had no plea to offer, for he was taken in the very fact. But he made two propositions where-withal to obtain his liberty—"He would never sin again—or he would fight any two of the captors." My heart yearned towards him—he was after all a brother—and, admitting that rod and coat were not worth threepence, still he was an adept in the 'gentle art,' although the most ragged disciple that ever Isaac boasted. I forgave him, dismissed the captors, and ordered him to the lodge for refreshment.—'My Honour had no sport,' and he looked carelessly at my flies. 'Would I condescend to try one of his?' He put a strange-looking combination of wool and feathers on the casting-line. There was a fine pool near us—I tried it—, and the second cast I was fast in a twelve-pound salmon. My ragged friend remained with me some days, and in his sober intervals, 'few and far between,' gave me lessons in the art, that have been more serviceable than any I had hitherto acquired.

Wild Sports of the West.

Dangerous Lunatic.—I was indulging in a delicious reverie, when something like a bird flitted hastily by—again, and there was a heavy plump in the water. I looked up—a wild unearthly-looking creature stood on the cliff above, in the very act of launching a huge stone at me. Just then, a female figure rose beside him, and with threats and blows drove him from the rock. It was my fair friend of the curragh, who seeing me take the lonely path I did, hastened after to warn me of the danger. She told me that the assailant was a dangerous lunatic: he was treacherous beyond description, and his antipathy to women and strangers was remarkable. Many accidents had occurred from his savage disposition. He feared men, and rarely attacked them; but if he saw a female at a distance from the village, he would lurk with malignant perseverance for hours behind a bank or cliff to attack her unawares. Some of the island women had narrowly escaped death from this turbulent monster, and few of the males but had at some time or other suffered injury from his hands; a stone was his favourite missile, which he threw with wonderful force and precision. To my inquiry, "Why this dangerous being was not removed to some asylum?" my protectress replied with a smile, "He was but a poor natural, after all; he was born in the island, and God forbid he should be sent among strangers." *Ib.*

Kentish Customs.—At Ramsgate, in Kent, they begin the festivities of Christmas by a curious musical procession. A party of young people procure the head of a dead horse, which is affixed to a pole about four feet in length, a string is tied to the lower jaw, a horse cloth is then attached to the whole, under which one of the party gets, and by frequently pulling the string keeps up a loud snapping noise, and is accompanied by the rest of the party grotesquely habited and ringing hand bells, they thus proceed from house to house sounding their bells and singing carols and songs. They are commonly gratified with beer and cake, or perhaps with money.—This is provincially called a *Hodening*, and the figure above alluded to a "hoden" or wooden horse. This curious ceremony is also observed in the Isle of Thanet on Christmas eve, and is supposed to be an ancient relic of a festival ordained to commemorate our Saxon ancestors landing in that island.

Varieties.

Original Anecdote of Thomas Moore.—When Moore the poet studies in bed, which is very usual with him, he has acquired the habit of 'twisting the corners of the sheets' with his fingers; and, when he is walking in his garden absorbed in thought, he unconsciously 'twirls the thumbs and fingers of his gloves,' till they are not fit to be worn. We may, therefore, infer that to the twists and twirls in the sheets and gloves, we are indebted to the poet for many of his fine drawn sentiments and delightful illustrations of the tender passion. X. J. Z.

Jack Fuller.—When honest Jack Fuller, the member for Sussex, was confined by the vote of the House for insulting the Speaker, he seemed to conceive that he was going to be manacled and locked up in some cell disproportioned perhaps to the large and magnificent scale of his person. To his surprise, he was allowed to send for his old housekeeper, whose mind was equally full of the fears of a more criminal and less aristocratic species of "durance vile." The old woman, on seeing her master, burst into tears. "Don't be blubbering there, you foolish old woman, but go home and bring me a bottle of rum," roared honest Jack; and the servant was about to depart in joyful surprise that imprisonment could be made so gentlemanly and respectable; but the officers of the House assured their prisoner that he might have rum and all things that he wanted by paying for them at a prisoner's price. "I was to have had a dinner party of twelve or fourteen people to-morrow," said honest Jack. "You can have your dinner party here, sir, if you please," was the reply of the officers. "Zounds, can I?" cried the county member, his eyes dilating with surprise and delight; "then I don't care a d—n for the little man in the big wig, or for his warrants and imprisonments."

Sir Isaac Coffin.—We recollect Sir Isaac Coffin repairing to a newspaper office, in a great fury, with a newspaper crumpled up in the grasp of one hand, whilst a terrific oaken cudgel was brandished in the other. "Where is the editor? I want to see the editor—I insist upon seeing the editor immediately!" said the gallant man of war and wave. It happened that a reporter was present who very well knew the gallant admiral, and understood how to appease his angry moods. After several parries of his rage, and some soothing compliments dexterously applied, the reporter, with an air of *bonhomie,* asked, "But, my dear Sir Isaac, what *is* really the matter?" "Matter, sir, matter!" answered the incensed admiral, sir, directly I entered the United Service Club this morning, one friend cried out, "Sir Isaac, what have you done with your voice!" Then another cried, "How is your voice, Sir Isaac?" A third exclaimed, "Have you got a cold, Sir Isaac?" I flew to the Naval Club, where again one friend saluted me with, "How are your lungs, Sir Isaac?" Another called across the table, "Why, Sir Isaac, you *used* to have a good pair of lungs of your own, how is it, Sir Isaac?" I can stand a joke, sir," (continued the admiral,) "as well any man in England, but hang me if I stand this any longer. Sir, I tell you that I was never more wind and weather tight in my hull than at this moment, and d—n me if I couldn't hail the main-top in any hurricane that ever blew—and look here, sir, look at this," saying which, he spread open that morning's copy of the paper, in which we read, in the Parliamentary Debates, that "Sir Isaac Coffin addressed a few observations to the House, *which were totally inaudible in the gallery.*" It was not difficult to pacify the gallant admiral, by assuring him that the mistake could never occur again to a member whose voice equalled that of Braham's in melody, and a speaking trumpet in power. A few more very ludicrous scenes took place with the gallant admiral and the press, and whoever remembers the immense figure and resolute bearing of this son of Mars, must feel that it was almost as pleasant to face a lion as to encounter him in his wrath. *The Metrop.*

CATCHING A TARTAR.—Last summer, I was witness to a curious scene; running through the Sound of Achil in my hooker, at a short distance from me I observed several men, who appeared to be practising a quadrille over the shafts and gunnels of a row-boat; they never rested for a moment, but continued jumping from stem to stern, and springing from bench to bench. Struck by the oddity of their proceedings, I eased away the sheets and ran down upon them; I was a welcome ally, as the result proved. It turned out, that having espied a seal and her cub sleeping on the sand, they had procured an old musket and rowed over to attack them; they were partially successful, and seized the cub before it could regain its native element, although the dam rendered all assistance possible to relieve the young one. Having placed their prize in the boat, they were returning, followed by the old seal, which kept rising beside them, attracted by the cries of the cub; after many bootless attempts, their gun at last exploded, the ball entered the seal's head, and for a moment she appeared dying. The captors, seizing her by the tail and fins, with an united exertion dragged her into the boat—but this exploit had nearly ended in a tragedy.—Stunned only by the wound, the animal instantly recovered, and, irritated by pain and maddened by the cries of her cub, attacked her captors fiercely; every exertion they could make was necessary to save them from her tusks, and their oars were too long and clumsy to enable them to strike her with effect. I came most opportunely to the rescue, and by driving a carbine-bullet through the seal's brain brought the battle to a close. Never was the old saw of 'Catching a Tartar' more thoroughly exemplified; and though we laughed at their terror-stricken countenances, the deep incisions made in the oars and gunnels by the tusks of the enraged animal, showed that *galopading* with an angry seal is any thing but pleasure.

ESTIMATION OF A CAT.—A PLACARD.

Stolen, or strayed, a very pretty *black* cat, a *white* spot on its nose, *four white feet* and a *white* tipped tail; whoever will bring the *dear bird* to the ——— shall be rewarded with a *shilling,* a *quart* of the *best ale,* and a *thousand* thanks. J. Z.

IF the popular member for Middlesex had lost his election, how would he have resembled the state of a body taken out of the grave?—Because he would have been *Ex-humed.* J. Z.

ON MISS STEEL'S MARRIAGE WITH MR. WOOD.

For the Olio.

When single she was sharp enough,
And made of bright and polish'd stuff:
Hymen works wonders, as he should—
For *Steel* is temper'd into *Wood.*

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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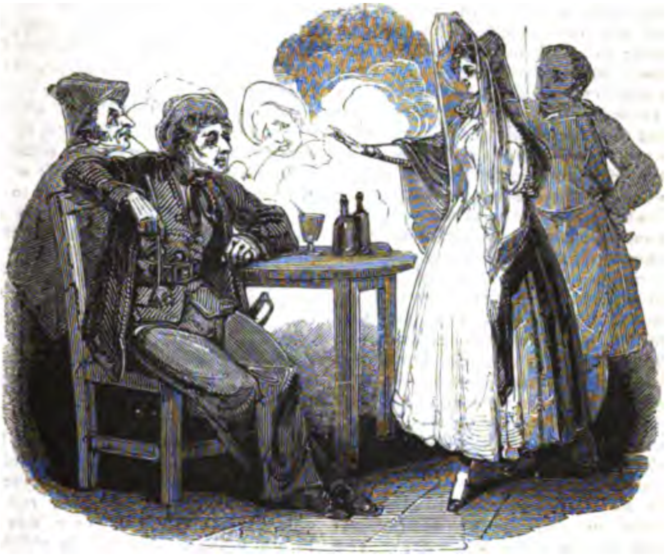

See page 373,

Illustrated Article.

THE SCARLET WITCH.*

About the close of autumn 18—. Hinton Douglas, after travelling a couple of years abroad, came to London with Lieutenant Bucke, who, from the protracted consequences of severe wounds, had been obliged to quit the service. By the most generous exertions he had saved the life of Douglas in the Bay of Naples, when on the point of perishing in the waters; and from this circumstance a strong mutual attachment had grown up. It was now the lieutenant's intention to stay for some time in London, under the medical care of Dr. B——, who was at the height of his just fame, and then to repair to Scotland, his native country, in quest of an uncle, his only living relative, of whom he had lost all traces for many years. After that, it was his intention to go and spend his days, on half-pay, at his native village, which had this farther recommendation to him as a final place of sojourn, that it was very near the manor of his friend Hinton Douglas, who eagerly pressed him to this mode of life. In the meantime he was advised, by a friend in London, to take up his quiet residence as a boarder with Mrs. Clement, the widow of a physician, who had left her in rather straitened circumstances, with an only daughter, Miss Diana Clement. This young lady had been abroad, in quality of governess, it was believed, to a French marchioness, and was therefore highly accomplished.

After seeing his friend Bucke thus comfortably settled for the time, Hinton Douglas set out for Scotland, where, after arranging his affairs and gaining the sweet consent of Miss Marjory Maxwell to become his wife next spring, he returned to London to superintend the winding-up of the mercantile affairs of his uncle, who had left him a large accession to his fortune. To avoid the temptations of fashionable life, and apply himself to business—moreover, to be near his friend the lieutenant, he determined to live privately at Mrs. Clement's during the months he had to stay in the city; and accordingly he became an inmate of her house.

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* Fraser's Mag.

Lieutenant Bucke was rather rough in his personal appearance, besides being well advanced in years. His head was excessively long; he was strictly national in his high cheekbones; his nose was large and red; his whiskers, which were of a decidedly redder sample than his locks, sent along the edge of his cheek, forward to the very top of his chin, a muster of fierce prickly distinct hairs, not unlike the bones of a red herring; those higher locks themselves were of the colour of the sand; and from having been forced backwards in his earlier life to supply the queue, according to the fashion of forty or fifty years ago, they still retained their old bent,—the French Revolution, to which every great change in modern days is ascribed, having not yet made them grow downwards over his brow. His eyes were of a peculiarly light grey, and in cold weather winked out a bitter mist; whilst his cheeks, under the same degree of temperature, showed off a meagre steely blue, with here and there a light red spot. In addition to all this he was old-fashioned and awkward in his manners. The manly frankness of Bucke's nature, indeed, seemed rather to borrow than to lose effect from those outward accompaniments; but it is difficult for such persons as our lieutenant to be dignified in matters of love; and the many ungainly attentions which ere long he was obliged to shew to Miss Diana Clement, began to mock his nobler qualities in the eyes of Douglas, who, notwithstanding his sincere admiration of Bucke's generous heart, could not help being both amused and disgusted by his ridiculous affectations. Meanwhile, Miss Clement paid all her attentions with a quizzical return. This at first Douglas was inclined to set down to a want of deep feeling on her part, and girlish thoughtlessness, which seemed to correspond necessarily with her very youthful look. She was tall and slender, and appeared like one who had grown up to womanhood before her proper years. A cloud of sunny ringlets broke upon a brow of most transparent beauty. Her cheek was embalmed with the finest hues of life, which shone through like bright tinctured spirits, and seemed at all times scarce repressed from flaming and coursing over all her face. Douglas soon saw, however, that she was girlish only in appearance; and for many reasons he began to be very much struck with this beautiful young woman. Judging from the nature of the speculations upon which she sometimes entered, such appeared to him the force and daring of her character, that her present life to his instinctive feeling seemed like a mere retirement from bold and apprehensive deeds; and, in connexion with this, her abstruse studies, uncommon to females, appeared a farther preparation for something great, beyond her present mode of life, which did not at all seem suited to her. Her mother, as if she had been a servant in her own house, paid to her entire deference and submission. But the most striking thing of all was, that Miss Clement never tried to hide her emotions of anger, which were frequent and violent. Then the brightest scarlet suffusion was over her face in a moment. There were no vehement gesticulations; the fiery violence of her nature shewed itself in a rigid compression of frame, often followed by a subtle and intense shivering, and not unfrequently ending in a paroxysm of sobbing and tears. Another remarkable demonstration, however, was her love of judicial astrology, in which she professed herself not only a believer, but a practised calculator; and the intimations from which to man's spirit she spoke of with a singularly wild eloquence, which seemed melancholy and altogether sincere. This characteristic, together with that vivid glow with which almost every emotion lighted her countenance, made her be playfully styled the Scarlet Witch. She lived in the most retired manner; and besides the lieutenant, admirers seemed to have none, except a young gentleman of the name of Jenkins, the son of a great merchant in the city, who, apparently of the same ardent temperament with the lady herself, could not hide his violent attachment to her.

Diana Clement, whose whole soul was one imperious decree of homage, was piqued at the indifference of Hinton Douglas, and set herself for this very reason to make him her lover. She soon felt that he was worthy of her conquest; and her first seductive arts against him, which were the more plied the more they seemed inefficient, were turned ere long into strong love for the youth. Her studied allurements were not, however, at an end. In another character, the simplicity of pure passion would have prevented or neutralised such arts; but in this strange woman they seemed only to minister to each other. She opened upon her quarry with quizzical and tormenting wit; then flattered him, by drawing forth his. She gave her whole heart to a moving story: anon she was all for mirth, then for a witching song; then for the renewed encounters of Beatrice and Benedict. She broke off at a point at which she knew he would be impatient to renew teasing explanations; and judging that herein she had found out her power over him, she strove to keep up a continuance of interest from day to day, that he might be taken captive along an irresistible chain.

Secure in his honourable faith, Douglas was merely amused with all this, which he allowed to go on for some time, that he might fully see the character of this singular young woman; but, ere long, he deemed it necessary to be dignified, and Miss Clement found her hopes at an end. Her thwarted love was now the hunger and thirst of revenge.

One evening, whilst Douglas was at supper alone, he heard a loud cry of "Mercy on us!" from the sleeping apartment of the lieutenant, who generally retired at a very early hour; and in another moment the door was burst open, and in rushed Bucke in his breeches and nightcap, with a candle in his hand, snorting like a horse fastened on by a lion, and looking amazed round over his shoulder at——. But nothing followed him.

"In the name of all the saints, Douglas, what is the meaning of all this?" cried the terrified soldier, who was indeed a victim to all superstitious fears.

"Of what?" demanded Douglas, starting up.

"Every noise of every devil in darkness," said Bucke, "these three or four nights,—every midnight—round about my bed—here and there, and ——" He stopped short, as Miss Clement and her mother entered, alarmed at his first loud exclamation. The young lady had heard his complaint; she rung a bell, and her little old yellow French serving-man made his appearance.

"Vaulpas," said Diana, with intense calmness, "you are a ventriloquist. Give us all the noises with which you have plagued Lieutenant Bucke for some nights past."

With singular alacrity, as if he had not been at all in fault, the old fellow filled the room with a thousand shifting, low, hellish whisperings.

"Your reason, sir, for all this?" demanded Diana.

"Madam," said Vaulpas, with lisping meekness, "I saw this noble soldier afflicted with that tendency to hypochondriasis which is often the bane of lofty hearts; and remembering the doctrine of my former master, the great Dr. Vaudeville (here Diana started as if shocked with electricity) that a real alarm is often the best cure of melancholia, I have dared to practice on this brave gentleman, who, I doubt not, will from this hour recover the vigour of his spirit."

The thing was thus explained in a minute; in that provoking way, too, which left no room for offence and rebuke; and the poor lieutenant stood convicted of cowardice, and the dread of the devil, before the very woman for whose good opinion of his valour he would have taken a lion by the beard. He was so confounded, that he stood still for a space, altogether forgetful of his outward man; then, remembering his midnight appearance, he tore the nightcap from his head in an agony of vexation, made a rush towards the door, but fell down in a fit of apoplexy. The shock fortunately proved not fatal, but it was followed by a paralysis, which kept the poor lieutenant for months to his bed, during which time, it is almost needless to say, that Douglas watched him like a brother. Early in the spring he was nearly well; and Douglas, leaving him, proceeded to Scotland, to prepare for his approaching marriage.

One day, about a week before his intended nuptials, Douglas received a letter from Bucke, stating that he was now completely well; that he had been made happy in the heart and hand of Miss Clement, who was now his wife; that he had taken a cottage, about five miles off, where he was now fairly settled; and, in conclusion, eagerly requesting Douglas to dine with them there next day, when he wished to have his advice in a most urgent matter.—Douglas accordingly went, and was received by Mrs. Bucke (Diana herself), somewhat eager at first in her manner, and pale in her singular beauty, but withal very modest; and in a few minutes, at her ease, and brilliant as usual, she apologised for the absence of the lieutenant, by stating that he had been unexpectedly summoned that forenoon to attend the last moments of his uncle, whom he had at length succeeded in finding; but, in all likelihood, he would be at home that night; if not, a card would come from him to Mr. Douglas at an early hour in the evening, stating the business for which he had been invited, and distinctly explaining where his instant services were needed. Douglas accordingly dined with Mrs. Bucke, who, immediately after dinner, craved his opinion as to the respective qualities of two sorts of home-made wine, about which a bet, she said, was pending betwixt the lieutenant and herself. Douglas's decision was knowingly given. She was sorry to say it was in the lieutenant's favour; then, retiring to prepare him tea, she left him alone to his wine and the newspapers of the day, which were brought in, addressed to "*Thomas Bucke, Esq. Solway Cottage, by D———, N. B.*;" and, thus provided for, Douglas sat down before the sleepy fire. Ere long he was overcome by a pleasant drowsiness. His head nodded, and gradually rose more slowly from his breast, over which his arms were folded. The sparry embers of the fire appeared to him gradually lengthened to misty bars, and reeled and rose to the place of the wall, while the wall took the place of the roof. In another minute, he was in a dead sleep. The door was slowly opened: in looked Diana Clement herself. At sight of the slumbering youth, forward to him she shot in her swift and perilous beauty. "So ho! Hinton Douglas," exclaimed she, "what hast thou to say for thyself, that thou so mockest the awful stillness of the dead? Ha! Hinton Douglas, when shalt thou marry the beautiful Miss Marjory Maxwell? We must leave our country, it seems; and is it not ordained that thou shalt go with us? Thou hast drunk of our drowsy wine-cup, and must sleep a sleep!" She summoned Vaulpas, who came instantly. "Vaulpas, are you ready? he is secured?"

"It shall be done," said her servant; "yet, madam, allow me"——

"Go, sir," cried the beautiful scarlet creature, flaming up and shuddering; "yet hold,—a word: you wish me to go to France? You were afraid that this sleeper Douglas would for ever detain me in this country? You did your utmost to drive Bucke from our house by fear and shame, that his friend Douglas might follow."

"Pardon me, my dear young madam; I did it not less because it became not the mother of such a lady to live by such means: I wished them all gone, indeed."

"Yet you could not guess," said Diana, "that I wished such an ostensible mode of life, merely to avoid suspicion. Well, then, you wish me to go to Paris, and all the cities of the world, to win more jewels; for your desire of gold is hungry as the grave. And now that you feel I know you thoroughly, have you confidence in my discernment in other matters?"

"Wonderful lady!" cried Vaulpas; "had my great master, Vandeville, followed your wisdom, from the first moment that he won your heart, in London, as implicitly as his love of wealth—the means of acquiring all strange knowledge—was great, instead of coming to the block as a felon, he might have roamed with you through the world, till every costly stone had been your own. I obey, lady—I rejoice that you escaped—I glory to have become your servant. Let me follow you to death! But now, in all humility, permit me to ask, why will you encumber yourself with two such fantastic children as Jenkins and this drowsy Douglas?"

"Vaulpas!" answered the lady, "I know you wholly faithful; and in this matter you shall be satisfied wholly. Well, then, why have I left London, and come to this western coast of Scotland? First, because I found out that those Dutch hounds of justice were in quest of us in the metropolis; and, secondly, because I would give any thing less than immortal life to thwart the marriage of this Douglas; I came to thwart it, and it shall be thwarted. These are my reasons. Now, my means and instruments. Jenkins somehow learned that I had taken this cottage; he followed me with his eternal addresses, came near the coast with some ship of his father's, proffered me much money, and said he would take me to any part of the world I liked, provided there I would become his wife. I have weighed his proposals; I find it will be necessary for our safety to leave this country for a while. I have imitated admirably the hand-writing of Bucke, our pretended lord and master, and got this boy Douglas in my power. We will go to Jenkins. He will do to Douglas what I wish—he will go whithersoever I wish—he will return whensoever I wish; what would you more? You shall go with me, Vaulpas. Mark, now, your duty. This morning I saw Jenkin's ship stand into our frith with the full tide, but now he must be far out again with the ebb; for he durst not, even for me, anchor on the bare sands till another flow. At the small inn down by the sea-shore he said he would wait for me all day, lest I should wish to see him preparatory to my going with him, to which I have already agreed. So, then, I do wish to see him, that we may get Douglas instantly conveyed on board his ship. Vaulpas, go immediately to the next inn, and order a post-chaise to be ready at our gate in less than an hour."—Vaulpas retired; and Miss Clement continued to walk up and down the apartment.

In a short time, Vaulpas returned, and said that the chaise was ready; and Miss Clement, after giving him strict injunctions to keep the doors securely locked till her return glanced quickly down an avenue, and, getting into the carriage, which was waiting at the bottom of it, ordered the coachman to drive at full speed to the little inn down the shore, which, with a significant nod, he professed to know very well. After following the main road for two or three miles, he turned into a soft hollow by-path leading down to the sea-sands, which now lay broad and white behind the far-retreating tide, with here and there a stranded punt or brig, on the edge of the mazy river, which had entirely lost the appearance of a fresh water stream, and crept diffusely down the oozy flat. To avoid the double rows of broken stakes, which ran from the highest water-mark a hundred yards or so across the sands, the chaise was kept upon the shingly border, between the softer shore and the sea-pink sward, and went forward at a moderate pace, till it was drawn up before a low house snugly set beneath the shelter of a pard of old trees, that grew forward almost to the very beach; and the driver, alighting, told the lady this was Joe Martin's Anchor. After ordering him to wait for her, Miss Clement advanced to the door of the house, and, meeting the landlord, demanded if Captain Jenkins was there. He answered in the affirmative, and opened the door of an apartment whence came a strong gust of tobacco and spirituous fumes; and Miss Clement, following close behind, without ceremony, was at once in the presence of Jenkins, who was leaning moodily on a bacchanalian table. Opposite to him sat two men, who seemed bold and rough seamen, in the tarnished dress of officers, and whose brown faces, evidently inflamed by the libations which they had been making, wore also a sulky and menacing expression. "A damsel in the wind!" cries one of these men, as he was the first to observe the lady enter; and, relaxing his features a little, he stared upon her with insolent eyes. Meanwhile, Jenkins had observed Miss Clement, and had started up; reeling a little, he turned to his companions, "My brave lieutenants," said he, "will you give us sea-room for a few minutes' space? This lady comes to settle the argument in your favour; and to-morrow we stand out whithersoever the hearts of my gallant fellows shall bear away."

"Jenkins," said the lady, "I like not this scented cabin of yours; I would walk half an hour with you away on the free sands; follow me when you have cooled your head with water."

With nothing of beard save the down of boyhood on his cheek, though he might be nearly thirty years of age, Jenkins' face was in other respects also of a delicate style of manly beauty. But now its smoothness was broken up with streaks like the channels of scalding tears; there were blue rings below his eyes, whilst these were muddy and red,—all betokening evil passions and low indulgence. Pathetically, as if under a sense of his debasement, he looked on the face of Miss Clement, after her implied rebuke, and left the room apparently in haste to obey her. She then walked out upon the hard white sands, and up by the side of the river, where in a few minutes she was joined by Jenkins.

To be continued in our next.

WACOUSTA.*

The following extract from the *Lit. Gaz.* will shew the hero of our tale.—Clara's brother has perished by his hand previous to the skirmish in which he was made prisoner. Wacousta is proposing the life of the colonel's other son, a captive with the Indians, in ransom for his own.

'Do you mean,' resumed the colonel, 'that a request from yourself to the Ottawa chief will obtain the liberation of my son?' 'Unless the Indian be false as yourself, I do.' 'And of the lady who is with him?' continued the colonel, colouring with anger. 'Of both.' 'How is the message to be conveyed?' 'Ha! sir!' returned the prisoner, drawing himself up to his full height, 'now are you arrived at a point that is pertinent. My wampum belt will be the passport and the safeguard of him you send; then for the communication. There are certain figures, as you are aware, that, traced on bark, answer the same purpose among the Indians with the European language of letters. Let my hands be cast loose,' he pursued, but in a tone in which agitation and excitement might be detected, 'and if bark be brought me, and a burnt stick, or coal, I will give you not only a sample of Indian ingenuity, but a specimen of my own progress in Indian acquirements.' 'What, free your hands, and thus afford you a chance of escape?' observed the governor, doubtingly. Wacousta bent his steadfast gaze on him for a few moments, as if he questioned he had heard aright. Then bursting into a wild and scornful laugh—'By Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'this is, indeed, a high compliment you pay me at the expence of these fine fellows. What! Colonel de Haldimar afraid to liberate an unarmed prisoner, hemmed in by a forest of bayonets? This is good, gentlemen,' and he bent himself in sarcastic reverence to the astonished troops; 'I beg to offer you my very best congratulations on the high estimation in which you are held by your colonel.' 'Peace, sirrah!' exclaimed the governor, enraged beyond measure at the insolence of him who thus held him up to contempt before his men, 'or, by Heaven, I will have your tongue cut out!—Mr. Lawson, let what this fellow requires be procured immediately.' Then addressing Lieut. Boyce, who commanded the immediate guard over the prisoner—'Let his hands be liberated, sir, and enjoin your men to be watchful of the movements of this supple traitor. His activity I know of old to be great, and he seems to have doubled it since he assumed that garb.' The command was executed, and the prisoner stood, once more free and unfettered in every muscular limb. A deep and unbroken silence ensued; and the return of the adjutant was momentarily expected. Suddenly a loud scream was heard, and the slight figure of a female, clad in white, came rushing from the piazza in which the apartment of the deceased De Haldimar was situated. It was Clara. The guard of Wacousta formed the fourth front of the square; but they were drawn up somewhat in the distance, so as to leave an open space of several feet at the angles. Through one of these the excited girl now passed into the area, with a wildness in her air and appearance that rivetted every eye in painful interest upon her. She paused not until she had gained the side of the captive, at whose feet she now sank in an attitude expressive of the most profound despair.

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* By the author of "Ecarte." Baldwin & Co.

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A loud and well-remembered yell burst on the colonel's ear. The next moment, to his infinite surprise and horror, he beheld the bold warrior rapidly ascending the very staff that had been destined for his scaffold, and with Clara in his arms. Great was the confusion that ensued. To rush forward and surround the flag-staff, was the immediate action of the troops. Many of the men raised their muskets, and in the excitement of the moment would have fired, had they not been restrained by their officers, who pointed out the certain destruction it would entail on the unfortunate Clara. With the rapidity of thought, Wacousta had snatched up his victim, while the attention of the troops was directed to the singular conversation passing between the governor and Sir Everard Valletort, and darting through one of the open angles already alluded to, had gained the rampart before they had recovered from the stupor produced by his daring action. Stepping lightly upon the pegs, he had rapidly ascended to the utmost height of these, before any one thought of following him; and then grasping in his teeth the cord which was to have served for his execution, and holding Clara firmly against his chest, while he embraced the smooth staff with knees and feet closely compressed around it, accomplished the difficult ascent with an ease that astonished all who beheld him. Gradually, as he approached the top, the tapering pine waved to and fro; and at each moment it was expected, that, yielding to their united weight, it would snap asunder and precipitate both Clara and himself, either upon the rampart, or into the ditch beyond.

. . . .

At length Wacousta was seen to gain the extreme summit. For a moment he turned his gaze anxiously beyond the town, in the direction of the bridge; and, after pealing forth one of his terrific yells, exclaimed, exultingly as he turned his eye upon his enemy: 'Well, colonel, what think you of this sample of Indian ingenuity? Did I not tell you,' he continued, in mockery, 'that, if my hands were but free, I would give you a specimen of my progress in Indian acquirements?' 'If you would avoid a death more terrible than that of hanging,' shouted the governor, in a voice of mingled rage and terror, 'restore my daughter.' 'Ha! ha! ha! —excellent!' vociferated the savage. 'You threaten largely, my good governor; but your threats are harmless as those of a weak besieging army before an impregnable fortress. It is for the strongest, however, to propose his terms. If I restore this girl to life, will you pledge yourself to mine?' 'Never!' thundered Colonel de Haldimar, with unusual energy. 'Men, procure axes; cut the flag-staff down, since this is the only means left of securing yon insolent traitor! Quick to your work; and mark, who first seizes him shall have promotion on the spot.' Axes were instantly procured, and two of the men now lent themselves vigorously to the task. Wacousta seemed to watch these preparations with evident anxiety; and to all it appeared as if his courage had been paralysed by this unexpected action. No sooner, however, had the axemen reached the heart of the staff, than, holding Clara forth over the edge of the rampart, he shouted.—'One stroke more, and she perishes!' Instantaneously the work was discontinued. A silence of a few moments ensued. Evey eye was turned upward,—every heart beat with terror to see the delicate girl, held by a single arm, and apparently about to be precipitated from that dizzying height. Again Wacousta shouted,—'Life for life, de Haldimar! If I yield her shall I live?' 'No terms shall be dictated to me by a rebel, in the heart of my own fort,' returned the governor. 'Restore my child, and we will then consider what mercy may be extended to you.' 'Well do I know what mercy dwells in such a heart as yours,' gloomily remarked the prisoner;—'but I come.'

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Wacousta began his descent, not as before, by adhering to the staff, but by the rope which he held in his left hand while he still supported the apparently senseless Clara against his right chest with the other. 'Now, Colonel de Haldimar, I hope your heart is at rest,' he shouted, as he rapidly glided by the cord, 'enjoy your triumph as best may suit your pleasure.' Every eye followed his movement with interest; every heart beat lighter at the certainty of Clara being again restored, and without other injury than the terror she must have experienced in such a scene. Each congratulated himself on the favourable termination of the terrible adventure, yet were all ready to spring upon and secure the desperate author of the wrong. Wacousta had now reached the centre of the flag-staff. Pausing for a moment, he grappled it with his strong and nervous feet, on which he apparently rested, to give a momentary relief to the muscles of his left arm. He then abruptly abandoned his hold, swinging himself out a few yards from the staff, and returning again, dashed his feet against it with a force that caused the weakened mass to vibrate to its very foundation. Impelled by his weight, and the violence of his action, the creaking pine gave way; its lofty top gradually bending over the exterior rampart until it finally snapped asunder, and fell with a loud crash across the ditch. 'Open the gate, down with the drawbridge!' exclaimed the excited governor.

Meanwhile the fugitive, assisted in his fall by the gradual rending asunder of the staff, had obeyed the impulsion first given to his active form, until, suddenly checking himself by the rope, he dropped with his feet downwards into the centre of the ditch. For a moment he disappeared, then came again uninjured to the surface; and in the face of more than fifty men, who, lining the rampart with their muskets levelled to take him at advantage the instant he should reappear, seemed to laugh their efforts to scorn. Holding Clara before him as a shield, through which the bullets of his enemies must pass before they could attain him, he impelled his gigantic form with a backward movement towards the opposite bank, which he rapidly ascended; and still fronting his enemies commenced his flight in that manner with a speed which (considering the additional weight of the drenched garments of both,) was inconceivable.

Ostler's Essex Game Terms.—Long tails, pheasants — Middlings, partridges—Shorts tails, hares—Lops, rabbits, and Essex calves.

Romford. J.Z.

Fine Arts.

THE COLOSSEUM.

Few, but can snatch from Time an hour,
For such delights as these;
And bear the memory of their power,
With unrefracted ease.

Among the numerous kinds of rational gratification which are offered to the notice of the 'New Year' sojourners to London, not any are more combined with real desert than the attractions contained in the Colosseum.—If there be 'nothing *new* under the sun,' improvements and additions are made in this now classic ground, which justify our recommendation; and merit a revisit, by those who have heretofore presented themselves, and to familiarise their noviciate friends who are willing to do so. For, it is with great pleasure we state, that considerable reductions in the prices of admission to these works of art have taken place, and which are strong incentives why the sight-*seeing* public should support the very liberal sight-*producing* proprietors; particularly so, as the metropolis and its environs may be more agreeably viewed in these comfortably warm recesses than on the outside of St. Paul's, exposed to a catarrhal and rheumatic atmosphere. The more intimately our acquaintance with the 'Panorama' has been cultivated, we are more persuaded of its vraisemblance, and discover some new feature we are delighted with.

We, therefore, entreat our friends, especially the ladies who are curious in detail, to use the glasses in the galleries freely, and they will not be thought the older for it, or suffer by any quizzical imputation. But allons. As we descend (not into Avernus) to the next object of research, the 'Saloon,' many valuable additions by eminent artists of celebrated men are deposited. Here are busts – models—grottos—antiques—medallions and casts. Some of our favourites are—'Mercury bearing Pandora to the gods'—'Dislocobus the Coit Player'—a 'Horse's head' cast from the Elgin marbles,—a colossal 'Melpomene'—'Apollo Belvidere' —the 'Graces'—'Nymph of Salmacis' —'Musidora'—'Moses'—'Lorenzo de Medicis' and 'Our Saviour.' The busts of 'His Majesty' and his royal brothers, Sir Francis Burdett, the Bishop of Norwich, and many others, are at once recognised. But we leave the innumerable marbled features to express their likenesses to the celebrated individuals, and retire to the cooling 'Conservatories' — the refreshing 'Fountain' —the 'Swiss Cottages'— the declining blossomed 'Aloe', and the very sweet waterfall music of the 'Cataract' and the 'Marine Cavern.' It is no easy task to depicture these inspiring works of art—we had almost said, nature. We must, therefore, leave our readers somewhat in the dark, to realise our feelings more than our expressions; for to our irremediable regret, as there is but one step from the 'ridiculous to the sublime,' so, one step only removes us from the beautiful evergreen, crystal, happy dwellings, into the noisy, nasty streets of jargon and terrene bustle.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

FOR THE OLIO.

Sleep on, sweet child, no cares disturb thy rest,
No sigh yet breaks upon thy soft repose;
Peace dwells alone within thy gentle breast,
And Nature's hand thy little eyelids close.

Thy thoughts are heavenly, as thy smiles are sweet,
All fancied pleasures are alike unknown;
Enough for thee the dawn of day to greet—
And think the flowrets bloom for thee alone.

No worldly cares thy peaceful dreams molest,
No absent friends thy waking thoughts shall mourn;
Nor unkind memory, lingering in thy breast,
Recalls past joys that never can return.

With fond delight I saw thee wildly gaze
Upon the sun, which through yon lattice shone,
Unconscious that its bright resplendent rays
Must guide thee through a world as yet unknown.

A world where envy reigns with tyrant sway,
And virtue sinks beneath the weight of pride;
Ambition strews with flowers the thorny way,
And vice is oft with luxury supplied.

There's many an eye that once with pleasure smiled,
The tear of sympathy has learned to shed;
And many a sunny lock like thine, sweet child,
By sorrow has been changed ere youth has fled.

Oh! I have dwelt too long upon this theme,
Ye gloomy visions from my brain depart;
For ye have told of young affection's dream,
And touched the chord that vibrates on my heart.

But now the morning breaks o'er land and lea,
And thou must soon from thy sweet slumbers wake;
Oh! that thy life may always peaceful be,
As that calm breeze that hovers o'er the lake.

Henrietta ———

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE RUSSIANS.

WHILE on the subject of fever, I shall take leave to state a few particulars respecting it, which are probably unknown out of Russia. With this disease the Russians associate a most singular superstition. These people in general, not the vulgar only, regard the intermittent fever as a female, who prowls about in the silence of night, seeking the victims of her often very capricious humour. This personage is called Lichoratha, and the same name is given to the disease itself. To show the notions of the Russians concerning this spirit in a clearer light, I will repeat the account given me by the late archimandrite (bishop) Israel of Kasan, a man universally respected for his sound understanding and great integrity, in his own words:—

"I was twenty years old," said he, "and secretary to the convent of Simbersk, the abbot of which had a particular partiality for me: it was he who decided me to adopt the ecclesiastical profession. One evening in the butter-week (at the commencement of Lent,) I heard the loud sounds of music and dancing in the adjoining house, and though I was strictly forbidden to leave the convent at night, still I found means to get out unobserved, and reach the window of the room where the ball was held. Though this apartment was on the ground-floor, the windows were too high to permit me to see the merry inmates, and to gratify my curiosity. With difficulty and great fear of detection I at length clambered high enough, and to my great delight obtained a view of the joyous party, among which I should so gladly have been. But my pleasure was not destined to last long: for scarcely had I taken a survey of the gay throng, when all at once a tall, slender female figure, with a very beautiful face, came forth from the midst of it, with her eyes fixed upon me, and advanced towards the window where I was. An inward presentiment immediately told me that this was Lichoratha, who had so often been described to me by others. I went dejectedly to bed, and some time after midnight awoke in a fever. I was ill with it five weeks, during which my good old abbot visited me daily, and treated me with the greatest kindness. At the expiration of that time, I took it into my head to direct my attendant to bring my old wolf-skin pelisse, which I used to wear on my tours of inspection in winter, from the top of the house, and to spread it for the sake of warmth over my bed. The following night Lichoratha appeared to me in a dream, if, however, it were a dream, and not a real vision, in the very same dress in which I had seen her five weeks before. She entered my room, and slowly approached my bed. When she was quite close to me, she made a threatening motion with her hand, then raising it to her face, said, with a friendly smile, 'Faugh! how ill that pelisse smells! I shall not stay here any longer, but go to Jessipow.' This was the clerk of the convent, a robust young man, who, during my illness, had performed my duty with the abbot. Next morning, when the abbot came to see me, and I related my story, he told me that I was cured. Seeing me smile somewhat incredulously, he was almost angry, and solemnly protested that the fever would not return, adducing a great number of similar stories to confirm the assertion. Being at length convinced, and feeling more tranquil in consequence, I bethought me of poor Jessipow, who had probably been brought into the same scrape through me and my pelisse. The old gentleman cheered me up, and averred that he knew no instance of Lichoratha being so malicious. In further confirmation of what he said, he sent my attendant to summon the clerk to my room; but what was the astonishment of both, when he came back and told us that Jessipow could not come, because he was confined to his bed with a violent lichoratha! The poor fellow lay ill with it all the autumn, and at the beginning of the winter we buried him."

Hundreds of such stories may be heard in Russia in every family; and I advise foreigners to suppress a smile, or any other token of incredulity, if they would not wish to be taken for free-thinkers or madmen.

Another disease which I have not met with elsewhere, is still more extraordinary: it is called *Bjelti Karassekki* (white hot fever), but I could never discover the cause of this appellation. I shall here state the individual case of a patient, the late General Serjeew, of Kasan, a highly polished man, of excellent character, whom I had occasion to see almost daily during his illness, as well as several years before and afterwards. The disease began, as usual, with a certain listlessness and languor, which, however, at first seemed to affect the mind more than the body. The patient, though he has a good appetite, and appears at least to sleep soundly, is overwhelmed with a gloomy melancholy—in which, soon after the first days, the extraordinary notions which he betrays would seem to infer a derangement in the faculty of thought, and in the perception of external objects by the senses, that commonly lasts but for a short time, and often for only a few seconds. In the course of time, these deviations from sound views of things become more frequent and more striking. The body seems now to be affected, as well as the mind, and the functions of sleep and appetite are disturbed, though the patient is not obliged to keep his bed. General Serjeew attended to his usual domestic avocations, and being fond of society, continued to entertain parties of his acquaintance as usual. It was not long, however, before he became so much worse, that his wife strove to keep away all strangers, and admitted merely intimate friends, who knew and could make allowances for his situation. To these latter he made no secret of his complaint, but, on the contrary related to them with the utmost frankness at night all that had befallen him in the day. As, when proper attention is paid to the patient the disorder seldom ends fatally, but subsides in a few months, in many cases in a few weeks, as gradually as it came on, people in general feel little anxiety about it, and await its termination with patience. "I had a long discussion with you this morning," said the General to me one evening, taking me by the hand. I expressed my surprise, as I had not left my house the whole forenoon. "That does not signify," said he smiling; "I have nevertheless had a great deal of talk with you. I was sitting in my library when I heard you coming: I know your step. You rapped at the door, and I had to tell you to come in three times before you heard me and entered. We continued our yesterday's interesting conversation; and though you defended your position so manfully yesterday, you were forced at last to yield. I was tired, I must confess, with the length of our disputation." I said nothing, but the surprise expressed in my looks made him laugh. "Well, well," said he, "I know as well as you do that you were not here, but still we did talk and battle it together stoutly. If the thing would but soon cease, I should not care, for I assure you it is not unentertaining. I wish you had been in this situation, and then you would perfectly understand me. I can accurately distinguish whether it is yourself that enters my door, or whether it is your, or rather *my*, apparition. I am quite aware that in the latter case I am under a delusion; but I am forced, by a kind of irresistible impulse, to give way to this delusion; and then, to be sure, matters get so bad that I do not know what I am about."—*United Service Jour.*

AN IRISH SHROVETIDE.

Besides the family, one or two young people had stepped in on this occasion. Mrs. Brady had exerted herself to the utmost of her housewifely skill in preparing the batter for the cakes; and when it was agreed that the first of them should be tried, she went into a remote corner, and mysteriously dropped her wedding ring into the measured bowl-full which was to form it. The magic cake was fried, having been turned with a most skilful toss in the air by Randal Brady; and then it was fairly divided, so that each person should have an equal portion, and of course an equal chance of obtaining the ring. It is scarcely necessary to explain, that he or she to whom the prize might fall was thereby to be doubly benefitted. By simply putting it under his or her pillow that night, a matrimonial partner was sure to be dreamt of; and, moreover, the reality of the vision would certainly, beyond doubt, become one flesh with the happy dreamer before the next Shrovetide. While the wondrous cake was dividing, Randal Brady proposed that his Betty and himself should try their fortunes as well as the younger members of the group, and Mrs. Brady assented, in thoughtless glee. Each individual received a portion; each held up the half-transparent piece of cake before the candle.—Mrs. Brady obtained the ring. The boys and girls hid their disappointment under an affectation of great enjoyment of the unmeaning freak of chance; remarking that the good woman had a husband already, and that, even were she single, fifty-five was rather an advanced age at which to go a-wooing. 'Mrs. Brady herself, however, became suddenly grave. An expression of great trouble and anxiety overspread her face. She looked at her husband, who was smiling at the moment, but she thought his smile a sad one, as he said—'Are you goin' to bury me, at last, vanithee?' His tone was jocular, yet it touched the chord which was, thrilling in the good woman's heart; she cast her bit of the pancake into the fire, and but for the activity of her daughter Rose, her wedding-ring must have been melted down; then, in the almost childish energy of her nature, she fell on her knees before her husband, looking up at him with clasped hands, and weeping abundantly; and in the utter simplicity of her honest soul and uncalculating mind, thus addressed him:—'My humble prayer this night is, that the sod may cover my head long before the grave opens for you, Randal Brady;—' and here she took his hands in hers, and vehemently continued, ' and if 'twas the will of Heaven that I was left to mourn over you, Randal, in the could churchyard, don't you b'lieve an angel, if he stood fornent you, sayin' id, that mortial man cauld ever make me forget you! No, Randal! If lord, or earl, or juke—if the king himself brought his goulden crown, and his goulden sceptar, and *laid* them at the threshold o' the dour, and said, 'Betty Brady, it is you I'll make my queen—' my answer to him would be—and you know it would, Randal—Randal, *ma graw*! 'Go your ways, honest man, Betty Brady will have no call to you!' The self-fancied object of a monarch's devotions in a possible contingency, notwithstanding her reliance on her virtuous affection for her husband, continued so strongly to urge her terror of the prognostic of the pancake and the ring, that she was not restored to self-possession until her smiling spouse undertook, with assumed seriousness, to prove that by refraining from putting the ring under her pillow that night, all evil consequences would be avoided; and Mrs. Brady at last became convinced and comforted. Lent follows Shrovetide; and Lent was one of the seasons of strict religious observances under Randal Brady's roof. During its continuance, all festive amusements were banished from his fireside. But Easter Sunday brought its feast, and, without any feeling of impropriety, its dance also. Upon that auspicious day, as well, indeed, as upon all great festivals, Randal clothed himself in his marriage suit of pearl-coloured broad cloth, and put on his three-cocked hat; and his dinner was the best his circumstances could afford. One of his sons played passably well on the violin; and, after dinner, he would approach his wife with smiling formality, and lead her out to move a minuet, the tips of his fingers, through respectful gallantry, barely touching the tips of hers, and his cocked hat under his arm; and she would make her distant courtsey to his every bow—the whole gone through (on his part, at least, though not on that of his spouse), for the purpose of exciting the merriment of their children; for a minuet was beginning to be out of vogue, and the gravity and formality of that piece of old nonsense were duly appreciated by the improved tastes of the younger part of the assembly. A country dance succeeded, performed by the whole family, and any visitors present. The ' coal bogue,' or feast of eggs, was not forgotten on Easter Monday. The Christmas holydays were spent in true holyday style in his house; and on Twelfth night he did not fail to provide a sufficient number of loaves, one of which he himself, and, in turn, each member of his family, threw against the door of the dwelling; an Irish couplet, always used on such occasions, being repeated at every bang:

> 'In God's name, we banish hunger from this
> house
> To-night, and every night until this night
> twelve months.'

Without the house, as well as within, there were persons interested in the close of the ceremony; ancient beggars, in fact, who, leaning upon their staffs, calculated the quantity of food to which it was to entitle them. Every thump they set down for a loaf; and, as surely as the last was heard, the door opened, and the arithmetic of the expectants proved to be correct.—*Lib. of Romance.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.*

"Count Feria had, it appears, received instructions from Philip, to prepare the way for a proposal of marriage between him and Elizabeth, in case of her sister's death. He was, however, unfortunate in this business, from the beginning. His first letter states that ' Elizabeth mentioned to him, that Philip had been anxious that she would marry the Duke of Savoy; but that she knew too well that her sister lost her popularity by marrying a foreigner;' and speaking afterwards to Lord Paget on the same subject, his lordship observed, 'That he was resolved not to interfere in such a business, because he had taken a part in bringing about the marriage between Queen Mary and Philip, and he repented of having done so.' This was before Mary's death; afterwards, it appears, that the Count had great difficulty in introducing the subject, in consequence of the ill opinion entertained of his master; and he and his friends proposed to Philip, as an introductory step, to allow them to persuade the Queen and her council, that the ill-will which Queen Mary had shown towards her, had arisen from a feeling of jealousy, she thinking that Philip loved her sister better than herself.—Philip, however, would not sanction this proceeding, and desired his ambassador not to assign any other reason for his proposal, but the interest of the two crowns; and at the same time ordered the Count to give to the new Queen, not only all her sister's jewels, but also a box filled with very valuable ones, belonging to himself, which he had left in Whitehall, and which Elizabeth accepted.

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* The above is copied from the 'Athenæum,' as translated from "Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia."

"Though the Count himself never entertained any sanguine hopes of success, in this negociation for a marriage, there was a time, in which he saw that Elizabeth's most confidential friends, for various political reasons, were inclined to favour it. This was at the beginning of 1559, and in consequence, Philip sent a letter to the Count, desiring him to make the proposal openly, telling him, 'That putting aside many obstacles and weighty objections, he had resolved to marry Elizabeth upon the following conditions:—That she must abjure all errors in matters of religion, and turn Catholic, if she were not so; that she must, secretly if she pleased, ask absolution and dispensation from the Pope; that he must not be required to reside in England longer than he could with convenience; and that he could not now, as on his marriage with Mary, stipulate, that the first born should inherit the Low Countries.' He also directs the Count to make the proposal, by word of mouth, to the Queen herself, and not by writing; and he tells him, that it is not necessary to keep the matter secret, because it is no disgrace to ask a lady in marriage, and be rejected; and even though his dignity and authority might suffer by a refusal, he had determined not to take notice of it, since he makes the proposal only for the honour of God and the good of religion.

"In consequence of these instructions, the Count made the proposal direct to the Queen, and he reports that it was well received; but that the Queen stated, 'That she must consult her Parliament on the subject,' adding, 'that the Catholic King might rest assured, that should she resolve to marry, he would be preferred to any other.'—Philip was delighted with this answer, and he wrote to Elizabeth, to assure her of his friendship, and of the interest he took in the success of the affair, of which the Count had spoken to her.

"As soon as the members of the council suspected that the Queen was inclined to marry Philip, they endeavoured by every means to dissuade her. In the meantime, the Parliament had been assembled, and it had been there proposed to change the religion, and to repeal the laws promulgated in Queen Mary's time upon the subject. Philip was greatly hurt on hearing this, and wrote immediately to the Count, directing him to wait on Elizabeth, and personally to represent to her the ill consequences of the projected change in matters of religion, and he concludes by desiring him to inform her, unequivocally, that if persevered in, it was useless to treat about the marriage. The Count did as he was ordered; and Elizabeth replied, that she thought it would be better to remain single, for she had a great scruple about asking a dispensation from the Pope.

"Philip was greatly displeased with this answer, but he was politic enough to conceal it, and wrote to Elizabeth, telling her that, although he regretted not having succeeded in what he so much desired, and what he believed was so desirable for the public good, he was nevertheless satisfied and content, since she thought that a firm friendship would produce the same beneficial effects.

"A very short time after, when it was known that Philip was about to be married to a French princess, Elizabeth was, in her turn, offended, and told the Count, that his master could not have been very much in love with her, when he had not patience to wait even four months. The Count replied, that she only was to blame, which she denied, telling him, that it had been his master's fault, for she had never given a definite answer. The Count replied that it was true, the negative had been indirect, but he had not thought proper to bring her to the point of giving a direct refusal, in order not to produce animosity between two such great princes."

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

TERRENCE was a stout, broad-faced, good-humoured *boy* about fifty, who would rather talk than work, and rather sing than do either. He was a sort of agricultural dependant upon Farmer Mullins; he was his hedger, his ditcher, reaper, mower, gardener, and *factotum;* and the farmer, won by his humour and good-nature, kept him as a hanger-on about the farm, more than for any particular industry, of which he was seldom found guilty.

An elderly gentleman, who lodged in the farm-house, had been repeatedly amused with the vocal powers of Terrence, particularly at daybreak, when he had much rather "his morning's winged dreams" had not been broken, as he heard him pass to the stable, where he was to perform the augean process. Terrence had just rested himself on his pitchfork, to give more effect to the last cadence of "Sheela na Guira," when the gentleman complimented him by saying, "You've a fine voice of your own, Terrence."

"Faith, sir," replied he, "you may say that, and thank God for it; although it had like to have been the ruin of me, so it had."

"The ruin of you, my good fellow, how so?"

"I can soon *incense* you how, sir," said he, "but you should hear the songs first, and by them you will see what they had nearly done for me."

"Well, Terrence," said the gentleman, "if you will come in, in the evening, and sing me the songs, I'll hear your story, and give you half-a crown."

"Oh, by dad, that I'll do! and thank your honour," said Terrence. So accordingly, he brushed his brogues, washed his shining face, put on his long-tailed grey frieze, and made himself "clean and dacent," to go into the prescence, and made his bow among the family party, and commenced 'The Groves of Blarney,' 'The Cruiskeen,' 'The Boys of Kilkenny,' 'Donnybrook Fair,' and many others, when he came to a full stop.

"Now, sir," says he, "I'll give you the one that was near the ruin of me. This was none other than 'The Wak of Teddy Roe,' a song as well known as the *writer, S. W. Ryley, author of the Itinerant;* which, when Terrence had finished, he said, "There, sir, that's the one; and I never sing it, but I think of the *narrow escape* I had. And now I'll tell you how that was. I was loading the cart with manure, God help me! one morning, and singing that song, when a gentleman came by, and stood to listen to me. Faiks! I little thought of the mischief he was putting on me. 'You've an excellent voice,' says he, 'my man, and that's a good song you're singing.'—'Faith, I have, sir, for I had been told it often before; and for the song, shure it bates *Bannohir,* and that *bates* all the world intirely.'—'Well,' says he, 'have you any more of them songs?'—'Shure I have, sir,' says I, 'one for every day in the week.'—'Well, then, come up to my house in Dublin, and sing all you know, and I will see what I can do for you; but would you be afraid to sing them before a large company?'—'Not in the least, sir, the larger the better, and then they'll all hear at once.'

"He tould me where he lived; and accordingly I wint, and was shewn up to a most beautiful drawing-room, where sat one beautiful crater at the *piania,* and another at the harp.—'Terrence O'Farrell,' says I to myself, 'hould yourself up, you're among *quality* intirely;' and sure enough there was a great company. One of the beautiful craters handed me, with her own hands, a glass of wine, saying, 'Take this, Mr. O Farrell, before you begin.'—'Och,' thought I, '*Mister O'Farrell,*—but I wish my mother heard *that.* So I plucked up a spirit, and says I, 'I'm obleeged to you, ma'am, for the compliment, but barrrin its all the same to you, I'll sing better afther the smallest taste in life of whiskey.' So wid that, the gentleman up and filled a cruiskeen for me, and that made all the differ wid me. 'Will I sit down, or stand up, sur?' says I.—'As you please,' said the gentleman. 'Well then, as you're all sated, shure I'd be but one like yourselves, so I'll stand up, then I can give ye the thrue maning.' Well, to be sure, I sang to their intire satisfaction, and grate diversion they had wid me.

"When I finished, 'Now,' says the gentleman, 'Terrence, I'll give you thirty shillings a week to sing me three of them songs three times a week.'—I soon agreed to the bargain; and putting the card he gave me with a trifle of writing on into my pocket, which I did not stop to make out, I made the best of my way home, to tell my mother how my fortune was made all at once.

"Well, as luck wauld have it, who should be sitting wid my mother but Tim Dooley. Now Tim had been brought up at the Sunday School, and had the gift, more nor any other man, and mighty proud he was—for there was no speaking to him since he larned to read and write—but he'd no notion of *singing*. Well, 'May be,' thought I, 'Mister Tim, you won't be so consequence, when you see who the rich man is before you.' So I up and tould them all I'd done, and sung, and said. May be my mother's eyes did not shine, the ould cratur! and may be she did not bless her son Terry.—Faiks she did; but it was left for Tim Dooley to spoil all.

"'Where is this you are to go to?' says he. 'Och! wait awhile till I show you,' says I. 'Show me the ticket,' says he, and, taking it out of my pocket, he set up such a howl!—'What's come over you, sir?' says I.—'Och hone! och hone! is it come to this you are?—is it going to disgrace your family you are?—and the mother that's sitting before you? Shure I thought there was some ill wind in the mighty good fortune all of a suddint. But for you to bring your ould mother with sorrow to the grave, by goings on of the like, is what she neither desarves from you, or the likes of you.' 'Let's be knowing my sin,' says I, 'and I'll thank you.'—'Faith here's your sin and your shame before you; and if you go to the place of this present writing,' says Tim, 'why, you're a lost man, that's all!'—'Will you please to give us the benefit of your larning now, and no more words from you,' says I, not very well pleased at the sarmon he was beginning, 'and let's see the way I am going to my ruin?'—'Shure it's straightforward forenint you here.' And he read the direction—'Mr. Ryder, manager of the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, Dublin!!!'—'Och, save my poor boy!' says my mother. 'And has your mighty fine pipe brought you to this disgrace?' says Tim.—'Och, the spalpeen,' says I, 'to go to make a *tayatricul* of a dacent woman's child! Och, is that the game you're after, Mr. Ryder? And if I'd known that, may be but I would have seen you, and all your iligant friends, hanging by the fifth wheel of Pharo's chariot in the Red Sea, before I'd call up my lungs for your divarsion.'

"Well, I burned the card before their faces, and blessed the star that lit Tim to the cabin that night, to save me from the *narrow escape* I had of being a ruined man by my beautiful voice, bad luck to it! and from becoming a divarting vagabond by Act of Parliament. *Metrop.*

Origins.

"*Sleep like a top.*"—This we say in familiar language of a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and we generally imagine the simile taken from the momentary pause of a peg-top, or humming-top, when its rotatory motion is at the height. But no such thing; the word top is Italian. *Topo*, in that language, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, "*Ei dorme cum un topo*" is derived: Anglice—"He sleeps like a top."

"*On the tapis.*"—"The affair is on the tapis," or "carpet," is borrowed from the House of Peers, where the table used to be, and probably still is, covered with a carpet.

"*Skin-flint.*"—The antiquity of certain proverbs is among the most striking singularities in the annals of the human mind. Abdalmalek, one of the Khaliffs of the race of Ommiades, was surnamed, by way of sarcasm, "Raschal Hegiarah," that is, "The skinner of a flint;" and to this day we call an avaricious man "A skin flint."

"*I have paid my shot.*"—"Shot" is a common mode of expression among the commonalty, to denote a reckoning, &c. "I have paid my shot," or rather "scott" from "scottum," a tax or contribution, a shot.

Miss.—This word was brought into *particular* use about the year 1662. Evelyn, in his Diary, says:—"January 9th, 1662, I saw performed the third part of the *Siege of Rhodes*. In this acted the fair and famous comedian, called '*Roxolana*,' from the part which she played; and I think it was the last, she being taken for the Earl of Oxford's 'Miss,' as at this time they began to call lewd women."

English Slavery.—It is a curious fact that so late as the year 1283, the slave trade must have existed in England, as may be seen by the annals of Dunstable, wherein is the following passage:—"This year we *sold* our *slave by birth*, William Pike, and *all his family*, and received our mark from the buyer." P. PETER.

Table Talk.

HONOUR OF HOLDING HIS MAJESTY'S HEAD IN SEA SICKNESS.—King John gave several lands at Kipperton and Attirton, in Kent, to Solomon Attesfield, to be held by this singular service—that as often as the King should be pleased to cross the sea, the said Solomon, or his heirs, should be obliged to go with him, to *hold his Majesty's head*, if there should be occasion for it; 'that is, if he should be sea-sick;' and it appears by the record in the Tower, that this same office of *head-holding* was actually performed in the reign of Edward the First.

MISERIES OF WEALTH.—It is to have a subscription-paper handed you every hour, and to be called a niggard if you once refuse your name.—It is to have every college, infirmary, and asylum make a run upon the bank of your benevolence, and then rail at the smallness of the dividend.—It is to pay the tailor for all his bad customers, and compensate the tradesman for what he loses by knavery or extravagance.—It is either to be married for money, or to have a wife always casting up the sum total of the fortune she brought.—It is to be invited to drink poor wine, that you may give better in return.—It is to have greater temptations than others in this world; and to find the entrance to a better more difficult than to the rest of mankind.

SINGULAR FISH.—A curious description of fish, resembling a mussel, was lately discovered by a gentleman at Brighton, in the centre of a chalk stone. It is not known in England, but in Italy it is called the stone-eater. It works its way into the chalk-stone by a kind of saw at its head, and is defended from all its enemies by prickly scales. In Italy it is prized as a great delicacy, the taste resembling an oyster, but the flavour vastly superior. In Smith's Tour mention is made of the Mytilus Lithophagus, or stone-eating Mytilus. The columns of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, at Puzzuoli, are perforated by this species.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE AND MISS BURNEY.—The Queen who was a selfish woman, and thought herself perfect because she studied the decorums, pounced upon our authoress, poor Fanny, for a Mistress of the Robes; that is to say, for an attendant who was to provide her with daily amusement, by reading, and furnishing her with ideas. Now readers have heavy work of it at court, especially if (as we suppose Miss Burney did) they stand all the while they read, out of "respect." And so poor Fanny Burney, cut off for years from decent society, and from beloved friends and relations, falls into a terrible illness, and gives manifest signs of consumption. She begged to be released from her office; all her friends said she ought to be; but the Queen would not let her go. The attendant grew worse and worse, fairly wasted away before the Queen's eyes, and at length was suffered reluctantly to depart. This she did upon half-pay; and it is not clear that she would have had that, if the better-natured King had not suggested that she would have earned as much by her pen.

Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs.

Varieties.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, on one occasion, when on the eve of his departure for Roxburghshire, called, like a dutiful nephew, upon his aunt, Miss Scott, who happened to be residing in Edinburgh at the time, to inquire whether she had any commission for the country. He was solemnly invited to tea, and informed that she had something which she wished to intrust to his care. When he took his leave in the evening, a nondescript parcel of a tolerable size was delivered to him with great formality, and many strict injunctions to look to its safety. "Tak' care o't, Wattie, for there's siller in't." The bearer was considerably teased, while on the road by the incessant rattling and jingling which his charge kept up in his pocket, sorely to the annoyance of his pony. On reaching his journey's end, he hastened to deliver it to the blacksmith of the village, to whom it was addressed; intimating at the same time that he felt great curiosity to know the contents of the parcel, and adding that he supposed, from the sound and weight, it must be Miss Scott's *pose*. "Deed, it's just ane o' your aunty's pattens, and tippence to mend it," was *Burn-the-win's* reply.

Irish Logic.—The following specimen of Irish logic is from *Bernard's Recollections*:—"His landlady was what was termed a 'general dealer,' and, among other things, sold bread and whisky. A customer entered her shop, and inquired if she had anything to eat and drink? 'To be sure,' she replied, 'I have got a thimble-full of the cratur, my darling, that comes ounly to two-pence; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money.'—'Both two-pence!'—'Both the same, as I am a Christian woman, and worth double the sum.'—'Fill me the whisky, if you plase.'—She did so, and he drank it; then rejoined, 'It comes to two-pence, my jewel; I'm not hungry, take back the loaf,' tendering it.—'Yes, honey, but what pays for the whisky?'—'Why, the loaf, to be sure?'—'But you haven't paid for the loaf.'—'Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't ate!'—A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide the difficulty, who gave it against her; and, from deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape."

A Fox Hunter is a Jumble of Paradoxes.—He sets forth clean, though he comes out of a kennel, and returns home dirty. He cares not for cards, yet strives to be always with the pack. He loves fencing, but without carte or tierce; and delights in a steeple chase, though he does not follow the church. He is anything but lititious, yet is fond of a certain suit, and retains Scarlet. He keeps a running account with Horse, Dog, Fox, and Co., but objects to a check. He is no great dancer, though he is fond of casting off twenty couple; and no great painter, though he draws covers and seeks for a brush. He is no musician, and yet is fond of five bars. He despises doctors, yet follows a course of bark. He professes to love his country, but is perpetually crossing it. He is fond of strong ale and beer, but dislikes any purl. He is good-tempered, yet so far a tartar as to prefer a saddle of horse to a saddle of mutton. He says his wife is a shrew, but objeets to destroying a vixen. In politics he inclines to Pitt, and runs after Fox. He is as honest a fellow as needs be, yet his neck is oftener in danger than a thief's. He pretends to be knowing, but a dog leads him by the nose. He swears he can clear anything, but is beaten by a fog. He esteems himself prosperous, and is always going to the dogs. To conclude, he runs as long as he can, and then goes to earth, and his heir is in at his death.

Wants and Capabilities.—We are never so much tempted to moralize as after a perusal of the advertising columns of the "Times." There is something intensely pathetic in many of the sighs which exhale from the damp surface of that broad sheet. What hope can be held out to a "respectable young woman without any followers?" who is so unreasonable as to desire a situation "as nursery-maid where there is no infant?" Or to a "respectable strong youth," who will only be satisfied with the office of "light porter?" Both must pine unfeeded, unless they agree to meet and sigh to each other. They are, indeed "for a pair." The following we are inclined to think rather suspicious—"A lady of thirty years of age is desirous of meeting with a situation as useful companion. She is naturally cheerful, and to an invalid flatters herself she would be an acquisition." Dear creature, who could find in his heart to shut the door in her face? We fear, however, she has no chance against the experience of a widow. "Wanted, by a respectable widow, age about thirty-six, and free from every incumbrance, a situation to superintend the concerns of a widower. To one who has a family she flatters herself she would be an acquisition," &c. Who doubts it? We will back the widow for a rump and dozen they are man and wife in a month. These widows! Here is another—'A widow lady, of most respectable connections, wishes for a situation to manage the domestic establishment of a widower or single gentleman. She feels confident of giving satisfaction." This is plain enough; but there is another still plainer. The noose matrimonial dangles in every sentence. "A widow, respectably connected, wishes a situation as housekeeper to a single gentleman or widower. She flatters herself she would be found an acquisition, as she is competent, and would not object to superintend the education of the younger branches of his family." What! not of the "single gentleman's!" Oh, fie!—*Tait's Mag.*

PRUDENCE.

As the mind governs the corporeal part,
Prudence retains th' exuberance of the heart.

EPITAPH.

God takes the good—too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad—too bad to take away.

Notices of New Books in our next number.

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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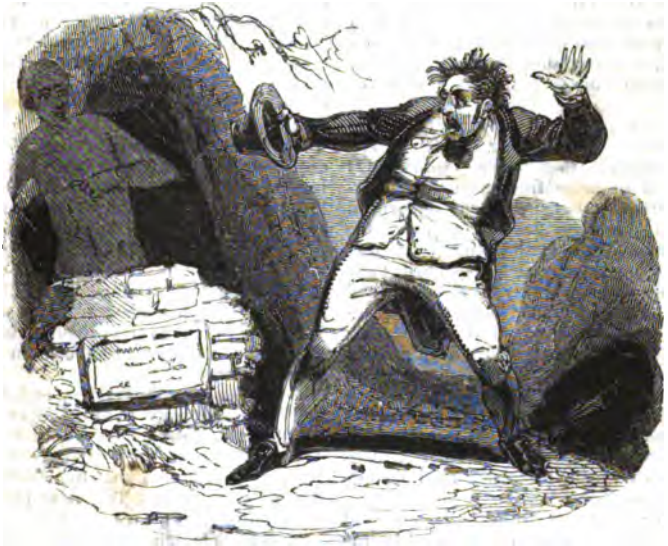

See page 387

Illustrated Article.

THE GHOST-HUNTER AND HIS FAMILY.*

All became still within and without the house; but Morris did not sleep. The candle, which he had neglected to extinguish, was nearly expiring, occasionally sending up glares of light, and then sinking into dimness. At length, gradually, and to himself imperceptibly, his eyes began to close; slumber was just stealing over his faculties. Sundenly he bounced up in his bed and stared around him, asking, "Who calls me by my name?"

The candle gave its last strong flicker upward; and, in the (to his eyes) lurid supernatural light which it threw over the apartment, he did indeed see a pallid face looking at him through the little window at the foot of the bed. He winked his eyes, and then glared them wide open. "'Tis there still," he cried, jumping out on the floor. The candle finally sunk in the socket, leaving him in darkness. He groped to the window, flung it open, but saw nothing without, save the white gleamings of the moon, here and there contrasted with some shadows, wherever an object interrupted the sickly light. "I'll be afther you," he uttered, groping about for his clothes. He was half-dressed when he heard his brother's voice asking him what he was doing. His father's repeated commands rushed to his recollection, and he was shortly in bed again. Now, however, he did not relapse into sleep. The morning dawn found him watching the window; but there was no return of the real or fancied vision.

We all know that the desire of attaining an object is, proverbially, strong in proportion to the difficulties in our way. Morris's thirst for hunting down Joe Wilson's ghost increased from hour to hour. For many nights he slept but little, still on the watch; his pulses throbbed at the least sound; but night after night passed away, and he received no second visit.

His desire heated to passion, of

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* From the Library of Romance.

which the effects were visible in the almost trembling abruptness of his manner and utterance, and in the redness of his wild, yet fine eyes, he began to level the obstacles which lay between him and the gratification of his yearnings. Exclusively of the peculiar relish he had for the feat he burned to undertake, an encounter with the poor troubled spirit was, he argued, a good action in itself, and this he showed in the following clear manner.

It was partly the universally received creed appertaining to ghostly appearances, that their wanderings among us arise from something connected with their previous sojourn on earth—for their leaving undone, for instance, some action, upon the due performance of which depended their repose and happiness in eternity; and that they haunt their former dwelling-places in the flesh, until some daring mortal questions them, obtains from their lips instructions what to do—because no ghost can perform his own work on earth without human agency—and then faithfully goes through what is necessary to secure their rest in another world, and their final departure from this.

We will not follow the wayward Morris in his arguments against his sense of duty.

The tenth night after the opening of our story, his brain whirling with uncontrolable desire, and fiercely banishing, in a fit of frenzied resolve, the better promptings of his nature, he hurried on his clothes, without, as he thought, awaking his brother; cautiously unlocked and unbarred the door of the house, and bounded over the threshold. He would not pause—onward he hastened.

The nearest path to the place he sought lay through the neighbouring church-yard, to gain which he had to cross a garden slightly enclosed, and an open field. As he approached the stile leading into the burial-ground, a large dun-coloured dog, which seemed to have been couched upon its steps, started up, and its red eyes glared into his. For an instant he paused terror-stricken: he had heard of evil spirits assuming, among other strange ones, such an appearance. But he soon sprang forward. The dog jumped into the church-yard, Morris vaulted over the stile, and stood sternly in the path, looking around him; but around him were only the tomb-stones, and the head-stones, and the little grassy mounds which covered the dead—things to which he was by this time quite accustomed. The dog had vanished.

He paused awhile in the shade of his old friends the yew-trees, which were motionless, and black in the night, like gigantic plumes above a huge hearse. Holding his head daringly high, he sent a scrutinising glance into every familiar nook and corner of the dreary place, but not a living or a moving thing was visible.

This, after the disappearance of the dog, must be considered as only a passing repetition of many former challenges to the ghosts of the whole mass of mouldering or mouldered mortality in the church-yard. Being on the spot, it was but right to give them, all and each, a renewed chance of availing themselves of his service. He soon held on, in his pursuit of the individual ghost which had lured him forth on the present occasion.

Bounding over the graves, and, now and then, boyishly vaulting over the head-stones, he stood on the stile that gave entrance to the burial-ground at the side opposite to that by which he had approached it. The next instant he was in Joe Wilson's bosheen.

This little green lane, lately become so celebrated, led, with many a curve, from one extremity of the suburbs to another. It was altogether lonely. Its breadth might be about four paces.—Here and there it was overshadowed by trees; and bounded, at either hand, by hedges of sufficient growth to cast a gloom over it, even in day-light.

When Morris Brady jumped into this deep and solitary lane, he found that he was at some distance from the middle, where Joe Wilson's murdered body had been found. The moon was on the wane; but, as the night had more than gained its noon, she stood high in the heavens. The sky was frosty-clear, and the cold light struck fully down upon the narrow way, shining brightly on the centre, and distinctly showing the broad stone and its indents; while at either side, under the shadow of the overhanging hedges, although they were now nearly leafless, nothing could be perfectly distinguished.

A piece of wall, inserted into the mass of earth on which the hedges grew, to prop it up in that particular place, marked the spot where murder had lately been done; and on a broad stone in the wall was, as we already know, a terrible memorial of the event. Nor had old Hesther Bonnetty exaggerated when she vowed that the middle of the road, opposite to the wall, was yet uncleansed of blood. The dull red-stains were even now distinctly visible in the line of brilliant moonshine, which, as we have said, ran along the centre of the bosheen.

As Morris Brady approached the well-known place, he did not fail to recognise the fatal tokens; and, notwithstanding the continued boldness of his advance, and all his previous audacity, he felt dread and awe stealing over his heart at the sight. Scarcely slackening his pace, however, he stood on the very spot—on the marks themselves. He did not, at once, turn his regards towards the wall. Yet a kind of stir, without the accompaniment of noise, caught his side vision. He jumped fully round, and confronted the appearance; and there, bending over the remarkable stone, and too visible to leave a doubt of its presence—although, owing to the deep shade of the hedge above, somewhat indistinctly shaped forth—stood a human figure.

Morris's skin crept, in spite of him, as if in horror at the cold current now running beneath it. He took off his hat, crossed his forehead, and repeated aloud the names of the Trinity. The figure slowly raised its drooping head, and Morris saw the features of Joe Wilson—pallid, indeed, and strangely changed—yet still the man's well-known features; and again did the ghost-seer wince under the cold, unwinking, passionless, mindless, lifeless stare that was fixed upon him.

Suddenly his courage returned, or rather a daring determination re-nerved him, and, in a wild and startling tone, he exclaimed—

"In the most Holy Name, this night, I, Morris Brady, command you to tell me who and what you are?"

There was a moment's dead pause, in which Morris heard the hollow beating of his own heart. A deep, but low voice replied to him, "The spirit of the man murthered on the spot where you stand."

"In the same name, once more, tell me what it is that puts throuble on you?" and now Morris's own voice sunk low.

"None dared to ask before; and the dead must be silent till they are questioned."

"I know it—can I give rest to you?"

"You can—if you have the heart to do it."

"I have the heart," answered Morris, his impetuosity returning; "and what's not sinful I'll do, if living Christian has the power."

"Listen, then?" and Morris conceived that the figure rose to more than mortal height: "Listen—to-morrow night, as the clock sounds twelve, meet me in John's Abbey Church-yard, at the head of my own grave; on that spot meet me, or Morris Brady, rue your challenge!"

As the last strangely-cadenced words died away, the figure, which had previously began to move, was no longer visible.

For a moment Morris stirred not. A great confusion of mind, though not unmixed with fear, chained him to the spot. Suddenly he recovered himself, and bounded after the apparition, which had disappeared round a turning of the bosheen, a few paces from the wall. Clear of the turning, Morris's eye could follow a considerable portion of the length of the lane; but he saw no object in motion.

He became faint, and leaned against the fence of the bosheen for support, and it was some time before he could assume sufficient bodily strength to return home. He succeeded at length, however, in gaining his bed without discovery; but sleep was further than ever from his eyes. "To-morrow night, in John's Abbey church-yard," rang in his ears. He seemed to hear the words repeated in the silence of his hushed soul.

Although, during the day, his conscience did not fail to upbraid him with his disobedience to his father; although he feared to encounter his father's look, and fancied that the old man's mild eye was glancing severe reproach at him; still Morris would not recede from the self-sought adventure. A gloomy-spell, a fate, seemed to his mind to bind him to go on. Nor did he forget the last words—"On that spot meet me, or Morris Brady, rue your challenge!"

. . . . . .

The weather had changed during the day. It was a gloomy November night: the rain fell over the blackened sky; the wind came in gusts, heralding its approach by hollow moanings, which grew louder and louder as it advanced; until at last it swept, hissing, and whistling, and roaring through the mouldering, but beautiful arches of the ruin, beside which our adventurer paused.

The seared leaves of the alders, and the other chance-sown trees that increased the gloom of the unroofed space within, rustled against each other as the gusts swept by; then their branches waved and rattled, casting the leaves in crispy showers to the ground; and then those which remained trembled as the blustering visitation passed away. The rushing river was not far off, and the noise of its waters filled up the pauses of the blast.

The moon, which had shone out so vividly the preceding night, as if to assist in turning Morris to his doom, now refused him a beam to cheer the darkness around him, and, morally speaking, within him; for it was not surprising that a night like this, approaching its dead noon, should in such a place, have a sympathetic effect on his distempered imagination. He stood awaiting the striking of the hour of midnight, his head drawn back, his dark brows knitted together, his eyes flashing through the gloom in the interior of the old building, and his ear catching every sound, in anticipation of the appearance of the being he had come to meet.

At length the sonorous town-clock slowly began to toll twelve. Each vibration met an answering throb in Morris's bosom. He counted the last stroke as it swung along the returning gust, and, in an instant after, started back, raising his hands before him in an attitude of intense and solemn wonder. It could not be the echoes of the ruin which returned that last clang so distinctly. No: it was a bell fixed in a mouldering steeple of the Abbey, which never tolled, save to welcome the dead to their homes within its precincts. Morris felt that the sound was produced by no mortal hand.

It had scarce died away, half suffocated by the wind, when he heard his name uttered within, in the same deep toneswhich had replied to his questions in the bosheen, on the previous night.

"I am here," he answered, in a voice scarcely less thrilling than that to which he responded.

"Enter the abbey," continued the unseen one. Morris, collecting his firmness, bent his body to pass through a low, arched door-way, half choked up with rubbish and weeds. Standing to his full height in the interior of the building, he scowled around him, and jerked his head from side to side, as was his fashion when much excited.—In those parts of the ruinous space around, which were not sunk in utter blackness, he could perceive nothing of the apparition of Joe Wilson.

"Your bidding is done," resumed Morris, after a pause; "I am standing in the middle of the place."

"Stand at the head of the prior's tomb." still commanded his invisible companion.

Morris endeavoured to ascertain the spot whence the voice came, but the careering gust seemed to bear it round and round the building. He knew the prior's tomb well. In his early boyhood it had been one of the rallying points of his sports. Often had he and his companions contended for its possession, carrying on a small warfare as if for a fortress; and often did their youthful shout ring above the ashes of the forgotten dignitary. Nay, often had the identical Joe Wilson, whose ghost now summoned Morris to a conference at the prior's tomb, been one of the thoughtless rioters; and he was always the last who remained with Morris, when the evening row was over, seated on the crumbling and weed-hampered old monument, until the shades of night began to creep over the ruin; and here they would perseveringly excite each others supernatural predilections—not fears—by the recital of the most approved and authentic tales of horror.

Notwithstanding the profound darkness of the corner in which the monument stood, Morris found no difficulty in occupying at its head the position named to him.

"Are you here with me to hold to your pledge?" resumed the voice.

"I am here to give you rest and quiet if I can."

"The mortal man who questions the dead ought to hold a fearful heart; or woe be to him."

"My heart is sthrong," said the courageous though eccentric lad; yet he uttered the words with some effort, for the voice which spoke now seemed fearfully menacing.

"The secrets of the dead must be kept as close as the grave keeps their rotting bones; or treble woe on the betrayer's head."

"I'll guard the silent tongue."

"He who meets the dead, and challenges the dead, must obey the dead, or tenfold woe be to him"

"Morris Brady *will* obey the dead!"

"Swear an oath! swear it to the dead!"

Morris hesitated.

"Swear! or rue this night! Swear!" It seemed to the young man as if, mingling with the gust, the tones were re-echoed, in shrieks, through every corner of the ruin.

"I will swear to you!" he, in his turn, screamed forth, as he stamped his foot on the rubbish on which he stood.

"Lay your hand upon the prior's head."

Morris grasped the figure; but instead of touching, at the point where he expected to find it, the marble head of the effigy, his fingers passed over the front of a skull; he felt the eye-holes, and the nasal orifice, and that for the mouth. He recoiled an instant, but sufficiently recovered himself to replace his hand on the disagreeable object.

"Swear by the soul of him who has been murthered! swear by your own soul! swear by the darkness of the night! and swear by every spirit that hearkens to the oath—to be silent, and to obey the dead!"

"Swear!" and Morris again spoke in a shout, and as if some will other than his own had moved his tongue.

"Follow me, now," continued the voice; and, as it ceased, the figure of the bosheen glided through the low archway into the burial ground without. Morris sprang after it. The apparition glided into an adjacent street of the town, by a turnstile at the boundary of the church-yard, and, with noiseless steps, hurried on.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FALL OF BADAJOS AND THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The following, extracted from "Surtees's Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade," will interest many of our readers.

"I was then in the mess of the senior captain of my battalion, who commanded it on this occasion; and my other messmates were poor little Croudace and Cary, both lieutenants, the latter acting adjutant, and another. We had taken a farewell glass before we got up from dinner, not knowing which of them would survive the bloody fray that was likely soon to commence. Poor Croudace, a native of the county of Durham, and consequently a near countryman, put into my hand a small leather purse, containing half a doubloon, and requested me to take care of it for him, as he did not know whose fate it might be to fall or to survive. I took it according to his wish, and put it into my pocket, and, after a little more conversation, and another glass, for the poor little fellow liked his wine, we parted, and they moved off. Although I had thus, as it were, settled in my mind that I would not go with them on this occasion, for my services could have been of but very little utility, yet, when they went away, I felt as if I was left desolate, as it were, and was quite uneasy at parting from my beloved comrade, whom I had always accompanied hitherto. I therefore slung over my back my haversack, containing my pistol and a few other things, and moved forward, to try if I could find them; but falling in with some of my friends, staff-officers of the 43d, who were in the same brigade, they strongly dissuaded me from it, representing the folly of uselessly exposing myself, and the little service I could render there; and one of them requested me to accompany him to a hill immediately in front of the breaches, where we could see the business as it proceeded. We waited till about ten o'clock, when the first fire commenced from the castle upon the 3d division, as they approached it; but the fire from thence did not appear very heavy. Not long after, it opened out at the breaches, and was most awfully severe; indeed it was so heavy and so incessant, that it appeared like one continued sheet of fire along the ramparts near the breaches, and we could distinctly see the faces of the French troops, although the distance was near a mile. All sorts of arms, &c., were playing at once, guns, mortars, musketry, grenades and shells thrown from the walls, while every few minutes explosions from mines were taking place. The firing too appeared to have such a strange death-like sound, quite different from all I had ever heard before. This was occasioned by the muzzles being pointed downwards into the ditch, which gave the report an unusual and appalling effect. This continued without a moment's cessation, or without any apparent advantage being gained by our struggling but awfully circumstanced comrades. Lord Wellington had also taken his stand upon this hill, and appeared quite uneasy at the troops seeming to make no progress, and often asked, or rather repeated to himself, "What can be the matter?" The enemy had adopted an excellent plan to ascertain where our columns were posted; they threw an immense number of light balls on all sides of the town, and when they found out where there was a large body, a rocket was fired in the direction of where it stood, and instantly every gun, mortar, and howitzer, not previously engaged, was turned in that direction, and grievous was the destruction their shots made in the ranks of these columns. Still, our people at the breaches did not get forward, although we distinctly heard, with emotion, the bugles of our division sounding the advance. His lordship seemed now to lose all patience, and aides-de-camp were sent to ascertain the cause of the delay. They flew like lightning, while the whole rampart round the town seemed enveloped in one flame of fire. Our brave but unsuccessful comrades were heard cheering every now and then; but still the fire at the breaches did not slacken. At length, a despatch arrived from General Picton, stating that he had established himself in the castle. This was cheering news to his lordship, who expressed very strongly the gratitude he felt for that gallant general. During the reading of the despatch, which was done by torchlight, the enemy, perceiving the light, and that a number of people had assembled on the hill, directed a shell in that direction; but it fell short, and did us no injury. His lordship now rode off, and ordered our people at the breaches to retire, as the town was now perfectly secure. I also set off to inform my people of the happy circumstance. I found them drawn off from the glacis a few hundred yards; but, oh! what a difference in their appearance now from what they were previous to the attack! The whole division scarcely mustered at this time 2000 men; so many had been killed and wounded, and many had been sent to the rear with the latter. I informed them that General Picton had got possession of the castle, but my story appeared to them an incredible tale; for it was actually impossible, they thought; and although they made me repeat it over and over again, they could scarcely bring their minds to credit such unexpected news. It was now dawn of day, and the firing had ceased at every point. Here I learnt the fate of my two beloved friends and messmates: Croudace had been shot through the body, and carried to the rear; Cary had fallen, but they could not tell what had become of him. I now went forward towards the breaches, where I found that several men of both the 4th and light divisions had remained; and when General Picton moved from the castle towards that point, which I believe he stated in his despatch to be his intention, the enemy, finding themselves attacked in rear, began to abandon the defence of the breaches, and our people were then enabled to enter. Never did I witness any thing like the artificial impediments which the enemy had here thrown up, which, added to the natural ones, that is to the breaches not having been so perfectly practicable as was desirable, rendered it next to impossible to enter, even after all opposition on their part had ceased. In one breach (the large one) this was literally the case; for at the top of it was fixed a chevaux-de-frise, extending the whole width of the breach, and composed of a strong beam of wood, with sharp-pointed sword-blades fixed in every direction, they being generally about three quarters of a yard long, and so closely set together, that it was impossible either to leap over them or penetrate between them; and the whole so firmly fixed to the works at the top, that it could not be moved. In addition, they had fitted a number of long and thick planks with spikes about an inch or more in length, and laid them all down the breach, but fixed at the top, so that it was impossible for any one to get up without falling on these. Beyond the chevaux-de-frise several ditches had been cut, into which those must have fallen who surmounted the obstacles on the breach; but I believe none did, although I saw one Portuguese lying dead upon the ramparts; but I imagine he must either have been thrown up there by some explosion, or been one of those of the 3d division who came from the castle. In addition to all the above, from the covered way down into the ditch was, I should imagine, at least thirty feet; our people had descended by ladders, and I doubt not, in the dark, and, in the hurry and confusion of the moment, many were thrown down and killed. In the middle of the large ditch a smaller one had been cut, which was filled with water, and in which, added to the inundation close to the right of the breaches, (which had been caused by bringing the river partly into the ditch) numbers were drowned. Small mines had been constructed all along in the ditch, which were exploded when it was filled with people, and which produced infinite mischief. On the top of the ramparts the enemy had a considerable number of shells of the largest size, ready filled and fused; and when our people had filled the ditch below, these were lighted, and thrown over on their heads, each shell being capable of destroying from twelve to twenty men or more. They had beams of wood also laid on the ramparts, with old carriage-wheels, and every sort of missile imaginable, which were poured upon the unfortunate people below. When these things are taken into consideration, added to the incessant and destructive fire of from 3000 to 4000 men, all emulous to do their duty, at the short distance of perhaps twenty yards, with the ditch as full as it could possibly stow, the reader will be able to form some idea of the destruction that must naturally ensue; and awful indeed it was, for, within the space of less than an acre of ground, I should imagine not less than from 1200 to 1500 men were lying; it was a heart-rending sight. I learnt afterwards that many were the desperate efforts that had been made to ascend the breaches, but all in vain; that many had nearly reached the top, but being shot or blown up, the others were forced down again. Another and another trial still was made, but each succeeding party shared the fate of their predecessors. At last the bottoms of the breaches were nearly blocked up with the bodies of those who fell. By this time, General Phillippon, the French governor, had surrendered. When he found the 3d division had got possession of the castle, and were preparing to move down to second the attack of the breaches by taking the enemy in rear, and that General Walker, with a part of the 5th division, had escaladed, and established themselves at the other end of the town, he deemed further resistance useless, and retired, with the garrison, to St. Cristoval, on the opposite side of the river; and shortly after the whole surrendered prisoners of war. Soon after daylight, the remaining men of attacking divisions began to rush into the town, in hopes of sharing, with those who had already entered, the plunder they imagined it would afford; and though every thing was done by Colonel Barnard, aided by the other officers, to keep out those of the light division, it was useless, although he even risked his life to prevent their entering. He had bravely, during the attack, repeatedly ascended the breach, in hopes of overcoming the obstacles which presented themselves, but he had always been driven back, although he escaped unhurt where all was death around him; and now his life nearly fell a sacrifice, in endeavouring to restore that discipline in his division which this unfortunate and unsuccessful assault had considerably impaired. He opposed his personal and bodily strength to the entrance of the plunderers, but in vain. They rushed in, in spite of all opposition; and in wrenching a musket from one of the soldiers of the 52d, who was forcing past him, he fell, and was nigh precipitated into the ditch. He, however, finding resistance here in vain, set off, accompanied by several other officers, into the town, to endeavour to restrain, as much as lay in his power, the licentiousness of those inside, whose bad passions, it was but too evident, would be let loose upon the defenceless inhabitants. I had been in company with Captain Percival, my commanding-officer before alluded to, from the time of my first coming down to the division before daylight; and now he and I, hearing the heart-piercing and afflicting groans which arose from the numbers of wounded still lying in the ditch, set to work to get as many of these poor fellows removed as was in our power. This we found a most arduous and difficult undertaking, as we could not do it without the aid of a considerable number of men; and it was a work of danger to attempt to force the now lawless soldiers to obey, and stop with us till this work of necessity and humanity was accomplished. All thought of what they owed their wounded comrades, and of the probability that ere long a similar fate might be their own, was swallowed up in their abominable rage for drink and plunder; however, by perseverance, and by occasionally using his stick, my commandant at length compelled a few fellows to lend their assistance in removing what we could into the town, where it was intended that hospitals should be established. But this was a most heart-rending duty; for, from the innumerable cries of —"Oh! for God's sake, come and remove me!" it was difficult to select the most proper objects for such care. Those who appeared likely to die, of course it would have been but cruelty to put to the pain of a removal; and many who, from the nature of their wounds, required great care and attention in carrying them, the half-drunken brutes whom we were forced to employ exceedingly tortured and injured; nay, in carrying one man out of the ditch they very frequently kicked or trode upon several others, whom to touch was like death to them, and which produced the most agonising cries imaginable. I remember at this time Colonel (the late Sir Neil) Campbell passed out at the breach, and, as he had formerly been a captain in our regiment, many of the poor fellows who lay there knew him, and beseeched him in the most piteous manner to have them removed. He came to me, and urged upon me in the strongest manner to use every exertion to get the poor fellows away. This evinced he had a feeling heart: but he was not probably aware, that for that very purpose both my commanding officer and myself had been labouring for hours; but it soon began to grow excessively hot, and what with the toil and the heat of the sun, and the very unpleasant effuvia which now arose from the numerous dead and wounded, we were both compelled, about midday, to desist from our distressing though gratifying labours. It was now between twelve and one o'clock, and though we had a great many removed, a much greater number lay groaning in the ditch; but our strength was exhausted, for he was lame, and unable to move much, and I had been obliged to assist in carrying many myself, the drunken scoundrels whom we had pressed into the service seldom making more than one or two trips till they deserted us. But my lamented friend and messmate, poor Cary, was still to search for; and, after a considerable time, he was found beneath one of the ladders by which they had descended into the ditch. He was shot through the head, and I doubt not received his death-wound on the ladder, from which in all probability he fell. He was stripped completely naked, save a flannel waistcoat, which he wore next his skin. I had him taken up and placed upon a shutter, (he still breathed a little, though quite insensible,) and carried him to the camp. A sergeant and some men, whom we had pressed to carry him, were so drunk that they let him fall off from their shoulders, and his body fell with great force to the ground. I shuddered, but poor Cary, I believe, was past all feeling, or the fall would have greatly injured him. We laid him in bed in his tent, but it was not long ere my kind, esteemed, and lamented friend breathed his last. Poor Croudace had also died immediately after reaching the hospital, whither he had been carried when he was shot. Thus I lost two of my most particular and intimate acquaintances, from both of whom I had received many acts of kindness and friendship. They will long live in my memory. Cary was buried next day behind our tents, one of the officers (my other messmate) reading the funeral service. I cannot help adverting to some of the scenes which I witnessed in the ditch, while employed there as above noticed. One of the first strange sights that attracted our notice was soon after our arrival. An officer with yellow facings came out of the town with a frail fair one leaning on his arm, and carrying in her other hand a cage with a bird in it; and she tripped it over the bodies of the dead and dying with all the ease and indifference of a person moving in a ball-room,—no more concern being evinced by either of them, than if nothing extraordinary had occurred. It was really lamentable to see such an utter absence of all right feeling. Soon after this the men began to come out with their plunder. Some of them had dressed themselves in priests' or friars' garments,—some appeared in female dresses, as nuns, &c.; and, in short, all the whimsical and fantastical figures almost imaginable were to be seen coming reeling out of the town, for by this time they were nearly all drunk. I penetrated no farther into the town that day than to a house a little beyond the breach, where I had deposited the wounded; but I saw enough in this short trip to disgust me with the doings in Badajos at this time. I learnt that no house, church, or convent, was held sacred by the infuriated and now ungovernable soldiery; but that priests or nuns, and common people, all shared alike, and that any who shewed the least resistance were instantly sacrificed to their fury. They had a method of firing through the lock of any door that happened to be shut against them, which almost invariably had the effect of forcing it open; and such scenes were witnessed in the streets as baffle description. One man of our first battalion, I am told, had got a hogshead of brandy into the streets, and, getting his mess-tin, and filling it from the cask, and seating himself astride like Bacchus, swore that every person who came past should drink, be he who he may. His commanding officer happened to be one who came that way, and he was compelled to take the tin and drink, for had he refused, it is not improbable the wretch would have shot him, for his rifle was loaded by his side, and the soldiers had by this time become quite past all control. Another, who had been fortunate to obtain a considerable quantity of doubloons, put them in his haversack, and was making his way out of the town, but was induced, before he left it, to drink more than he could carry. He laid him down somewhere to take a nap, and awoke soon after without even his shoes, and not only were the doubloons gone, but all his own necessaries also. In short, a thousand of the most tragi-comical spectacles that can possibly be imagined, might be witnessed in this devoted city. The officers did all they could to repress these outrages, but the soldiers were now so completely dispersed, that one quarter of them could not be found; and indeed the only benefit almost that the officers could render was, by each placing himself in a house, which generally secured it from being broken open and plundered. The different camps of our army were for several days after, more like rag-fairs than military encampments, such quantities of wearing-apparel of all kinds were disposing of by one set of plunderers to the other.

MARY AND HER SIRE—A TRUE TALE.

FOR THE OLIO.

There lives a curious foreigner,
 An Anglicised old churl;
His daughter Mary is his pride,
 And passion-hearted girl.

Wonder not, youths, that pass the door,
 View Mary's roseate charms;
And every sheepish languish caught
 Begets the sire's alarms.

Among the many breasts that sigh,
 Young Mobbs, a merry wight,
Loiters with Mary when the dusk
 Grows evening into night.

Her father does not brook the stealth
 Which Cupid loves to keep:
Mary's hard by the threshold's porch;
 Within, her sire's asleep.

Rising in yawns and fev'rish dreams,
 The hour of bed-time near;
The sire shuts shop, calls Mary in,
 To chastise her career.

Mobbs, laughing in his sleeve, delays
 The flutt'ring girl each night;
The father's ire provok'd, declaims
 Against this merry wight.

In broken accents, such as these,
 He vents his nightly wrath:—
"Mary! you thfool! dat Moppe no goot!
 A viper in your path!"

Mary loves coffee with a zest,—
 This is another crime:
"Mary, you thfool! you nose you drink
 A pailful at a time."

"Me drink a pailful, father!"—"Ay!
 You nose you do, you thfool!"
"Oh! father, say not so!"—"You do!
 And contradicts by rule.

"And who is dat from London comes,
 To keep me up so long?"
"A very nice young man!"—"Not he!
 You thfool! he'll lead you wrong."

"Dear father! sure, he means no harm."
 "Better I nose den dat;
Mary, you thfool! he mean no goot!
 I nose!—He vears vite hat.

"And, *he* de trav'ller! vot is HE?
 You thfool! Is *he* your own?
He mean no goot, and fain vould take
 You, like himselfs, to town."

Thus Mary and her frectious sire
 Pass through their scenes in strife;
Whoever courts, he *means no good*,
 And single she's for life.   J.

Northampton.

Fine Arts.

POETRY AND PAINTING.

Finden's Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works; and Finden's Gallery of the Graces, with Poetical Illustrations by T. K. Hervey. Tilt.

The two illustrated works are linked together in our notice, as emanating from the kindred arts of painting and poesy. The first work has reached the *tenth* part; and by the fostering aid of Mr. Murray is *tilt* ed, as it were, into publicity, giving the poet's thoughts illustration, and proving the excellence of the artists so eminently employed—Beautiful as are Finden's "Gallery of the Graces," their exhibition is decidedly enhanced by the poetic descriptions, to a degree of refinement seldom met with even in the tenderest verses; and which, moulded in Mr. T. Hervey's mind, are graceful divinities, for whom we may truly say—*On lui a commis la garde de cette galerie.*

Intimations of New Books.

The Georgian Era. Vol. II.

This is a very useful and excellent work, well condensed, and containing a mass of highly interesting matter, suitable for the general reader, and valuable as a book of reference for the library; the printing and general appearance of the work reflect great credit upon the proprietors.

The Life of a Sailor.

The gallant captain is no ordinary man to have passed through a life, by sea and land, affected by vicissitudes the most perilous. Though he shews no mercy to the busy bodies in the West Indies, whom he opposes might and main on account of their evangelising and abolishing propensities, yet he betrays a uniform and a kind feeling for the many sufferers in his hazardous warfare. To the readers who are hungry for excitement—that can delight in the rapacious gripes of sharks, and venture into a narrative replete with horror and despair—the "Life of a Sailor" will be marvellously acceptable.

The Ghost Hunter and his Family.

As the progenies of ghost hunters are very numerous, the author of the "O'Hara Tales" will, doubtless, furnish a monthly treat of romance, highly acceptable to the palate.

The People's Almanack.

Twopenny worth of useful knowledge in a condensed sheet, for 1838.

Italian Exile in England.

The Count Pecchio must indeed have been an *exile* to have known so little of the real character of English people during his residence in this country. Using a homely expression, he has "run his head against every post" in his way, and misrepresented our customs, manners, and amusements. The fair sex are libelled, the *medias res* in society raised above measure, and a tone of *brag* is given where the naked truth would have been more to the purpose. When this "Count Fathom" described the *des vins de liqueurs* of our ladies, we presume, he was not aware they overcharged his noddle with bumpers of their very best *cherry bounce.*

The Lauread. (Book the First.)

We augur that the author of Cavendish will not prove the adage of—"making many books there is no end," since so many works of this satiric description have "fallen, like Lucifer, never to rise again." This last and worst of the Juvenals bears few marks of lineal descent, and displays no considerable powers in using the lash. As bribery thrives in spite of electoral enactments, and escapes detection, so does the back that ought to smart for its abstract vices shrink away from punishment; and the "Lauread" is not equal to check the race of vice, in which villains grin, while wounded virtue mourns.

DRAUGHTS.

I'd rather get a draught of beer
Than catch a draught of wind;
That runs my weary heart to cheer,
But this my grave to find. P.Z.

CHARLES MATHEWS AND THE LATE GEORGE COOKE.

Matthews had been playing *Beau Mordecai* in Macklin's *Love a la Mode*, a part he much mis-represented. The story of Cooke's exhibiting the passions to him on this occasion, over their punch; is old, but the *denouement* which Mathews said had been forgotten, he now supplied. Cooke having called for punch till his landlady refused to let him have any more, proceeded:—

'Mistress Burns! Do you hear Mistress Burns?' 'Indeed *and I do,* Mister Cooke.'—'Bring me another jug of whisky-punch, Mistress Burns!' 'Indeed *and I wont,* Mister Cooke!'—'You won't?'—'Indeed and indeed *so I wont.*'—'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' (smashing the jug on the floor.)—'Indeed *and I do,* and you'll be sorry for it to-morrow.'—'He then regularly took the chairs, one by one, and broke them on the floor, immediately over Mrs. Burns head, after every crash saying, 'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' and she as regularly answering 'Indeed *and I do,* Mister Cooke.' He next opened the window and threw the looking-glass into the street. 'I stood,' continued Mathews, 'in a state of stupid amazement during the scene, but now attempted to make my escape, edging towards the door, and making a long stride to gain the garret stairs. 'Come back, sir, where are you going?'—'To bed, sir.'—'To bed, sir! What sir! desert me! I command you to remain, on your allegiance! Desert me in time of war! Traitor!' I now determined to make resistance; and feeling pot-valiant, looked big, and boldly answered, 'I will *not* be commanded! I will go to bed!'—'Aha!' cried the madman, in his highest key. 'Aha! do you rebel? Caitiff! wretch! murderer!' He advanced upon me, and I shrank to nothing before his flashing eye! 'Murderer!' and he seized me by the collar with Herculean grip, 'You will go? I will send you to the place you are fittest for! Murderer, I will drag you to your doom! I'll give you up to fate. Come along, caitiff!' and he dragged me to the open window, vociferating, 'Watch! watch! murder! murder!' in his highest and loudest key. Immediately the rattles were heard approaching in all directions, and a crowd instantly collected. He continued vociferating, 'Watch!—

watch! murder!' until the rattles and exclamations of the watchmen almost drowned his stentorian voice.——'What's the matter?—who's kilt?—who's murdered?—where's the murderer?'—'Silence!' screamed Cooke, 'hear me!' All became hushed.—Then holding me up to the window, the raving tragedian audibly addressed the crowd:—'In the name of Charles Macklin, I charge this culprit, Charles Mathews, with the most foul, cruel, deliberate, and unnatural murder of the unfortunate Jew, Beau Mordecai, in the farce of *Love a la Mode*.' Then pulling down the window, he cried, 'Now go to bed, you booby! go to bed! go to bed! go to bed!'

Dunlap's Hist. of Amer. Theatre.

A FRENCH DENTIST.

His equipage was not an uncommon one in France for this class of of artists. He drove into the middle of the press in a handsome open carriage, with a servant in livery behind, alternately blowing a trumpet, beating a drum, and exclaiming, "Room for the celebrated doctor!" The horse was then dismissed, the carriage converted at once into a stage and a shop, and the great man commenced his harangue. He expatiated on the grandeur and importance of the art of tooth-drawing—on his own unrivalled skill, renowned throughout all Europe—on the infatuation of those unhappy beings who delayed even for a single instant to take advantage of an opportunity thus offered to them by Providence. He flourished his iron instrument in the air, comparing it to the rod of Aaron; he likened the listeners themselves to a crowd of infidels of old, gathering about an apostle, and, struggling sinfully, not only against his word, but in spite of their own teeth. "Alas! my friends," said he, "when I shall have turned my back, you will repent in dust and ashes; but repentance will then be too late. You fancy you have not the toothach! Poor creatures! my bosom bleeds for you! In your culpable ignorance you believe that no one is unwell who is not in an agony of pain. You imagine that pain is the disease, whereas it is only one of the symptoms; and yet I see by the faces of many of you—I may say of most of you—that you have not only the toothach, but the symptomatic twinge. This is the case with you, and you, and you, and more than you. Tell me, am I not correct? Only think of your gums! Do you feel not a sensation of tickling, as it were, at the root of your teeth, or of coldness at the top, as if the air was already penetrating through the breaches of time or disease? This is the toothach. This sensation will increase, till it ends in torture and despair. Then you will inquire for the doctor, but the doctor will not hear; then you will intrust the operation to some miserable quack who will break your jaws in pieces; or, if you endure in silence, the pain will produce fever—fever will bring on madness—and madness terminate in death!" His eloquence was irresistible; in ten minutes every soul of us had the toothach. Several sufferers rushed forward at the same instant to crave relief. One of them, a fine-looking fellow, gained the race; but not till he had broken from the arms of a peasant girl, who, having either less faith or more philosophy, implored him to consider, in the first place, whether he had really the toothach. Grimly smiled the doctor when the head of the patient was fairly between his knees; and ruefully did the latter gaze up from the helpless position into his executioner's face. We all looked with open mouths and in dead silence upon the scene, all except the young girl, who, with averted head, awaited, pale, trembling, and in tears, the event. The doctor examined the unfortunate mouth and adjusted his instrument to the tooth which it was his pleasure to extract. The crowd set their teeth, grinned horribly, and awaited the wrench; but the operator, withdrawing his hand, recommenced the lecture with greater unction than ever. A second time was this unmerciful reprieve granted, aloud. We could stand no more; we were already in a paroxysm of the toothach; and feeling a strange fascination creeping over us as we looked upon the glittering steel, we fairly took to our heels, and fled from the spot.

Wanderings by the Loire.

THE SCARLET WITCH.

Continued from page 378.

"Are you the man," said Diana, confronting Jenkins as he came up to her, "who wished me, for his own sake, to leave my native country! Nay, are you capable of guiding me aright, Captain Jenkins, if I take your arm along this bank?"

"I understand you, young lady."

"Those cups, sir, shall be forgiven,

even though you more than half expected to see me here to-night; but on this condition,—that you use not one phrase of nautical jargon during our present interview, which must be a very serious one. Prithee, now, affect not that same bluntness."

"I shall be blunt enough, at least, Diana Clement, to bid you not be whimsical and capricious, but listen to me aright. It is you that have made me what I am at present; and, if I know myself at all, it is you, Diana, that can lead me back to better things."

"I will not speak or promise rashly, Mr. Jenkins. For some purpose, you have traced me to this part of the country. Now, though I spoke of going with you to-morrow, I must yet hear your purpose more distinctly. If you think my present caution no bad pledge of my sincerity, tell me, in the first place, what you are, and what is this commission of yours."

"Need I remind you, Miss Clement, that I had robbed my father of immense sums, all for your sake; and that, after you had promised to embark with me, you allowed that fellow Douglas to come betwixt us?"

"He shall be within reach of your revenge ere long; nay, this very night. Proceed!"

"For my good old father's sake, and for the sake of another one, I had not the heart to sail then, as I intended. That father was still willing to take back his only son. Let Miss Clement answer for that other one in the same style, and say that she is ready to go with me to-night."

"Let me remind you, Jenkins, of the point proposed,—this commission of yours."

"Well, then, thou most beautiful infanta, suppose the shark to be one of my father's ships, and that somehow I have contrived to man her with my own fellows, and to become myself their captain."

"A literal pirate, I presume you mean!"

"By my soul! yes; and I shall soon find a fitter ship; there are thousands on the ocean for the winning. I have a friend, a pirate in the Greek seas, who has invited me thither."

"Your scheme, now, excellent captain, so far as I am concerned?"

"You shall hang with me on the cloudy rim of the wild sea; I will be your sea-knight for ever, and you will dress my wounds. Or, if you so command, I shall but use our ship to take us to any shore which you shall name; and there, for your sake, give her up for ever to my sulky lieutenants."

"I can scarcely hear you, Jenkins: that wind might blow out the very stars. Will you state your plan again?"

"I shall but say in general, lady, that so soon as you are on board our ship, the compass of your inclination shall"—

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" interrupted Diana; "that garnish is too low and professional by half. Yet go on—nay, I myself shall go on. So here is a young gentleman of the name of Jenkins, who is not ashamed to style himself a lawless buccaneer—moreover, whilst he knows not the profession; who acknowledges that his subordinates are sulky (for a little bye-sailing on this coast, I presume); and yet, despite of all this, he has the effrontery to invite me on board his ship, as if it were my best alternative!"

"Ha! here is Diana of the Ephesians, and I must make for her the silver shrines!" said Jenkins, with a bitter smile. "By my soul, then!" continued he, grasping the lady's arm, and whispering in her ear, "it is thy wisest course, Diana Clement."

"How mean you, sir?"

"Because the lady in question once knew a French refugee physician, who besides pharmacy and freethinking, taught her the art of stealing diamonds—because a hundred jewellers would this moment give a great price for her detection. If I judge thee, madam, an uncommon spirit, and as high above affectation as the starry ship of heaven is above that sooty coal-boat docked before us in the sand, why should I mince the matter?"

"Why do you stand off, my dear Jenkins?" hoarsely whispered Diana, her countenance flaming, and her whole frame shuddering under rigid spasms. "Give me that pistol from thy belt, and I will shoot thee through the head and the heart, thou eternal caitiff!"

"Do you take my proposals, young lady? Or shall I turn recreant from my ship, and hunt thy life?"

"This is a night of unparalleled sincerity, Mr. Jenkins, and therefore I shall unfold myself a little farther to you. I am not, sir, as you suppose, a refugee in this part of the country; I came hither for revenge; and I shall have enough of it ere to-morrow night, in one shape or another—for you have made me fearless;—I give you thanks once in my life! I shall go with you, Jenkins, on one condition, which I scruple not to name, because in this I am not more wicked, but only more sincere. than the world in general. This Hinton Douglas I never loved, as you supposed. My great object was revenge; and I refused then to sail with you, because I had vowed to pursue him day and night till I could fulfil my heart's wrath against him."

"And may I ask, thou remarkable woman, why he was the object of thy hatred?"

"No, sir, you may not ask — you need not ask—you shall not!—I will not satisfy you there—I will not feign a cause to cheat your present thought, which I know very well, and which I despise. Listen to me, rather, and weigh that one condition, if you are indeed sincere in wishing me to sail with you. Hinton Douglas is at this moment lying in my house, in one of those dead sleeps which you have seen —Will you take him on board tonight? and do the same by me to-morrow night? till when I must be occupied in making arrangements for our voyage."

"By yon chaste moon, lady, this is all too complicated and too refined for my poor wits. But suppose we take him on board, what then?"

"If you will have my stern wish, keep him fast bound in your hold till your vessel be blown to pieces, which, trust me, shall be ere long. Or if you grow weary of so detaining him, and he refuse to become one of your crew, then sell him for a slave to the Algerines, or get him in any way so bestowed that he may never revisit this kingdom more."

"Before my soul, madam, what were you saying? Did you talk of this Douglas becoming one of my crew? or did you say that he is to be captain under your own management?"

"Why, what a sorry fellow thou art, after all, Jenkins! I should have imagined, now, thy pride wished exactly such a trial, that thou mightest shew thyself one not to be overcome on all hands by Diana Clement and a paltry lad like this Douglas. But if you have a mind, we will throw him overboard the very first night, ere he have time to win thy sailors' hearts from their true allegiance."

"But suppose you give us the slip to-morrow night?"

"Prythee, now, teach me not bad lessons. Why, then, set him again on shore; and what harm is done Moreover, to avenge thee of my false promise, tell him how I abused him with a wicked sleep, and set him to hunt me down in virtue of this, and that charge of thine own from Goldsmith's Hall."

"I shall obey thee in all things, lady, for thou art wiser than I am."

"Now, then," said Diana, "to the execution of our purpose. The coachman must be detained for an hour or two in yon same house, where I can judge from the colour of his nose, it will be no hard matter to make him willingly abide; and in the meantime we two, with one or both of your lieutenants—lest our victim should awake —shall set off with the chaise for our sleepy luggage. You shall drive us, captain. And—let me see—yes—both your lieutenants must go, that I may not need to come back with you. Is there any thing farther, Mr. Jenkins, which you wish to have explained."

"Let us walk on a little, my sweet Scarlet Witch—we have abundance of leisure, for the tide will not be up till midnight. Our shark shall then be in the firth; and some of my fellows in their boat shall be looking out for us— so we'll have an opportunity of getting our cargo safely on board."

"Bravely said, my dear captain; but the coachman may take offence at such a long detention; and the sooner the young dreamer is brought down to the sea-side the better. Will the landlord not stickle about letting him into his house?"

"Not he, by his Anchor! Yet we'll make arrangements to keep him out of the way. Nay, so soon as we can persuade the coachman to unyoke his horses and put them into the stable, we shall endeavour to have both landlord and driver so plied that they shall soon be unable to interfere with us. When all is otherwise ready, I myself can again yoke the horses. Come, sweet Di, come with me!"

All this was done easily; and Douglas, whose sleep was still unbroken, was brought down to the Anchor Inn.

Hinton Douglas awaked from his sleep; but, after lying still awhile with his eyes fully open, he could see no light whatever; and he knew not at all where he was. A cold stiffness all over him, with pains about his neck, and the touch of a damp floor beside him, made him perceive that he was not in a bed, as he had at first supposed. He was impressed, at the same time, with an almost certain conviction that he had been roughly handled in his sleep, and that he had heard loud and external noises as of shouting and obstreperous singing, which, though mingling with his dream with the quickest accommodation, had yet eventually waked him. A strong fume of ardent spirits, which he now felt all around him, might have contributed to the same. Miss Clement and the sleepy wine he now dimly recollected. This was enough to make him fear the worst; and he started up to ascertain, if possible, where he really was. Groping onward cautiously, he came in contact with something like a barrel; and on either side of it he found more of the same sort; and, farther to one side, he felt bottles piled among sawdust:—all which led him to suppose that he was in some low cellar. He was moving round the place in quest of the door, when a number of voices broke out in some contiguous apartment, evidently in threatening parley with other voices heard farther away. Immediately there was a violent beating, mingled with loud cries and the report of two or three pistols. Hinton stood still for a minute, expecting the din to cease; but it furiously increased, and with double earnestness he now sought his way out. At this moment a light came in upon him through a number of small chinks, thus shewing him the door; but on advancing to it he found it fast locked; yet, from the circumstance of its admitting the light so well, he judged it so frail that he might easily burst it open. Before attempting this, however, he looked through a small aperture, and saw two women half-dressed, one of them with a candle in her hand, and two or three children huddled together among some casks in a sort of passage, screaming more vehemently at every louder renewal of the farther din. Then came a great crash, testifying that some door had given way. A voice was heard, in which Douglas recognised the harsh tones of lieutenant Bucke; and shouting, "What, ho! Bucke!" Hinton instantly burst through the frail cellar-door, and passing the women and children, who glared on him, and cowered to the very ground when they saw him, he made his way into a sort of front room, and was just in time to strike down the arm of a man levelling a pistol at Bucke, who, without his hat, was heading a party at another door of the apartment. The pistol, thus diverted from its right aim, sent its contents down into the floor; but the fellow drew another, and turned round bitterly upon his new assailant, shewing the face of Jenkins himself, writhing like a fury. At sight of Douglas he ground his teeth; but in a moment he was seized from behind, and rendered unable to fulfil his vindictive purpose. One awful point, however, he attained despite of the constraint, against which he struggled like a demon,—he managed to turn the pistol against his own life, and, shooting himself through the body, was dead in a moment. There was a fellow by the side of Jenkins, when Douglas entered, brandishing a cutlass with the maddest flourishes; but, as he was more than half drunk, Bucke's party had no difficulty in soon overpowering him. Another, who completed the list of armed defenders of the place, sat in a corner hammering away at his flint, till, observing Jenkins shot, he started up, reeling and scowling on Douglas; "So you have shot my captain in cold blood?" said he—"you have, you lily-hearted vagabond! you! Why, a babe boiled in the whey of Paraoh's lean kine would not be such a weakling in the liver! You spoon for the mouth of sucklings!—you poor predestined curd! you—Have at you with a mess of pap!" He levelled and attempted to fire at Douglas; but his pistol would not go off; and he was immediately secured.

"Your servant, Mr. Douglas," said Bucke; "there is no time at present for farther greeting. Where is this mad host of the Anchor, who has so resisted the warrant of a magistrate?"

"Here he is," said one of the party, "lying dead drunk on a bench."

At this moment a new alarm was given, that there was a ship in the frith, and a boat near the shore, and eight or ten fellows ready to land.

"We must make fast the door," cried Bucke; and instantly he himself put a bench behind it, while some added tables, and other heavy furniture, and rolled a large barrel of liquor forward as a rear fortification.

"For God's sake, gentlemen," said Bucke, "keep out of the line of windows and doors, to avoid their shots. Now get ready what arms you have, and don't waste your fire foolishly; let us patiently bide their onslaught, till they have spent themselves a little."

Voices came near — the door was tried—admittance was demanded; and, when this was refused, the door was attacked with great fury. Bucke now raised his voice, and demanded the meaning of this assault.

"Confound, you, you son of a land-lubber, we want our captain and lieutenants."

"Your captain has shot himself!" cried Bucke; "and as for your lieutenants, they are our prisoners, and shall be, despite of you."

A savage yell from without answered this declaration; there was a renewed and more vehement attack upon the door; and it seemed on the point of giving way to the pieces of rock with which it was now battered; when Bucke having, in a whisper, ordered the half of his party to follow him, whilst the rest should keep up their fire for a reserve, advanced as nearly as possible to the door, and giving the word, his section fired through it upon the assailants without, who received it with an angry howl, mingled, however, with groans and cries of death, which testified that it had taken deadly effect. An intermission of the assault followed; the two lieutenants and the body of their captain were again demanded; and the party promised that, on this restitution, they would immediately draw off. They were refused, however, a second time.

"And now," said Bucke, "load again all of you, till I remove that stuff, and then we shall sally out upon them. What can they be about now, that they are so quiet? Either they are sheering off, or it is an ominous calm before some new storm."

Ere the preparations were fully made for breaking out, a far-off shout was heard, mingled with the dashing of the sea, which told that the assailants were embarked, and away in their boat; but in the same minute a strong smell of fire was perceived, and the flames were heard beginning to crackle about the roof of the house.

"The ruffians have set us on fire," said Bucke. "Deliberately, now, gentlemen; but yet we must be very quick in getting out all the inmates; for the wind is high, and things will burn rapidly. Rouse the landlord, some of you,—call his wife. Bid them secure their money, if they have any. Has he children? Let us first open a way, and see that the coast is clear." This was done; and the assailants were found gone, having their dead or wounded with them.

The landlord and his family, and a few of his effects, were got safely out, and lodged in a grassy hollow at a proper distance from the house. The face of the drunken man the while was a strange picture of intoxication struggling with the alarms of awakening reason, which made him sensible that he was near the flames; whilst, at the same time, being unable to calculate matters aright, and being, probably, visited by a stroke of conscience, he thought that he was lost in hell, and, in the most fearful terms, began to deprecate Almighty wrath.

"Jenkins' body," remarked Douglas, looking to Bucke; and both rushed away humanely to rescue it from the flames. As they got near the door, a gun was heard from the ship, which was nearly opposite, in the frith, and in the same moment they were covered with a drift of sand ploughed up by the shot, which was heard in upward recoil, shearing through the boughs of the trees behind the house. They paused, and looked at each other. A second bang!—a second ball passed crashing through the house. A third—a fourth rent the walls to their very foundation and the whole fabric fell in; and the flame, which had now reached the spirituous liquors, rose over all, in one bright pyramid. To heighten the confusion of the scene, a chaise, with two horses tied behind it, which had come with Bucke and his party, and had been stationed about a hundred yards above the Anchor Inn, came now rattling down the shore, dragged by a young horse, which, having taken fright at the fire, came dashing on, despite of the animals behind, and its own more sober yoke-fellow—despite, moreover, the resistance of the coachman, who, true to his hold of the rein, allowed himself, as he yet cried loudly for help to be hauled along by the side of the plunging and snorting brute. The horses which were fastened behind the carriage took the thing at first pretty quietly, and followed with heads and necks outstretched, till, gradually roused by the jolting vehicle before them, and coming near the central point of alarm, they swerved, from the noise of the cannon, on the one side, and the blazing house on the other, and, bursting their fastenings, gallopped madly over the sands. At the same time the coachman was obliged to relinquish his hold, and the chaise went soon out of sight, at a furious rate, pursued, however, by the faithful driver.

To be continued in our next.

Table Talk.

The Yellow Colour of Animals and Plants.—It is a curious fact, that animal and vegetable yellows should be so much more permanent than all other colours. The yellow of the petals of flowers is the only colour which is not discharged by the fumes of sulphureous acid. If a lighted match be held under a flower, heart's-ease (*Viola tricolor*) for example, the purple tint will instantly disappear, but the yellow will remain unchanged; the yellow of a wall-flower (*Cheiranthus fruticulosus*) will continue the same, though the brown streak will be discharged.—*Field Naturalist's Mag.*

A Choice of Evils.—More than half the ills of life may be said to proceed simply from two causes—inanity, and selfishness: poverty on the one hand, and over-indulgence on the other.

Nell Gwynne.—As the new play now performing, entitled *Nell Gwynne*, will revive many anecdotes of that extraordinary woman, it probably is not generally known that her house in Cleveland-row still remained unaltered at the commencement of the present century, until it was newly modelled by the Duke of Bridgewater, and afterwards devolved to the Marquis of Stafford. There were a great number of the portraits of Nell in the old house, which were excellent likenesses. Her hair was represented in graceful ringlets precisely similar to the fashion adopted about three years ago by ladies of fashion; and her countenance was pleasing, with a marked expression of intelligence. The old house was remarkable for the gradual ascent of its spacious staircase, for the accommodation of Charles the Second, who ascended it on horseback, being so much afflicted with the gout that he could scarcely walk, and visited his favourite mistress on a sure-footed pony. Nell, after receiving the king, often mounted the pony, and paced up and down the long gallery, to the great amusement of the amorous monarch.

THEATRICAL TABLET.

What does the theatre resemble, pray?
A needy man that would, but cannot, pay.

Varieties.

Witticisms of Mr. Pitt.—Many witticisms have been attributed to Pitt, which are utterly unworthy of his great talents. The following, however, deserve repetition:—The lively Duchess of Gordon, who had not seen him for some time before, one day asked him if he had lately talked as much nonsense as usual. "Madam," replied he, "I have not heard so much." "Pray," said the Duchess, "as you know all that occurs in the political world, tell me some news." "I am sorry, madam," said the minister, "that I cannot oblige you, as I have not read the papers today." "I wish you to dine with me at *ten* to-night," said the Duchess. "Madam, I cannot—for I am engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln at *nine*."—While the volunteer mania was raging, the corporation of London offered to raise a troop of cavalry, on condition that it should not be expected to leave the country. "It certainly never shall," said Pitt, "except in case of an invasion." *Georg. Era.*

The only Honest Lawyer.—A few days since, the sexton belonging to St. Pancras old burial-ground was engaged in digging a grave, when he discovered part of a head-stone, which from length of time had sunk a considerable depth into the ground. On its being taken out, and the earth cleared away from it, the following lines were found inscribed upon it:—

"Here *lays* one, deny it if you can,
A lawyer, though an honest man:
To him heaven's gates are open wide,
But shut to all the tribe beside."

Liston's Mawworm.—*(Original.)* When this celebrated comedian paid his visit to T——, in 182—, a managing wag in the place hit on the following expedient to make his arrival known in that class only where he was sure of patronage—namely, the church folks. He wrote on a slip of paper: "This is to give notice, that the *Rev. Mr. Mawworm* will deliver a discourse to-morrow evening at the ——— in the charitable behalf of the funds of that institution; to which, it is hoped, all benevolent Christians will attend. *Amen. God save the King.*" When the proper time appeared, he handed the *notice* to the parish clerk in the desk, who, putting his specks down from his horse-shoe forehead, and considering it a *bona fide* document, enunciated the whole to the congregation, not apprised of the joke till its conclusion, when a general titter shook the nerves of the young and elderly, while the clergyman looked with amazement. Suffice it to say, the next evening the "Hypocrite" was performed, and Liston's *Mawworm* encored to a full house. As the writer had the above anecdote from the comedian's lips, he willingly attests the fact. J.R.P.

Errata.—Page 376, for 'Dislocobus' read *Discobolus*—for 'ridiculous' read *sublime*, and *vice versa.*

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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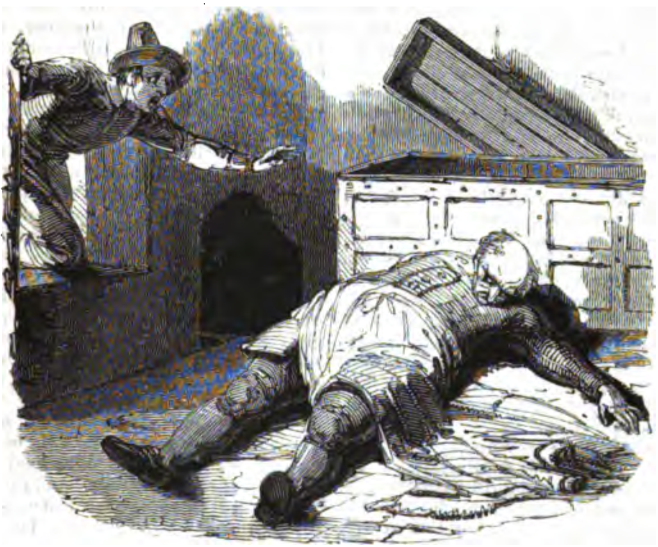

See page 404

Illustrated Article.

THE MORNING STAR.*

Many years since there was a small village about a mile and a half from the eastern gate of the city of Liege. The best house in it was the little inn, which stood apart from the rest about a stone's throw. What its sign may have originally been I do not know, for it was known through all the country round by the name of the "Morning Star," which it had acquired from the alertness of its inmates. No house in the whole province of Flanders kept such early hours. The landlord, Adam Polder, was an old man, and his wife not much younger than himself. Their niece, Trinette (Catrine was her real name, but all the world called her Trinette,) assisted them, and was, in fact, the efficient person; and great credit indeed she had of it, for it was the very pattern of a village inn, with its pink front and its green outside shutters, and the white benches on each side of the door, and the four poplar-trees between it and the road; and then inside the nicely sanded floor, and the rafters loaded with hams and dried fish, and the blazing hearth, and the shelf decorated with Tournay earthenware, and the store of bright brass jars and dishes which Trinette polished till they shone like gold. It was quite a little Flemish Paradise. But the thing she was prouder of than of all besides was the little garden behind it, where over and above the onion-bed, which supplied her mistress with the magnificent clusters she delighted in hanging up in her window, Trinette contrived, with the assistance of Jan Van Bloemen, to rear some tulips which both believed to be the finest flowers that had ever blossomed beyond the precincts of Haerlem. Now, this Jan Van Bloemen was a young market-gardener, whom all the world pointed out as Trinette's bachelor. It was very true, that whenever he had occasion to go into the city, and these occasions had occurred almost daily for the last seven or eight months, he always discovered that his shortest road was that which led him by the "Morning Star;" and he would often stop, in a neighbourly way, to chat with old Adam, or to help his pretty niece to tie up her flowers. Moreover, he had danced with Trinette at the kermesse of their own, and all the neighbouring villages; and when he carried off the prize at the last popinjay, credible witnesses asserted that he had been heard to declare, that he felt much less satisfaction in his success than in the reflection that she had been a witness of his triumph; at which avowal Trinette was said to have blushed and smiled. In short, it was supposed to be a settled thing, and every body called Jan a very lucky fellow; for, besides her being very pretty, it was beyond a doubt, as Adam had no child, that she would inherit the contents of a long leathern purse which he kept in the large household chest, with the brass belts and hinges, which stood in the kitchen, acting in the double capacity of receptacle and dresser, and into which, every Saturday night, he emptied the gains of the preceding week—and Adam's gains were sure gains. It was not one of those beer-houses where you see cards about all day, and hear the billiard-balls rattling till midnight, as is too frequently the case; but respectable customers, good beer, short accounts, and early hours, characterised the "Morning Star;" early hours, indeed, for the family went nightly to bed with the lamb, and reason good, for they rose before the lark. Now, it happened one day towards the end of Autumn, that Jan had been detained at Liege till a much later hour than usual, yet he was unwilling to return home without communicating to his friend Adam some important intelligence he had just received from the brother-in-law of the cousin of the burgomaster's confidential servant, relative to an expected rise in the price of hops. He almost feared that the door might have been closed for the night, but there was no harm in trying if it were still on the latch. His surprise and pleasure may be conceived when, as he approached, he saw the fire-light darting bright, cheering gleams through the still-open casement. I will not venture to affirm that his feelings experienced no check, when a closer examination enabled him to discover that Adam's kitchen that evening received unwonted guests. Three men of unprepossessing physiognomy, in whose dress the trader and the military adventurer were anomalously blended, were seated smoking round the table, on which stood a flask of Rhenish wine, and a Dutch cheese, which Jan well knew was seldom produced except on occasions of ceremony. Adam sat in his stiff-backed oak chair, listening with an air of deferential respect to the occasional observations of the strangers; the hostess plied her knitting in the chimney corner, and Trinette, who was busied in removing the remains of dinner, was laughing gaily at the witticisms which ever and anon escaped from their lips, in the intervals between their long whiffs. Neither did it escape Jan's notice, though certainly it was but a trifle, that the village coquette was dressed with more than usual attention to effect—her linen cap arranged with more than ordinary care over her glossy dark hair, and the wrought clocks of her blue worsted stockings more ostentatiously displayed than was her wont. It was perhaps not unnatural that a jealous lover, and such was the market-gardener, should combine the circumstances, and conclude that this holyday attire was exhibited in honour of the, to him, very objectionable associates in whose company he beheld her. The real key to Trinette's unusual finery and superabundant lightness of heart had escaped his penetration—she sported, for the first time, a pair of long gold ear-rings! Jan had been standing for about ten minutes an unsuspected observer of the group, when Trinette suddenly perceived him, as she passed the window in the course of her household arrangements, and her surprise was indicated by a start, which the jealous lover thought betokened less gratification than her manner towards him usually evinced; and his reflections did not become less gloomy, when she joined him, exclaiming in her liveliest tone, "A fine night, Mynheer Jan! but somewhat of the chilliest. Methinks it would be wiser in your worship to turn in, and take a seat by our fire-side, than to stand out here in the frosty wind, counting the stars, like M. le Cure, or the bishop's chaplain." "I am not cold, Trinette," replied Jan, exasperated by her ill-timed pleasantry, "neither was I counting the stars, neither am I disposed for a seat by the fire-side in the company of strangers." "For that matter," returned the damsel, with a toss of her little head, "nobody wishes to constrain your self-willed inclinations. But I find it cold, and I must go in; my master and these honourable gentlemen will require my attendance."

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* From 'Original Compositions in Prose and Verse.' Lloyd.

"These honourable gentlemen, indeed! I never saw more unprepossessing-looking individuals in my life. Let me tell you, Trinette, it is not for the credit of the "Morning Star" to harbour such suspicious characters. Honourable gentlemen! Why, they are more like smugglers, or deserters, or brigands." continued he, in rising wrath; "If old Adam would take my advice, he would close his door against such desperadoes." "Vastly well, Heer Van Bloemen!" retorted the maid of the inn; "but old Adam knows his interest, and my interest, and the interest of the "Morning Star" better than to close his door against respectable travellers from foreign parts, with their memories full of old stories from distant countries, and reports of the wars of our own days, and their purses full of broad pieces, which they are ready and willing to spend." "Ay, and their knapsacks full of trinkets and toys, which they are willing to bestow on the host's pretty niece," cried the indignant gardener, furiously glancing at the new ear-rings which had just met his eye. Now, Trinette really loved Jan as well as she loved any thing excepting herself; so, perhaps, had she not been self-convicted of a superabundance of complacency in her new bravery attire, she would have condescended to relieve his uneasiness by acknowledging that the obnoxious ornaments were the present of her sister, the wife of a respectable grocer at Namur; but offended by his jealousy, and not quite displeased to consider herself the injured party instead of the aggressor, she contented herself with replying scornfully, "These ear-rings were not given me by the honourable gentlemen. It is very strange, Jan Van Bloemen, that you will imagine there is no one disposed to make me a present but yourself or old Adam, or these guests of our's." "I wish your guests were—at Liege," interrupted he, suppressing a less charitable wish. "The gates will soon be shut, and they will hardly like to spend the night in the fields." "Neither will they require to do so—they propose lodging here." "Here!" reiterated Jan, who knew, from the proximity of the city, such a thing had never occurred as a traveller's spending the night under old Adam Polder's roof. "It is impossible, Trinette; "you have not accomodation to receive them." "It is very certain, however, that these honourable gentlemen have pressing business; they will set forward on their way before the city gates are open in the morning; and as for their lodging, my mistress and I will sleep in the inner room, and the eldest of the travellers will have a bed in the kitchen; old Adam will do very well for one night, rolled in a good blanket, and lying on the household chest; and the two others, being active young men, have no objection to climb the ladder and sleep in the loft." "You have managed well; and yet St. Gudule help me! but I have great misgivings about these men." "You are valorous," replied Trinette, laughing affectedly. "Good Jan! mind your cabbages, and let us manage our affairs for ourselves. It's lucky you have not *yet* authority to command in the "Morning Star," and may be it were wiser that I never put it in your power to do so." "It might be better for us both that I never attempted to influence a stubborn will, or attach a fickle heart." "As you will, Jan—the loss would be yours, not mine," retorted the offended girl.

The tone of forced mirth in which these words were pronounced was infinitely displeasing to Jan's feelings, and he was far too angry to observe that tears of vexation gushed into her eyes. The insulting laugh was conclusive; he turned sullenly on his heel, and left her without one parting word. She watched him with half-relenting interest till he was out of sight; twice she was about to recal him, and twice pride overcame her better feelings. 'I will make friends with him to-morrow,' said she—'to-morrow.' The morrow broke, and Jan, magnanimously nursing his much-abated indignation, resolved to betake himself for his morning meal to any place in the neighbourhood, except the 'Morning Star.' Fearful that he might be tempted to break through this praiseworthy resolution, he would not even trust himself to look in that direction, and actually proceeded to his master's garden by the straight path across the fields, revolving in his mind thoughts not very complimentary to the constancy of the fair sex in general, and of the individual culprit in particular. He had not proceeded very far on his way, before be was accosted by Wilhelm Stein, the mason, who observed in that tone of peculiar bitterness which distinctly indicates that the individual speaking has suffered a disappointment in the matter of his matin meal, 'Friend Jan! the 'Morning Star' will lose its reputation for early hours:

I have been knocking at the door till I am tired, and no one answers; the shutters are still closed, and the household doubtless still asleep. As a friend, let me advise you to remonstrate with Trinette, or the leathern purse will be lighter than you think for.' In the bitterness of his wrath, Jan was about emphatically to declare his total indifference to the weight of the purse, and his unqualified conviction of the absolute inutility of any remonstrance from him in that quarter; but as no man likes to point himself out as the object of indifference and contempt to the ladye love, he allowed the observation to pass, as if unheard, and contented himself with forming a very fervent mental aspiration, that, ere long, by word or deed, William Stein might give him a legitimate excuse for knocking him down. Wilhelm passed on, and Jan, who soon reached his destination, addressed himself diligently to his work; but before noon, many passers-by had remarked on the tardiness of the 'Morning Star,' and some expressed a doubtful wish 'that all might be well within.' Coupling these remarks with the recollections of the night before, a sudden apprehension flashed across the gardener's mind. He threw down his spade, and hurried to the little inn; the shutters were still closed, and, to his inexpressible horror, he perceived that no smoke curled from its chimneys. He knocked, but there was no answer: he called, but nothing appeared to stir within. Some persons, however, hearing him, hastened from the neighbouring fields to his assistance. The door, upon trial, appeared firmly fastened; and they were considering what course they should next pursue, when a faint, a very faint moaning decided them to enter, let follow what might There was a low window at the back of the house, which occurred to them as offering more facility for gaining admission than any other. It looked into the garden, and the flower-beds beneath had evidenly been recently trampled. The shutters, which were here simply closed, not bolted, yielded immediately to their hands, and Jan Van Bloemen sprang in hastily, and gained the interior of the cottage before any of his companions had followed him. An exclamation of horror prepared them in some degree for the scene within. The stream of light from the garden window disclosed an appalling spectacle. The lifeless body of old Adam, gashed with wounds, lay on the kitchen floor, close by the brass-belted chest, whose lid had been burst open, and the contents rifled. The corpse of his wife was also stiffening in her blood, and a weak, feeble groaning alone indicated that the murderers had left one deed of blood incomplete. Could affection stay the parting breath, Jan's assurances of pardon were not wanting. But Trinette's moments were numbered; and gathering her little remaining strength by an effort, to point out the last night's travellers as the perpetrators of the crime, she sunk back upon his shoulder to wake no more! Search was made instantly for the fugitives, and they were very shortly discovered, concealed in a low oak-copse, about half a mile from the spot. They offered no resistance when seized, but suffered themselves tranquilly to be conducted to the Hotel de Ville, where, as it happened, the tribunal of justice was at that moment sitting. Trinette's dying deposition, and Jan's identification of their persons were unnecessary to convict them, as they made a full confession of their guilt, which was accompanied by circumstances of peculiar barbarity and duplicity. Sentence was passed upon them, and every individual present acquiesced in the justice of the award; but a thrill of horror ran thro' the whole court, when one of the prisoners stepping forward, declared in his own name and that of his accomplices, that from the moment of committing the crime for which they were justly about to suffer, they felt that they were delivered over, body and spirit, to the enemy of souls. They had wandered for hours, but always in a circle; for an irresistible force restrained their steps, and withheld them within sight of the home of their unoffending victims. They were removed from the bar, and a pious priest never after left their side, urging them to employ their few remaining hours in making their peace with Heaven. But they turned a deaf ear to his admonitions; they spurned the offers of pardon, and awaited in hardened impenitence or stolid apathy, their fearful doom. The fated hour arrived, and an immense crowd collected to witness their execution. I will not enter into the details—suffice it to say, that the sentence decreed them to be burnt, that their very remains might not encumber the earth. But no human hand scattered their ashes to the winds of heaven; for, while the flames still crept lazily round the blackened pile, a tempest arose which, in violence, surpassed any that the oldest Liegeois present ever remembered. Loud, sudden, cracking bursts of thunder, attended by vivid and forky lightnings, and furiously rushing blasts of wind, dispersed the terrified multitude. The alarmed executioner even fled from the spot, and it was not till the storm had subsided into a heavy continuous plashy rain, that he returned to look upon his work. A black scathed-looking spot was all the trace left of what had recently occurred there, from which, to his unutterable horror, crawled an innumerable swarm of black-beetles, who spread themselves in all directions through the city.

ON THE BALLOT IN NORTH AMERICA.

It was on the 5th November that I was present at the election at Ballston Spa, held in one of the hotels, about the door of which twenty or thirty people might be standing. My friend Mr. Brown introduced me, and got me a place at the table. I must confess that I have been seldom more disappointed at a public meeting. The excitement occasioned by the election generally was declared by the newspapers to be far greater than had ever been witnessed since the declaration of independence in 1776. And at Ballston Spa, any irritation which existed had been increased by an attack made a few days previous to the election by the local press, and by hand-bills, on the moral character of one of the candidates, a gentleman who had filled a high office in Congress, and who resided in the neighbourhood. I was therefore prepared for some fun, for some ebullition of humour, or of sarcastic remark, or dry wit, to which Americans are said to be prone. But all was dumb show, or the next thing to it. The ballot-boxes were placed at a long table, at which half a dozen of the inspectors or canvassers of votes were seated. The voters approached the table by single files. Not a word was spoken. Each voter delivered his list, when he got next to the table, to the officers, who called out his name. Any person might object, but the objection was instantly decided on,—the officers having no difficulty, from their knowledge of the township, of the persons residing in it, and to whose testimony reference was instantly made, in determining on the spot, whether the qualification of the voter was or was not sufficient. I need hardly say, that I did not attend this excessively uninteresting sort of meeting for any long time; I am bound to bear this testimony in its favour, that so quiet a day of election, both without and within doors, I never witnessed either in Scotland or England. I did not see or hear of a drunk person in the street of the village or neighbourhood, nor did I observe any thing extraordinary, except the increased number of carriages and waggons of all kinds, three or four of them drawn by four horses, and one by six. We were residing close by the hotel where the election took place, and in the evening the tranquillity was as complete as if no election had occurred.

Stuart's Three Years in North America.

THE BRACELET.

"I shall lose money by this bracelet," quoth Monsieur Peront, as he reclined in an easy chair; nursing his legs, and looking thoughtful;—it was a leathern chair studded with brass nails.—Peront's eye was slowly wandering over the nail-heads, as if using them in his calculation: he had counted some score or two,—"I shall lose money by this bracelet," reiterated Peront, letting go his leg, and thrusting his hands somewhat sharply into his huge sixteenth-century side pockets.

"You can afford it," replied his wife coolly.

"Humph!" groaned Peront; and the conversation ceased.

Monsieur Peront was a short thick man, with a large matter-of-fact sort of countenance, only rescued from the charge of stolidity, by a pair of keen, grey, shrewd looking eyes; it was the face of a man careful and prudent, yet tolerably well satisfied with the world and himself. His dress was arranged with sedulous neatness, and accorded well with his character, viz. a painstaking, God-fearing, wealthy citizen of Paris He continued grumbling to himself, carrying on a sort of interjectional soliloquy, about loss and profit, gems and carcanets, rings and bracelets; then casting his eyes towards the ceiling, he continued gazing at a flickering beam which the evening sun, playing on the river Aa, created there, and carrying on a mental calculation concerning the subject most upon his mind. But whether the aforesaid refraction dazzled his eyes, and thereby refused his brain, or whether Monsieur Peront was in want of his usual afternoon's nap, or whether the braying of trumpets, tramping of horses, shouts, screams, and a variety of noises, which resounded from the adjacent town of St. Omers, distracted his attention, is not known; suffice it to say, that he was as completely entangled and perplexed with his own reckoning as the dullest school-boy who ever scratched his head over a first sum in multiplication.—"Pish!" said he, shifting his position with vehemence, "the devil's in this bracelet and all that belongs to it. Did not I flaw one of the best diamonds in working on it? Did not Jean Pockard, my apprentice, steal some of my tools! Did not—but it's of no use talking, the devil's in the bracelet, and there's an end."

"And whose fault is that, Monsieur Peront?" said his wife, looking up from her work, "Why did you begin to make it on St. Martin's day, which you had vowed to keep holy?"

"Santa Maria! Madame Peront," exclaimed he, crossing himself, "have not I given to the altar of St. Martin a candelabrum of massive silver chased"—

"'Tis no matter—"

"No matter! Madame Peront! But I have confessed, and received absolution of the Abbe Eustache, think of that, Monsieur l'Abbe!—Monsieur l'Abbe!"

Madame Peront shook her head; she saw he was trying to stifle his Catholic conscience.

"The bracelet is ill fated," said she; "you know it was to be given to Henry the Eighth of England by our own King Francis, (whom the Saints defend,) and Jacqueline tells me there are three strange rumours abroad: men say that their friendship, though it looks as gay as the gold cup you made for the Count Philip, is almost as hollow."

"Jacqueline is a false quean to say so," exclaimed the jeweller, "our king is as true as a Brussels balance, and for Henry—to be sure he wants polishing, so does our best salver, as you know very well, yet it is none the worse metal for that—if there be a false face amongst them it is that of the haughty English minister,—they say he's only the son of a butcher—I am a jeweller myself!" With that Monsieur Peront's sitting posture from an obtuse became an acute angle.

Madame Peront smiled.

"Why," continued he, "should a thing of such value be given to the English, to be carried out of the country? Francis pays dear enough for the top."

"Does he so?" said Madame Peront archly.

Peront coloured.

"'Tis an unlucky thing," said he, "and the sooner I get it out of my hands the better; I will take it to-morrow morning."

"You had better take it to-night."

"Heavens! my dear, it is full ten miles to Ardres, and the road so thronged; but to-morrow it shall to the king, and the next day we will return to Paris. I am tired of all this pageantry."

"Humph!" quoth Madame Peront in her turn.

Peront took his hat and cloak and sallied forth; he lingered about the door of the house.—It was a small detached habitation in which the jeweller and his wife had taken up their abode, during their temporary absence from Paris. It was constructed entirely of wood, with the exception of a long sloping roof of tiles. The narrow doorway was supported by oaken posts of enormous thickness, and several steps descended into the abode, each story projected considerably beyond the one below, so that the upper rooms nearly overhung the river Aa, which flowed before the house.

Peront gazed at the setting sun, and tried to trace the forms of castles, towers, and minarets, in the fantastic piles of snowy clouds which (edged with gold) sailed slowly along the evening sky. Then he leaned upon his cane, and watched the little whirlpools of the rapid gurgling stream, or the circling eddies with which a playful fish sometimes rippled its surface.

But this bracelet—this teasing bracelet—still haunted his mind; it was one of those vexatious inexplicable subjects which sometimes retain their power over the imagination with an obstinate tenacity, much more than adequate to their importance.

The fact is, Monsieur Peront was a rigid Catholic, not without a deep tinge of superstition in his nature; he had been induced by the ardent and impetuous Francis (whose enthusiastic temper brooked no delay) to infringe upon his vow, by commencing the manufacture of the bracelet upon a sacred day; and a series of fortuitous circumstances had so preyed upon the prejudiced mind of the jeweller, that he almost regarded the toy with a degree of mystical awe, by no means incompatible with the illiberal feelings of a bigoted Catholic,—at least of the sixteenth century.

Golden Legends.

GOOD NEWS FOR SPINSTERS.

Extract of a letter from a settler for life in Van Diemen's Land.—"I am tould We maid a Verry pritty site all Wauking too and too in our Bridle wite Gownds with the Union Jacks afore us to pay humbel Respex to kernel Arther who behaived verry Gentlemanny and Complimentid us on our Handsom apearences and Purlitely sed he Wisht us All in the United States. The Salers was so gallaunt as giv three chear wen we left there Ship and sed that if so be they had not Bean without Canons they Wood have saluted us all Round. Servents mite live Long enuff in Lonnon without Being sich persons of Distinkshun. For my hone Part, cumming amung strangers and Pig in Pokes, prudence Dicktatid not to be askt out At the verry furst cumming in, howsumer All is settled And the match is aproved of by Kernel Arther and the British goverment, who as agread to giv me away, thems wat I call Honners as we used to Say at wist. Wan thing in My faver was my voice and my noing the song of the Plane Gould Ring witch the Van demons had never Herd afore. I would recummend all as meens cumming to Bring as menny of the feshingoble Songs and Ballets as they Can—and to get sum nogliges of music as fortnately for me I was Abel to by meens of praxtising on Missis Piney Forte wen the fammilly Was at ramsgit. Of Coarse you and betty Will xpect Me to indulge in Pearsonallitis about my intendid to tell Yew wat he is lick he is not at all lick Eddard as driv the Fancy bred and Noboddy else yew No. I would send yew His picter Dun by himself only its no more lick him then Chork is to Cheas. In spit of the Short Tim for luv to take Roots I am convinst he is verry Passionet, of coarse As to his temper I cant Speek As yet I hav not Tride it. O mary littel did I think too munth ago of sending you Brid Cake and Weddin favers wen I say this I am only Figgering in speach for Yew must Not look for sich Things from this part of the Wurld I dont mean this by Way of discurridgement Wat I meen to say is this If yung wimmin perfers a state of Silly Bessy they Had better remane ware they was Born, but as far as Reel down rite Coarting and no nonsens is concarned This is the Plaice for my Munny a Gal has only to cum out hear And theirs duzzens to jump at her like Cox at Cusberris. it will be a reel kindnes to say as Much to Hannah at 48 and Hester Brown and Peggy Oldfield and partickler poor Charlotte they neednt Fear about being Plane for Yew may tell Them in this land Faces dont make stumblin Blox and if the Hole cargo was as uggly As sin Lots wood git marrid. Deer Mary if so Be you feel disposed to cum Out Your self I will aford evry Falicity towards your happines. I dont want to hurt your Felines but since the Cotchman as giv Yew up I dont think Yew have anether String to your Bo to say nothink of Not being so young As yew was Ten yeer ago and Faces Will ware out as well as scrubbin brushes Theirs a verry nice yung man is quit Willin to offer to Yew providid Yew cum the verry Next vessle for He had Maid up his mind not to Wait beyond the Kupid and Sikey, as the ship is on the Pint of Sailing I cant rite Moor at pressent xcept for them has as shily shalying sweat harts to Thretten with cumming to Vandemins And witch will soon sho wether its Cubbard love or true love. I hav seen Enuff of Bows droping in at surpentime and falling out the next morning after borrowin Wans wags. Wen yew see anny Frends give my Distant love to Them and say my being Gone to another world dont impear my Mimmery but I offten Thinks of Number 22 and the two Next Dores. yew may Disclose my matterymonial prospex to betty as we hav allways had a Deal of Confidents. And remane with the Gratest assurance Your affexionat Frend Susan Cale—as his to be Simco.

P. S. Deer mary Furst Match beeing broke off short hope Yew will not take it Ill but I have marrid the yung Man as was to Hav waited for Yew, but As yew have never see one Annother trust yew will Not take Him to hart or abrade by Return of Postesses he has behaved Perfickly honnerable And has got a very United friend of his Hone to be attacht to Yew in lew of Him. adew.

Hood's Comic Annual.

HIGH LIFE—AN EPIGRAM.

One day, behind my lady's back,
My lord attack'd her maid,
And stole a kiss, which she repaid,
And gave him smack for smack.
Pert with such freedoms, "Pray," says she,
"Who kisses with the greatest glee?
Is it my lady—is it I?"
"'Tis you no doubt," he made reply.
"Why, in good truth, it must be true,"
Resumed the wanton dame,
"For Tom, and John, and Chaplain, too,
All say the very same."

GHOST STORIES; OR, SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

FOR THE OLIO.

THE MILLER AND SEGERY BELL.

THAT the tongue of credulity speaks through the oral tradition of aboriginal descent, to the sons and daughters of men who have not passed the boundaries of their native hamlet and local inheritance is pretty evident. Ghost stories ever have been, are, and will be, popular. The enlightened mind that does not pin its faith to the delineature of supernatural appearances, is not more insensible to the fancied theory, than the stubborn, heartfelt, believer in, and the expositor of, spirits that walk the night and appear in the bodily shape of their delegated authorities. The climax of this story is believed by many to this day, to have existed in its prime character and interesting, but appalling, substance; and it is veraciously related by good tactitians in memory over the brown jug in a dark and cold evening near the haven of a winter's yule. There was only one bell in Seger (now called Seagry) church. This bell answered the several purposes for rejoicings, marriages, and burials. The same slatten sound issued forth its proclamations amid the wild sceneries and lonely abodes of the very few surrounding inhabitants. The church living, which, in the present day, would not be coveted at such a valuation, was only six pounds, fourteen shillings per annum, but the duties were few. The doors were opened for service only once every alternate Sunday;—then the priest came a little distance to perform his work to a few money-getting farmers, and their gazing sons and rosy-faced, plump, daughters.

A miller lived not far below the church at the close of the meadows of Hungerdown, and a jocose man was he. Not very unlike the miller depicted by Chaucer in his 'Canterbury Pilgrims.' This 'taker of double toll' who 'changed the wheat,' most humorously delighted in playing tricks with the monks at Dauntsey Manor.—Sometimes he would leap into his flat-bottomed boat, cross the Avon, and fix it on the opposite side of the water at Dodford, while he laid chains and ropes across the paths through which the brotherhood nightly passed from vespers, and speedily returned home to his grinding propensities, fraught with scarecrow notions, either to persecute or frighten those on whom his 'miller's thumb' was set. On other whimsical occasions he would get into Seger church, and ring the bell to the dismay of those who heard the twanging sound. Sometimes a light was seen by some old vigil nurse, or shepherd peasant, blinking through the small stone window. The owls that lived in ivy, as snugly as hares in clover, or sparrows in thatch, patronised his designs by their screeching and hooting contributions; and the bats disturbed in their reveries, added supernatural appearances by their whirring incessantly through the gloom and the shadowed reflections of the foliage, when the moon shone out from the vassalage of clouds. The miller was a hardy and hardened, broad-shouldered wight, not susceptible of fear; for, if he possessed not a northern gift of seeing double, he certainly seemed to all that knew him to be out of the reach of danger, and could discern more than his neighbours; and he wore a mystery about him which none could fathom, though all acknowledged him to be a very frank, good-hearted fellow; at least, when it suited his purpose to be so. But, to give him his due, he had saved many from drowning; ground the peasant's leasings for nothing (save a little toll); kept a good stock of eels for the sick, and allowed plenty of fishing in his domains. Hence he was not tempted into a belief of superstitious agency, but took upon himself the active proof of what he did, could be explained to himself, if unsatisfactorily, to others. Familiar with the awful howling of winter — the dangerous drifting snow—the iced waters and the roaring torrents of flooding waters through the hatches, he regarded none of the old wife's fables, but lived in a vein of humour to enjoy them by aiding their fantacies to escape in the medium of easy belief. It happened, however, in a village inn adventure, that Charles May, a butcher, offered for the price of a new sample bag, to go and watch the reputed ghost that disturbed the bell in Seger church. This being agreed to by the facetious miller and the drinking party, Master Charles twice attempted, but failed. The third time he girded his marrowbones, cleaver and knife, round him to the amusement of some, and the consternation of others of his compeers, and went forth from the village inn, like a Gideonite and man of might. More fortunate in his third enterprise, he gained a peep by a chink into the belfry, and he beheld as he declared on the veracity of a butcher, that he saw with his own eyes and in his own person, six forms in white merrily dancing round the bellrope that hung from the tower to the ground. Indeed, assisted by the moonlight, he moreover averred, that he could recognise the countenances of those persons deceased whom he knew familiarly, when living. This sage declaration succeeded, and so terrified the people round the vicinity, when the sight he saw was so confidently circulated, that his wager was immediately decided over heavy potions of the strongest beer in the cellar. It is needless to observe, that the well pleased miller was the challenger to May's courage; and that he, by the aid of sacks, tied by a cross of wood to the rope of each sack at the top, pulled by himself through a hole by a string, deceived the adventurer, and so startled him from his post of observation, as to make his retreat hurried and inevitable.

After this development, and apparently an admissible fact known only to the miller, as yet, many were desirous but afraid of witnessing the ghost dance round the bell-rope. Another bold adventurer, however, in the magnanimous person of Robert Carey, a farmer, ventured thither for a similar wager, caparisoned with a reaping hook and threshing flail, (for it was a *sine qua non* that he should go alone) saw, to his maddened surprise, the identical ghosts dancing their gay round in merry moonlit pleasure. But, when the bell rung, as he said, the ghosts, save one, sunk into the ground; and this one, slid up the rope into the bell and disappeared. He was also allowed, on his own credence, to win the wager, the value of which the miller gave him cheerfully, he having played a *new trick* of *ghostly domain* by the sack deception.

Numerous other devices the jocular miller performed till age clove lines across his forehead and the neighbourhood ceased to be alarmed, but by the fertility of their imagination. The belief, nevertheless, was confirmed as the cloud of mystery spread over their ignorance, that a clangorous ghost inhabited the bell. The clerkly sexton having had words with the miller respecting it, the latter declared if it would be possible, he would visit the bell himself after his death, as a kind of posthumous regard and assist in haunting him, if a survivor, in his dubious and twofold offices. Time intervened, and delayed the threat for awhile. But after years brought the trial to a nearer result. And, ere the miller gave up the 'natural ghost,' he made a disclosure of the anatomical and artificial proportions of the supposed one, to his only son. Though the clerkly sexton was accurately informed of this, he was literally afraid to toll the bell on the occasion of the funeral, and the grave-digger trembled so fearfully during the interment, that he started away from the rope ere it was concluded, and the lumps of clay were thrown on the coffin without the bell ringing the foul fiends of the air out of the presence of the dirge. The bell still remains in 'single blessedness;' and, like the heads of many in the purlieus of Segery, is as cracked as needs be.

LOVE.

First Love is like the Violet,
  Which shuns the searching eye;
It loves the shade, and rudely plucked,
  Will fade away and die:
But e'en in death, and fading bloom,
Breathes fragrance from its early tomb.

The Love we know in after years
  Is like the full-blown Rose,
Careless who sees its heart's deep core,
  Proud of the tint it shows.
Each passer-by a leaf now claims,
Till but a scentless stem remains.

AUGUSTA.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.*

Come, sweet lass, let's take a cheerful glass.
— *Beggars' Opera.*

"There—take that," said the stout man in the dicky, putting a small coin into the hand of the cad, "and remember, a man never loses anything by civility." He then addressed himself to his next neighbour, a rather pretty young woman; and they got into a conversation which lasted with little intermission from Castle-square, Brighton, to the inn at Crawley. The weather was cold, and with a remark on its severity, he descended from the dickey and entered the inn, from which he emerged again in a few minutes carrying a large goblet of hot brandy and water. With wary feet he ascended the ladder, and gallantly offered the glass to the young female he had chatted with; but she declined even sipping it, and his politeness went no further, though there was another female looking quite as raw and cold on the opposite seat. With the clumsy caution of a bear, he began to descend backwards, till within four steps of the ground, when unluckily imagining that he had reached the bottom, he stepped off, goblet and all. After a dismal jolt, but which did not make him leave his hold of the glass, and some desperate floundering to save himself and the brandy and water, he brought up suddenly at last with his back against the wall of the inn. Up to this point he had miraculously retained the whole of the mixture; but this unexpected shock from behind, robbed him of the object of all his struggles, the flight of the cherished fluid was clearly indicated by a dark stripe across the dust, terminating like the burst of a rocket in a bright silver spoon, on the other side of the road.

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* Athenæum.

There is many a slip between the *dickey* and
the lip.

The empty glass hung in his hand droopingly, but was never replenished; he put the money into the goblet, gave it to the waiter without speaking, pointed to the spoon over the way, and doggedly remounted to his seat in the dickey. Possibly the demon of mischief was at work within me, or it might be an impulse to avenge the slight of the other female, but as he took his seat again, I could not help pointing to the dark track on the road, and quoting his own sentiment: "You see," said I, "a man never loses anything by civility." He answered by a grunt, turning himself a little towards the opposite side, and I remarked, that from Crawley even unto Brixton, where he got down, he never bestowed a word, no, not even a "good evening," on the former partner in his gossip:—

Gloomy he sat apart, nor speech vouchsafed
To Eve, late partner in colloquial love.

T. HOOD.

THE SCARLET WITCH.

Concluded from page 399.

DOUGLAS and Bucke were looking at the ship, which was now fast bearing down the white frith. A distinct flash was seen from her side, and in the twinkling of an eye the shore was again torn up not more than five yards from their feet.

"Diana has a long arm, I'll warrant her," observed the lieutenant; "but I think we shall have no more of her. As for her poor captain's body, I suspect it is needless now to think of getting it."

"A handful of black ashes is all that remains of him now," said Douglas. His rite of sepulture has been in remarkable keeping with his wild and fanciful character and life, I believe."

On returning to the main party, and finding all unhurt,—"It is wonderful that it is so," said the lieutenant. "Let us thank God;" and, accordingly, the soldier said a short prayer, which, though given in rather a blunt military style, was yet honestly sincere before God. They then found that their prisoners had escaped. Finally, it was settled that, for the remainder of the night, the whole of them should repair together to the next inn, which was only a mile or two distant. Meanwhile, Bucke was tying a red spotted handkerchief round his head, as a substitute for his hat, which somehow he had lost; and the want of which (for he was very careful of of his health,) he was beginning to be at leisure now sorely to feel.

"Come, you little curly-headed rogue, I have taken a fancy for you," said the lieutenant, sitting down to get one of the landlord's children on his back; and the varlet, probably from the quick tact of childhood, which saw that he was a presiding master of safety among them all, instantly left his mother, and sprawled manfully up upon the soldado's back, who arose with his burden. The party then set forward, with Bucke in the van—a curious figure, clipped as his head was by the red spotted handkerchief, whose confinement of his hair gave double sway to his large red nose; whilst ever and anon he stood still, violently to shake the little urchin on his back, who, finding himself quite at home, was springing and spurring at a great rate, and at the same time taking improper liberties with the lieutenant's whiskers.

They reached the inn, and gained admittance. The kind-hearted Bucke saw the children fed and carefully put to bed; then whispering to Douglas that he had still duties to do ere morning, but that he would join him there at breakfast, he left the house.

"Being now thoroughly well," said Bucke, next morning, explaining to Douglas how he had been led so timeously to interefere on the preceding night at the Anchor Inn, "I left London, eager to see you. On reaching your house in the afternoon, your sister told me that you were away to visit your friend Lieutenant Bucke, at his country house, which she named, and that you had got a letter from him the day before, requesting you to do so. I was amazed; but thinking that it was merely a mistake on her part, I said nothing farther about it, beyond inquiring where Lieutenant Bucke's cottage was. Finding that it was in the way to my native village, which I was anxious to see, I set out again, resolved to call at the said villa, to get you, if possible, to go with me onward to my native place, there to stay with me for a day or two; after which, I meant to return and abide with you for a few weeks. On reaching the gate of the way which led up to the cottage, I saw through the shade a chaise standing at a little distance, but, taking no farther heed of it, I passed up the avenue. On coming in front of the house, I saw the door opened, and Diana Clement herself look out, with a lamp in her hand, which shewed me her face. In a moment, ere she could observe me, I retired behind a tall shrub, scarcely knowing what I was about, being in truth almost stupified at seeing the dangerous Diana in such a place. The next minute made me sensible that I had done well in thus concealing myself; for out you came, carried by two fellows, in one of them Miss Clement's lamp enabled me to recognise Jenkins. In the same way, when once or twice she advanced the light near your face, I saw and knew your features, which, appearing to me very pale, made me suppose you were dead. From a brief conversation which ensued betwixt Clement and Jenkins, I learned that you were to be taken down to Martin's Anchor, there to lie till midnight, and then be taken on board some ship. The lady then retired into the house with her lamp; and Jenkins and his associate carried you down the avenue, and put you into the chaise which I had before observed. This I saw, having cautiously followed them; and now I went to the next village, and finding there a justice of the peace, I stated enough of the matter to him to make him see the necessity of issuing a warrant for the apprehension of Jenkins and his companion, and the recovery of your body, it being my firm belief that you had been murdered by Jenkins, and that your body was to be taken out to sea and then thrown overboard, that no traces of you might ever be found. Accordingly, I joined the officers who bore the warrant, and, having raised two or three more men with fire-arms, we hastened down to Martin's, and were in good time. We were stoutly resisted—but you know the rest."

Douglas, in his turn, stated to the lieutenant how he had been decoyed by the letter, and by what means he had been cast into that deep sleep, all of which, doubtless, had been contrived by Diana Clement.

"But wherefore?" asked the lieutenant;—"can you guess a reason for it?"

"Scarcely," answered Douglas;—"but we shall have her, if possible, to-day, and know all. And, by the way, we ought immediately to go before the magistrate, and state the singular affairs of the night. Jenkins' death is a serious matter. Has she been long in this part of the country, can you tell me? Do you think she took this cottage for the mere purpose of more conveniently managing this mysterious plot?"

"Probably she did," replied Bucke, "but I know nothing distinctly. Indeed, I merely knew that she was away from London. But now let us take Martin and the rest of our party with us, and go to the magistrate."

It remains now only to say what became of the young Scarlet Witch, after her plan of revenge against Hinton Douglas had been so thoroughly defeated.

When Lieutenant Bucke left the inn so unexpectedly, on the night, or rather morning, of Douglas's rescue, he went straight to her house, and, having told his name, and said that he had matters of life and death to communicate to Miss Clement, he gained admittance. He was shewn into a room by his old friend Vaulpas; and Diana herself, her face awfully pale, came shooting rapidly forward, and met him with, "Your errand, sir?"

Ere Bucke, who was startled, could reply, she burst out into a long fit of laughter, and then sat down exhausted on a sofa.

"Madam—madam," said the soldier, evidently much offended, "Mr. Jenkins has shot himself—Hinton Douglas is not on board a ship: I presume I need not say any thing farther?"

Up started the lady, her whole frame in a moment changed from the relaxation of laughter to a locked and intense energy. She looked at Bucke with such earnestness that her face seemed gradually attenuated to spirituality. Then came trembling; but she hurried through the room as if making a violent effort to check her emotion and appear at ease.

"Prythee, Mr. Bucke," said she, stopping full before him, "remove that handkerchief from your head, else the

God of the thunder himself shall not hinder me from yet expiring with laughter. We shall then speak of certain matters."

The lieutenant could only feel his ears tingling and his nose growing redder, as with fumbling hands he hastened to untie from his head the spotted napkin, which his generous haste to see Miss Clement had kept him so long from remembering to take off.

"Now, sir," said Diana, "I think you spoke of Mr. Jenkins?"

"Madam—young lady," said Bucke, eagerly, "I took care, last night, to hide your being engaged in the matter; but we must soon be before a magistrate, and there being now leisure for examinations, things must come out against you. Needs there more to enforce the necessity of your fleeing instantly? If you be in want of money, I can at this moment"——. He paused, for the lady was beginning again to tremble; and her trembling increased to the most violent heaving of her bosom, till a flood of tears came to her relief, and she gradually became calm.

"Mr. Bucke — generous soldier!" said she then eagerly, with a quivering voice, "mistake me not: arrows and death could not so have moved me! I have wept to find one noble and thoroughly generous man."

"Lady, praise me not; had I acted justly last night, I should have ordered you to be seized immediately, thinking, as I did, that Douglas had been murdered in your house. But I thought if we secured Jenkins it would be better if you escaped; yet I am ashamed of having so done."

"I think, sir," said the young witch with a keen glance, "that you have no wish to parade your good qualities; therefore my self-love dares not abate from your praise. Will you accept this ring, as a very slight token that I estimate you aright? I shall have pleasure, whatever be my fate, in"——. She paused.

"Madam—young beautiful lady!" returned Bucke, taking the proffered ring, and kissing it, "I might be allowed to say, perhaps—but no, you must flee instantly! Can I serve you in this hour? Shall I haste to D——, and have a chaise ready for you?"

"No, sir; your generous services in my behalf are ended. With the assistance of Vaulpas, the rest is easy. Stay, sir; I thank you still for asking me no questions, as I would scorn to have any farther explanation from you about those two young men, Jenkins and Douglas. Farewell!" She waved her hand like a queen, and Bucke felt himself constrained instantly to withdraw. And he saw Diana Clement no more.

The young Scarlet Witch fled immediately from this country, and got to Paris in the character of a French lady, which she could well enough assume, from her thorough command of the language. Ere long she became a brilliant singer in one of the Parisian opera-houses, and a dictatress in many a coterie of bold freethinkers. After running however, a brief splendid career, and leading captive the proudest nobles by the witcheries of her magnificent spirit, she embraced the Catholic religion while yet young, became a devotee, and died the abbess of her convent.

Customs.

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF LINCOLNSHIRE.—The ring used in the solemnization of matrimony is considered the bond of union between the parties; and is directed to be placed by the bridegroom on the fourth finger of the bride's left hand, because it was a received opinion amongst the ancient anatomists that there existed a direct communication between that finger and the heart. It was a primitive custom with the early Christians, for the father, at the conclusion of the ceremony, to salute the bride with the kiss of peace,—a practice which I have frequently witnessed; and, indeed, it was indispensable at one period in this country, being positively enjoined, both in the York Missal and the Sarum Manual. The bride cake is composed of many rich and aromatic ingredients, and crowned with an icing made of white sugar and bitter almonds, emblematical of the fluctuations of pleasure and pain which are incidental to the marriage state. On this day the important ceremony of passing small portions of bride-cake through the wedding ring is ritually performed. The just execution of this idolatrous ceremony is attended to with the most scrupulous exactness. The bride holds the ring between the fore-finger and thumb of her right hand, through which the groom passes each portion of the cake nine times, previously cut by other individuals of the party, into disposable pieces for the purpose. These he delivers in succession to the bride-maids, who seal them up carefully, each in an envelope of fair writing-paper. As amulets of inestimable value, they are distributed amongst the friends of the bride, who seldom neglect to make trial of their virtues. Various are the methods of augury to which they are applied, one only of which shall be mentioned here. If the fair idolatress deposit one of these amulets in the foot of her *left* stocking, when she goes to bed, and place it under her pillow, she will dream of the person who is destined by *fate* to be her partner for life.—The first month after marriage is termed the *honey moon*, — a phrase derived from a custom practised by the northern nations of Europe, who used to indulge themselves in drinking a liquor made from *honey* for thirty days successively, at the marriage of their chief men.

At the birth of a child, the father receives the congratulations of his friends, and the phrase 'I wish you joy' is the first salutation he hears after the event takes place. A similar custom was used by the Jews, though linked with many other superstitious observations. It is vulgarly believed that if a child be born with its hands *open*, it is an indication of liberality and benevolence; but if its hands be *closed*, the future individual will assuredly prove a churl. When it is first taken to a neighbour's house, it is presented with *eggs*, the emblem of abundance; and *salt*, the symbol of friendship. The christening is a season of rejoicing; but in some instances which have come under my observation, it is accompanied by a custom which I hope is not exhibited in any other part of the kingdom. It is the belief of some very simple people that, unless the child cry during the ceremony, it will not live. This silly superstition occasions some poor infants to suffer considerable torture; for their barbarous nurses do not hesitate to pinch their tender flesh, or prick them with pins, to excite the wished-for evidence of their longevity.

The systems of divination, and the tokens of good and evil fortune, which are still observed, are numerous and curious. If the tail of the first lamb you see in the spring be *towards* you, it denotes misfortune; if otherwise, good luck may be expected throughout the year. The first cuckoo you hear carries with it a similar fatality.—Should you have money in your pocket, it is an indication of plenty; but woe to the unhappy wretch who hears this ill-omened bird for the first time with an empty purse! The same thing is observed of the New Moon. The Celts and Goths equally considered the *new* moon a fortunate aspect for commencing any business of importance, whilst the waning of the moon was esteemed unpropitious. It was a custom with the ancient Germans to abide by the decision of their matrons, determined by means of lots and prophecies, as to the most fortunate period for attacking their enemies; subject, however, to that unalterable maxim, that success could not reasonably be anticipated, if they engaged during the waning of the moon.

The species of divination called Rhabdomancy, or setting up a stick to determine which of two paths you shall pursue, I have often witnessed. It was used by the Israelites, and is termed by the prophet Hosea an abomination. We are informed by Ezekiel that Nebuchadnezzar, when consulting the gods about the invasion of Judea, used this species of divination.

A silver ring made of money which has been offered at the altar is reputed to be a cure for fits; and it is well known that the kings of England were formerly in the habit of consecrating rings with solemn ceremonies on Good Friday for this especial purpose. I have seen many young ladies, and some old ones, turn their chairs three times round, or sit cross-legged, as a charm to ensure good luck at cards; and the advantage of having the choice of chairs at whist is a universally received opinion.

Many are the ceremonies observed by young people who are desirous of prying into futurity to find their destined mates, or to know their future success in the connubial state; and thus they frequently lay a foundation for misery which they carry to the grave. To obtain a sight of her future husband, when a young girl sleeps in a strange bed, she observes the ceremony of tying her garter round the bed-post in nine distinct knots, carefully repeating some potent incantation. Divination by cards or tea-grounds is merely used for amusement, but the following process of preparing a magical amulet called "The Dumb Cake," which equals any diabolical incantation of ancient times, is still practised by many an anxious female with strong assurances of success.—Three unmarried girls are necessary for the due performance of this rite, who must be pure unspotted virgins;

because *three* is a number sacred in such ceremonies.

Terque senem flamma, ter aqua, ter sulphure lustrat—

and the charm was expected to fail if any levity was displayed during the process. This trio search for a virgin egg, and having found one, they take flour, salt, water, and all other ingredients to form a cake; which they unitedly mix with the same spoon, unitedly place in the oven, and when baked unitedly take it thence. It is then divided into three equal portions, and each taking one, they proceed in solemn silence to occupy the same bed; and placing each part under their respective pillows, they disrobe themselves and walk backwards into bed. Should either of the parties laugh, or utter a single syllable during the whole process, the charm is broken. This cake is intended to produce pleasant dreams, in which the future husband of each damsel will manifest himself to her enraptured view, arrayed in all the manly charms of a youthful bridegroom.

The dread of apparitions is a prolific source of distress and misery to which our nature is subject; but it is now happily, together with the reputed power of witches to injure and torment the human species, almost exploded. The most superstitious of the people are, at this enlightened period, little affected by those fears which in the seventeenth century agitated all ranks and descriptions of men. I must not omit to mention, however, that a most terrific source of alarm still retains its influence over the superstitious in some parts of the county, in the visionary Death-Cart. Before the demise of any individual, this tremendous machine is heard to rattle along the streets like a whirlwind. Every heart beats with dismal apprehension at the ominous sound. The father of a family feels an involuntary shudder pervade his frame; children hide their faces in the mother's lap, who herself exhibits too many evident symptoms of alarm to afford any comfort to her terrified offspring; while the more experienced, with a significant shake of the head, exclaim, "Ah! poor ——! he'll die before morning!" referring to some person whose indisposition is known; and each endeavours to avert the omen from himself by fixing the application on his neighbour; although he secretly fears, at the same time, that the affliction will assuredly fall on some devoted member of his own family.

To neutralize the evil influence of witchcraft, we still find seamen, stable boys, and others, using the efficacious horse-shoe; and when good housewives put their cream into the churn, they sometimes cast a handful of salt into the fire for the same purpose. Some people, after eating boiled eggs, will break the shells to prevent the witches from converting them into boats, because an ancient superstition gave to these unhappy beings the power of crossing the sea in egg-shells. Why the preference was given to egg-shells is rather equivocal, when an oyster or a muscle shell would have been at hand to constitute a much more plausible and imperishable vehicle.

From a Correspondent in the Gents Mag.

Varieties.

American House of Representatives. — During the sitting of the House of Representatives, boys, neatly dressed, carry messages that may be required between the members, or from the clerks to the members, and deliver such letters or papers as may be necessary. They also supply the speakers with a glass of water, which is placed on their desk, in case of their requiring it while speaking. Speakers in the pulpit have generally a glass of water placed within their reach. The employment of little boys in the way I have mentioned is attended with this advantage, that they are much less in the way of the speakers or the members, and can move among the desks without disarranging the papers. The reporters are well accommodated in both Houses of Congress, having comfortable seats, and the best part of the House is allotted to them. Divine Service is, during the sittings of Congress, performed every Sunday in the House of Representatives, the Chaplain of the House preaching from the Speaker's chair. There is no restriction in the admission of persons on this occasion; but, as the House is reckoned a fashionable place of worship, it is necessary to go early, in order to procure a seat. I heard Mr. Jones, the present Chaplain to the Senate, preach, who is an Episcopalian; but there is no limitation in this respect. Clergymen whom we should call in Britain sectarians are all eligible, and have been elected Chaplains. In point of fact the Chaplain to the Senate at the present moment is an Episcopalian, while the Chaplain to the House of Representatives is a Presbyterian. Strangers are admitted every day before prayers, which last for about four minutes.

Stuart's America.

Lord Tenterden and the Chorister.—When Lord Tenterden and Mr. Justice Richards, on going the Circuit, once visited the Cathedral of Canterbury, the latter took notice of a singing-man in the choir, who had an excellent voice. "Ah!" said Lord Tenterden. "that's the only man I ever envied. When at school in this town, we were candidates together for a chorister's place, and he obtained it."

Lord Brougham.—The early days of Lord Brougham were remarkable for the sallies of his wit—before the dignity of office had put a restraint on inclination, his social habits often led him into parties of conviviality. At one of those when the bottle had been circulating with more than ordinary rapidity, one of the party not distinguished for his shrewdness, was requested to sing, but excused himself by declaring music was not in his composition. "Nonsense," said Jeffery, who was one of the party, "every one can see you have a singing face." "Ay," responded Brougham, "the notes of music are even developed there, for I can see *A flat* in it."

Washington and the Sacrament.—While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morris Town, New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the communion (then observed semi-annually only,) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. In a morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: "Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday. I would learn, if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?" The Doctor replied, "Most certainly. Ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatever name." The General replied, "I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but, as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities." The Doctor re-assured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.—*Stuart's Three Years in North America.*

Description of a Mail-Coach Driver.—"Here;" says the author, "the most lawless of all the drivers I had yet met got the charge of the stage. At the distance of two or three miles from the house, at a point where the road was covered with stumps of trees, he drew up, and tying the reins up at the front window, he said to me, the only passenger, "look to the reins till I come back." He was obliged to go a little way to give out some sewing, as he said. There was neither a house nor a human being in our view, and I felt it unpleasant to be left alone in the forest; but there was no alternative, for the driver was out of sight behind the trees in a moment. He did not return for thirty-five minutes, and then, feeling some apology to be necessary, he said, "I was obliged to hear her story. The fact is, I keep a girl a little way off; I have built her a house, and I have a negro wench to attend her; yet the people are making a mighty fuss about it. How do they manage these matters in the north, sir?" I of course advised him to marry, as they do in the north; but he said the girl's family were not equal to his, and he could not think of disgracing himself, though he was very fond of her. The great fault, however, which the public have to find with this person, whose name is Symes, is that of leaving the whole southern mails at the mercy of a stranger, of whom he knew nothing, and who could not be expected to make any extraordinary exertion if any attempt had been made to carry them off. *Ib.*

Attack upon a Hare by a Magpie.—To record the petty conflicts of the inferior animals may seem trifling to the general observer; but to the naturalist who writes the history of a species, no anecdote, however trivial, that serves to illustrate peculiar traits of character, can appear either uninteresting or superfluous. I was informed the other day by a friend (a medical man, with whom I am on intimate terms, and on whose veracity I can rely), that he had just witnessed a curious contest between a magpie and a fine full-grown hare; the bird making frequent and furious pounces at the hare, and pursuing it for a considerable distance, when the animal escaped by making for a thick hedge, at the other side of which it ran off to some distance from the place where it had entered, and without being observed by the bird. I had always considered the magpie to be a remarkably bold bird, but never conceived him capable of such an exploit as this. *Field Naturalist's Mag.*

ANECDOTE OF A JAGUAR.—The jaguars which abound every where on the Orinoco, are so numerous near the cataracts that they come into the village and devour the pigs of the poor Indians. The missionary related a striking instance of the familiarity of these animals.—"Two Indian children, boy and girl, eight or nine years of age, were sitting among the grass near the village of Atures in the midst of a savannah. It was two in the afternoon when a jaguar issued from the forest and approached the children, gamboling around them; sometimes concealing itself among the long grass, and again springing forward, with his back curved and his head lowered, as is usual with our cats. The little boy was unaware of the danger in which he was placed, and became sensible of it only when the jaguar struck him on the head with one of his paws. The blows thus inflicted were at first slight, but gradually became ruder. The claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and blood flowed with violence. The little girl then took up a branch of a tree and struck the animal, which fled before her. The Indians hearing the cries of the children, ran up and saw the jaguar, which bounded off without showing any disposition to defend itself. "What," asks Humboldt, "meant this fit of playfulness in an animal which, although not difficult to be tamed in our menageries, is always so ferocious and cruel in the state of freedom? If we choose to admit that, being sure of its prey, it played with the young Indian as the domestic cat plays with a bird, the wings of which have been clipped, how can we account for the forbearance of a large jaguar when pursued by a little girl? If the jaguar was not pressed by hunger, why should it have gone up to the children? There are mysteries in the affections and hatreds of animals. We have seen lions kill three or four dogs which were put into their cage, and instantly caress another which had the courage to seize the royal beast by the mane. Man is ignorant of the sources of these instincts. It would seem that weakness inspires more interest the more confiding it is." *Edin. Cab. Lib. No X.*

THE IRISH BAR.—The style of the Irish bar is widely different from that of the English. It is less solemn and decorous, but more lively and animated—more glowing and figurative—more witty and sarcastic: it reasons less, it instructs less, it convinces less—but it amuses more. It is more animated, more dramatic; it rises to the sublime, it sinks to the humorous, it attempts the pathetic: but in all this there is too much the tricks of a juggler. It is not that an Irish advocate thinks less of his client than an English one, but he seems to think less; he appears to think most of himself—of his own reputation, of the approbation of his brethren, the applause of the spectators, and the admiration of the court. I dare say I should be most gratified by specimens of eloquence taken at the Irish bar, but were either my life or fortune at stake, I should like to be defended—at an English one.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.—*(Original.)*

"Look on this side; and on this."

An actress, celebrated for her management off, as well as on, the stage, was recently annoyed by the interposition of a needy, as well as seedy, performer, by reason of his not having ample resources, sufficiently agreeable to make him "cut" his engagement, or to abide quietly by his demands. One night, after the conclusion of the piece in which he played, he determined to be resolute in his application, in spite of the liability to an accusation for his want of gallantry; and catching the opportune moment, he entreated the fair vocalist to accommodate him with a few pounds—if not his whole claim. "You're a very *surly* fellow," said the lady, wrathfully, as she slid past him. In the course of the next day, he received news of the death of his wealthy uncle, who bequeathed him considerable property. He informed the fair lady of his good fortune, and also of his intention of relinquishing the profession, likewise cancelling his demand on her for his services; when she cast one of her bewitching smiles towards him and said, "You're a *good natured soul!*" and tearing up his engagement, added, "we are quits."

DAWE THE PAINTER. — Dawe the painter was one of the most irritable of his profession. "Why do you succeed" says Mrs. Garrick to him, "in other portraits, and never in Mr. Garrick's, who sits to you so often?" "Because," replied Dawe, "other men don't bring their wives."

The Olio;

OR, MUSEUM OF ENTERTAINMENT.

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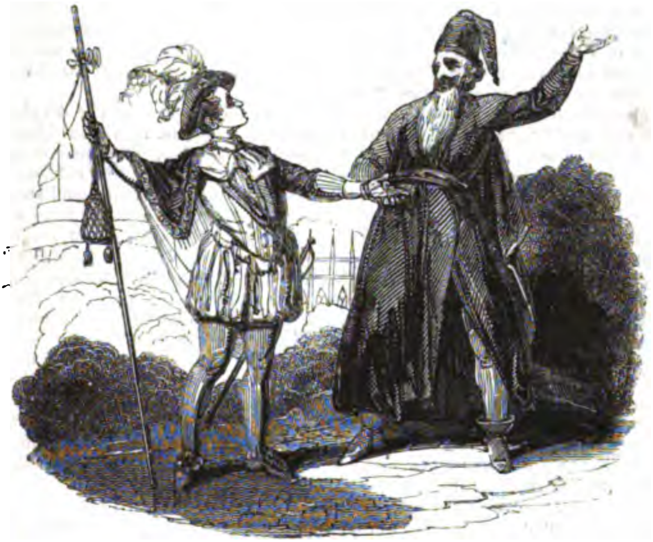

See page 418

Illustrated Article.

THE PROPHECY.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

> He was brought to this
> By a vain prophecy.—HENRY THE EIGHTH.

It was the morning of the montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation. Clavering was senior colleger, and was therefore to be the chief actor in the pageant of the day. Morley, his friend and cousin, was to be one of the runners, for which he had provided a splendid fancy dress, that bid fair to eclipse every other in the procession. At the appointed hour, the merry collegers proceeded in regular array to Salthill, where the captain of the academic band, ascending a certain eminence, flourished a flag as preliminary to the busy proceedings of the morning. After this ceremony had been duly performed, the runners set out upon their usual expedition of authorised robbery, stopping every passenger from the prince to the bargeman, and demanding *salt*, an Etonian synonyme for money, under pain of summary castigation.

As Morley was traversing a retired road on his return from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed a very extraordinary figure standing in the centre of his path. He appeared to be a man upwards of fifty, upon whose brow, however, suffering rather than years seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his countenance an expression of sternness rather than amenity. His eyes were dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that in spite of wrinkles, which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly defined ridges, the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time; and that though he had passed into the "yellow leaf," his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick, and grizzled; his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent, while the flowing beard, which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew high upon the cheek and upper lip. This was quite black, and blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance, though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome. The wreck of beauty was indeed upon his lineaments, but they were nevertheless noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past.—The stranger's figure was tall, and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a thin silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity, and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an undress hussar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of grey cotton, carefully gartered with white ribbons, and he was shod with a short buskin which reached just above the ankle. He seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "motley's the only wear." Though, however, there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered, than from any harmonious combination of the colours which composed it. Morley remembered to have heard that a person had been frequently seen in the neighbourhood who was supposed to be mad, and who it now occurred to him precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly towards the stranger, and demanded *salt*.

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* Court Mag.

"*Salt!*—what mean you?"

"Money."

"Go to the rich."

"We exact from rich and poor alike."

"*Exact!* thou art then both publican and sinner."

"Come, wilt thou deposit thy tribute?" and he extended the mouth of a richly embroidered bag. "Let me beg, venerable sir, that I may not be detained."

"Beg? Thou art too fine for a beggar; thy livery belies thy calling. I should have taken thee for some knave's serving man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel thee; but that I am more charitably disposed to think thou art some ape's serving monkey." The blood rushed to Morley's cheek in a torrent. "I tell thee again thou art too fine for a beggar. Go to—go to—silly dog!"

"I beg not, but exact."

"And suppose I should refuse thy demand—thou art not a very formidable assessor."

"Then force should compel it."—The stranger smiled scornfully.—"Come, disburse; a sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation: we take anything but copper."

"If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms, I'd rather blow them to the winds than give thee one. Fie upon your custom. You rob!—ay, you may frown, young bully, and strut like a peacock round a well—I say it at all risks, and in good current English,—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your school-fellow, and purchase an honourable title with the fruits of knavery. Beware of him, young man! He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay thy legalised larceny in his behalf with the devil's requital. A word to the wise—if thou'rt a fool, why thou wert born no better than thy kind, and wert therefore born to be fooled."

"What mean you?"

"I mean, in the first place, that I will not give the value of a rush to help to mature an embryo villain. I mean, in the next place, that this Clavering, for whom thou art graceless enough to pillage the poor passenger, is that villain."

Morley was staggered. He felt his heart throb with indignation, but was absolutely overawed by the manner of the mysterious person who addressed him. There was a something in it at once so commanding and uncommon, associating, too, with it, as Morley did, an idea of insanity, that he could neither summon resolution to exact a contribution from him, nor divest himself of an apprehension that there was a prophetic spirit in his words; for impressions often get the better of our judgments, and force us to believe, in spite of the contradictions of our reason. Belief is independent of our wills, and we are frequently conscious of a credulity which we should be extremely reluctant to avow, and of which our very consciences make us feel ashamed. Morley tried to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a throbbing heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity, "How long hast thou been a prophet, sage sir? I cry thee mercy; I thought the season of prophecy had gone by. Art thou another Cornelius Agrippa, or a male Mother Shipton, whose vaticinal, like the sibyl leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was sottish enough to do a silly thing, merely for the sake of realising the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Archimago, can'st thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be?—'Thou art beside thyself,' as the Roman said to the Apostle of Tarsus, 'too much learning has made thee mad.'"

"It is well, boy; thou art a cunning simpleton, but a mole would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and flippant wagging of the tongue hides the tremour within. There's lie written upon thy face; 'tis marked as legibly as coward upon thy heart; for while the one assumes the smile of incredulity, which is *unblushingly* contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throb of apprehension disturbs the other." Morley was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued—"Remember, I have warned thee. Thou art young, and hast not yet tasted the bitters of disappointment. I have 'wrung them out.' They are prepared for thy speedy quaffing, and they shall be as 'the gall of asps' within thee. Again, I bid thee beware of Clavering. Farewell!"

He was about to depart, when Morley, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now controul, exclaimed—

"Stay; one question more before we part. As I am to he unhappy, is my life to be long or short!"

"Let me see thy palm." He took Morley's hand, and after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a tone of most painful and almost appalling solemnity, "Thou wilt not count the midnight hour of thy thirty-fourth birth-day; death will take thee with the bloom upon thy cheek—the worm will feed daintily upon it—but we must all die; what matters it when?"

Saying this he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astonished Morley almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame. His brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which fell like a paralysis upon his hitherto buoyant spirit. He was ashamed of his want of energy, still he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing upon him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true, of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not stifle it; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him. It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the scrutiny of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Morley used his best endeavours to disguise.

"'Is it possible," he thought, "that I can have anything to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why then should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay, it were base to question his intregity or to doubt his love."

Morley was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he had recovered them, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path, would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal. Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to beware of Clavering. Time, and a change of scene, however, at length weakened in his mind the freshness of this strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced, and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighbourhood. This Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, when in *statu pupillari* at those great fountains of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought, that such a *trifling accident* could in any way operate upon Clavering's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been anything but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of some very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might after all be nothing more than a whimsical caution the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly, however, after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man, who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, however, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few rumoured deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but, though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honourably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to beware of Clavering, and by neglecting the warning his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birth-day. He was now scarcely three-and-twenty, but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire of life, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so speedily. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious, but he could not controul it. It was a sort of mental calenture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality. He became so extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his unusual depression. She argued with him upon the folly, nay, the criminality of giving way to an apprehension which, in the very nature of things, must be perfectly groundless; since even the sacred scriptures represent the hour of death as a matter hidden amongst the mysteries of Providence, and therefore beyond the penetration of man. The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering afforded no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man. These representations were not without their effect; yet as the clouds of despondency dispersed but tardily, his mother persuaded him to go abroad with some sprightly friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose. Nor was she deceived; after an absence of three years he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced towards his thirty-fourth birthday, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought upon that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year, however, rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very unchequered life, until Morley entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced, and as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. *She* had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the stranger's prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be *assured* of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfilment was ever present to her mind, and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality. The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wiser suggestions of reason to the understanding. So manifest was Morley's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had pai his successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her one-and-twentieth year, which would carry Morley nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening evil; on the contrary, he talked of the consummation of his happiness with a fluency and earnestness, which clearly showed that he fully expected to see it realised. His mother was much pleased to observe that he no longer clung to those old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

To be concluded in our next.

JOHNNY FRY.

SKETCH OF A REAL CHARACTER.
FOR THE OLIO.

He was a compound of the simple and good-natured; the suspicious and irritable; the gentleman and the dupe. His father dying when Johnny was a young man, and leaving him a decent competency, he entered the world on his own ground and formed his own taste—this decided his own peculiar character. He soon felt a penchant for acquiring a superiority over his kind but uneducated neighbours, and became (as he thought) a cinder-heated convert to the loquacious harangues of Geoffry Wildgoose, the spiritual Quixote, and trudged like a true enthusiast through the limb-tiring wolds of Gloucestershire and over the chalky hills of Wilts, considering himself as a 'new light' sprung up and destined by predetermination to open communications with 'perishing creatures,' and establish his opinions in their minds to their inestimable good. Much to his mortification, however, his labours were vain, he lost much of his money and all his time. To counteract this misled propensity, and save him from mental aberration, a friend took him by the hand and became treasurer to the modicum left, which, unfortunately for him, was inadequate, as Fry had a most unconscionable and ungovernable appetite. He was not a glutton only, but a temporal thirster after the liquids of the bottle and barrel, and would devour more at a table in both characters than any other man in the county. His fellow, indeed, was not known in the memory of his cotemporaries for 'home consumption.' Surely his throat was tinned, and his stomach coppered.—Yet, he was a persuadable being; and his friends who often made him their butt, while he fast emptied theirs, and gave him their tricks, while he lightened their larders, enjoyed the spirit of his credulity, by passing jokes current with him. Such, for example, as getting him in the equinox of a summer's day to tread down a haystack, puffing and blowing with a *heavy beam* on his shoulder, rewarding him, by making him a *pie* in a milk platter of large dimensions, composed of all kinds of vegetables, spices, meats, and liquids. This dainty pie, fit to set before a king, was put under his bed, that he might 'eat, drink, and be merry,' at his leisure. Another mode of generous kindness was imposed on him, by inducing him to carry a *grindstone* in the lowbelling season, under pretence of whetting the clappers, through the tangled woods, to the spoliation of his clocked silk hose, and the expedient reduction of his corpulent inclining planed system; but on his return, he never failed to fill his hamper with the sagacious grinders in his head, which were of the butter tooth and parkpale description. To such schemes was Johnny Fry a party, and profitably happy in their execution. His cool philosophy tended to excite the most charitable humanities in his favour, and he gained friends and food at their will. In a higher point of consequence, he thought himself born a preacher. He essayed much to gratify this idea; but either nature, memory, or education, forsook him, and he sunk into the bathos of the ridiculous when he attempted to soar higher than common actions, and strove to advance qualities which he could not command. He was proud, however, of being considered somebody, whether a canon or bishop, in the degrees of methodism, and made no little stir when he personated Martin Luther, or John Calvin.

But it would be impossible to unite half the 'good things' of which Johnny Fry was the promoter in himself and others. He weathered the storm through good and ill report to a late age; and his benefactor, in whose hands his little treasure had been deposited, was of too benevolent a nature not to exceed the supply for his ample use. His clay required moisture. His stomach, like an air balloon, expanded to a volition of gustative capacity; but, through which, like to the lock of a canal all passed glibly, ——— lbs. of candles—mutton—peas; or galls of ale—well— . . . . . . 'tis gone.

Alas!—alas!

Johnny Fry! now, thou, thyself art food, and thy better nature is rewarded in county chronicles. Now, thy gambols are ended, and no successor is shining in the starry magnitude of thy career, a tear will rise to the eye in thought of all thy 'winning ways,' and none survive thee who do not regret thou art not here to prefer quantity to quality, and devour, like Handell, at 'one fell swoop,' the ordinary portion of three men.

J. Z.

HORRORS OF SLAVERY IN NORTH AMERICA.

So far as respects the slaves, they are even still in a worse situation; for though their evidence is in no case admissible against the whites, the affirmation of free persons of colour, or their fellow-slaves, is received against them. I was placed in a situation at Charleston which gave me too frequent opportunities to witness the effects of slavery in its most aggravated state. Mrs. Street treated all the servants in the house in the most barbarous manner; and this, although she knew that Stewart, the hotel-keeper here, had lately nearly lost his life by maltreating a slave. He beat his cook, who was a stout fellow, until he could no longer support it. He rose upon his master, and in his turn gave him such a beating that it had nearly cost him his life; the cook immediately left the house, ran off, and was never afterwards heard of,—it was supposed that he had drowned himself. Not a day, however, passed without my hearing of Mrs. Street whipping and ill-using her unfortunate slaves. On one occasion, when one of the female slaves had disobliged her, she beat her until her own strength was exhausted, and then insisted on the bar-keeper, Mr. Ferguson, proceeding to inflict the remainder of the punishment—Mrs. Street in the mean-time took his place in the bar-room. She instructed him to lay on the whip severely in an adjoining room. His nature was repugnant to the execution of the duty which was imposed on him. He gave a wink to the girl, who understood it, and bellowed lustily, while he made the whip crack on the walls of the room. Mrs. Street expressed herself quite satisfied with the way in which Ferguson had executed her instructions; but, unfortunately for him, his lenity to the girl became known in the house, and the subject of merriment, and was one of the reasons for his dismissal before I left the house;—but I did not know of the most atrocious of all the proceedings of this cruel woman until the very day that I quitted the house. I had put up my clothes in my portmanteau, when I was about to set out, but finding it was rather too full, I had difficulty in getting it closed to allow me to lock it; I therefore told one of the boys to send me one of the stoutest of the men to assist me. A great robust fellow soon afterwards appeared, whom I found to be the cook, with tears in his eyes;—I asked him what was the matter? He told me that, just at the time when the boy called for him, [he had got so sharp a blow on the cheek bone, from the devil in petticoats as had unmanned him for the moment. Upon my expressing commiseration for him, he said he viewed this as nothing, but that he was leading a life of terrible suffering; that about two years had elapsed, since he and his wife, with his two children, had been exposed in the public market at Charleston for sale,—that he had been purchased by Mrs. Street, that his wife and children had been purchased by a different person; and that, though he was living in the same town with them, he never was allowed to see them;—he would be beaten within an ace of his life if he ventured to go to the corner of the street. Wherever the least symptom of rebellion or insubordination appears at Charleston on the part of a slave, the master sends the slave to the gaol, where he is whipped or beaten as the master desires.

The Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was at New Orleans in 1826, and who lodged in the boarding-house of the well-known Madame Herries, one of the best boarding-houses at New Orleans, has given a detailed account of the savage conduct of this lady to one of her slaves, which I transcribe in his own words:—One particular scene, which roused my indignation in the highest manner on the 22d March, I cannot suffer to pass in silence. There was a young Virginian female slave in our boarding-house, employed as a chamber-maid, a cleanly, attentive, and very regular individual. A Frenchman, residing in the house called in the morning early for water to wash. As the water was not instantly brought to him, he went down the steps and encountered the poor girl, who just then had some other occupation in hand. He struck her immediately with his fist in the face, so that the blood ran from her forehead. The poor creature, roused by this unmerited abuse, put herself on her defence, and caught the Frenchman by the throat. He screamed for help, but no one would interfere. The fellow then ran to his room, gathered his things together, and was about to leave the house. But when our landlady, Madame Herries heard of this, she disgraced herself by having twenty-six lashes inflicted upon the poor girl with a cow-hide, and refined upon her cruelty so much, that she forced the sweetheart of the girl, a young negro slave, to count off the lashes upon her. This Frenchman, a merchant's clerk from Montpelier, was not satisfied with this: He went to the police; lodged a complaint against the girl; had her arrested by two constables; and whipped again in his presence. I regret that I did not take a note of this miscreant's name, in order that I might give his disgraceful conduct its merited publicity."—*Stuart's Three Years in North America.*

Intimations of New Books.

Vegetable Cookery. By a Lady.

In utter condemnation of ardent spirits and the grosser qualities of animal food, the author advocates combinations of vegetables with ability; and gives instructions for the making pancakes, omelettes, and almost every delicacy which can be brought on the table for the healthy and invalid, at a reasonable price.

History of the American Theatre.

Theatres have increased in proportion to the progress of cultivated knowledge. America is not without writers and actors; ergo, a history of the Stage, as it has been, and as it is, is a desideratum in the circle of our Atlantic brethren. Arriving across the channel to us, it comes not in a 'questionable shape,' but conveys to our view an idea how the dramatic sphere is conducted. As our readers will expect, a great deal of confab is detailed respecting English performers that make their voices 'go forth into all lands,' and reach the very 'corners of the earth;'* and, as they are foremost in this 'History of the Theatre,' so will the work amuse and instruct those who will be at the trouble of perusing it.

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* Vide page 394, Matthews and Cooke.

Ten Minutes Advice on Coughs and Colds.

If by the attending to this advice, but for ten minutes, will point out a remedy, or even alleviate the common attacks to which our countrymen and fair sex are exposed, surely none of the conductors of families will neglect reading this book, which is cheap and valuable.

Dramatic Library, with Remarks Critical and Biographical. By George Daniel.

These remarks are neither strictly critical nor biographical; nor are they of the least interest, or utility, to the readers of the Dramatic Library.

Walks through London, or a Picture of the British Metropolis, &c. By G. A. Cooke, Esq.

Just such a personal acquaintance as a resident or visiter would seek in his obambulatory warfare through the metropolis, and a delightful companion to any one, wishing to be informed by accurate reference.

New Music.

Oh, do not say Farewell! By T. Blake. Music by T. B. Clough.

The words and music are prettily adapted; they bring the voice into an endearing request, and induce the hearer not to be so cruel as to lisp the fatal word "Farewell," in ——— "the society of friends."

Lady Love, Lady Love! By W. F. Collard. Music by A. Lee.

Waylett, having sung this ballad in her best style, is a sufficient passport for its popularity with those who can lull the senses, and shed a charm of hope over the sphere of mundane existence.

The Melodion.—No. 1.

This is a new musical periodical, started with laudable intentions and talented withal. We trust, therefore, that this number will be found worthy of patronage, by the adepts, amateurs, and tyros in harmonic science, and induce the proprietors to 'go on and prosper,' *con amore.*

Fine Arts.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The metropolis is never void of attraction; but while the last novelty draws the more superficial observers to a slight peep—none should pass by the more solid and higher works of art unnoticed. We, therefore, call the attention of our readers, who, we feel assured, are of a more intellectual class than the vulgo, commonalty-exhibition visiters, and invite them to the Diorama of Paris and Pisa, two performances most delightfully executed, and superior in every respect to any of the works which have preceded. The two poetical effusions given below will partly describe the workings of the mind of the artist; but nothing in language, short of a view, can delineate the contemplative effect of Campo Santo, or derive comprehension of the extensive unity, comprised from 'Montmartre.'

Campo Santo, and a View of Paris from Montmartre.

CAMPO SANTO.

Down the right line, a monumental shade
Of solemn veneration is portrayed;
Sarcophagi, busts, altars, vases, tombs,
In robes of age, exhibit sombre glooms—
The sculptor's art, which scrolls of fame hath spread,
But faintly shows the annals of the dead.
The silvery light sleeps on the marbled ground,
And sheds a charm of inspiration round;
Beside the dome, along the cloister's rims,
That tutor echoes to the vestal hymns,
In golden beauty, pure and brightly cast,
The beam of splendour glitters to the last—
Through the arcades, the walls and pillars shine,—
How beautiful!—Illustrious!—how divine!
No sandall'd footstep, or devotion's word,
Is in these avenues of silence heard;
The statues. musing, patiently delay,
And '*Campo Santo*' gently wears away,

VIEW OF PARIS—FROM MONTMARTRE.

PAINTED BY MR. DAGUERRE.

Drawn from the hallowed fragments of the great,
And Pisa's history of departed state,
More than thrice ten conspicnous places stand
Beneath blue skies, light clouds, in spacious land.
Montmartre bears its windmills to the right,
Yielding eternal structure and delight:
The 'sails' are resting for the South's mild breath,—
Within, though life prevails, all's still as death!
The shrubs and verdures, buildings, pathways, spires,
Attract the eye and propagate desires;
Though 'human forms' are not revealed—, what power
In this great city, to this very hour,
Exists! But, to behold how far, yet near,
The Painter's pencil makes his art appear!
Each part, site, view, pictorial skill displays,
And by correct design, elicits praise;
The 'foreground,' still, the love of light retains,
But distant mist, in slothful ease remains.

NEW ZEALAND.

The "Edinburgh Quarterly" in reviewing Mr. Earle's work on New Zealand, gives the following:

As soon as the ship entered the river, a number of canoes were seen pushing out, each of their crews eager to be first on board. They came on deck at every point, pleasure beaming in their countenances, and proceeded forthwith to give their visitors "a dance of welcome, standing on one spot, and stamping so furiously, that I really feared they would have stove in the decks, which our lady passengers were obliged to leave, as when the dance began, each man proceeded to strip himself naked." The movements appear not to have differed materially from those of the war dance, as described by Cruise; in which "the performers, who are perfectly naked, assemble in an irregular group, and jump perpendicularly from the ground as high and as frequently as possible, uttering a most piercing and savage yell."

The natives, after this wild display, sat down to supper, and behaved in so polite and respectable a manner, as quite won the good opinion of the ladies. Next morning they carried them most gallantly in their arms from the ship to the boats, which could not approach on account of the shallows. Mr. Earle took a ramble into the country, where he suddenly encountered the appalling spectacle of a human body roasted, and dogs feeding on its remains. He had been aware before of what this indicated; "still," says he, "the coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon a sight like this, completely sickened me." A poor young slave, it appears, employed to watch a plantation, had been so attracted by the appearance of the ship, that his attention being thus wholly engrossed, the hogs broke into the grounds, and committed extensive damages. "The result was certain;" the chief struck the unfortunate boy dead by a blow on the head with his stone hatchet, and ordered the body to be roasted and eaten. "We took care," says the writer, "not to shock the feelings of the females, by letting them know the tragedy so lately acted in the village, or horrify them by telling them that one of their carriers was the murderer. It would have been difficult to make them believe it of such a noble-looking and good-natured fellow."

A still more shocking instance afterwards occurred. The author and his companions were informed, that a fine young girl who had been with them the preceding day was killed, and in course of being cooked for dinner. They ran to the spot, and saw evident signs of the murder: "bloody mats were strewed around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing; he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feeling of horror may be recognised, when I saw the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening. We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man preparing the four quarters of a human being for a feast; the large bones having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head and walked off with it, into the bushes, no doubt to hide it there for another meal."

Atooi, a chief, after some attempts at evasion, acknowledged that this infernal banquet was preparing for himself, and even boasted of the dexterity with which he had accomplished the murder; admitting that the only offence of the victim consisted in having run away to her friends. "Shall I be credited, when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age!" The English gentlemen indignantly carried off the half-roasted corpse and buried it. They were assured, however, that they had acted very imprudently, and had gained nothing; since the remains were afterwards dug up, and the savage purpose completed.

Our author had presented to him a full image of it in the mock-fight, which forms their favourite amusement. "They divided themselves into two parties; one half the number took their station on a hill, and lay concealed; the other party crouched on the plains to receive the attack, all kneeling on one knee, with their eyes fixed on the spot whence they expected the rush of their pretended enemies. In a moment, the concealed party burst forth from their ambush, with a tremendous and simultaneous shout, and the mock battle began with great fury. Nothing in nature can be imagined more horrible than the noise they make on these occasions. I have heard, under circumstances of some peril, the North American Indian war-whoop; but that is trifling compared with it, and their countenances are hideous beyond description. My principal astonishment was, that they did not actually kill each other, or at least break each other's bones, for they seemed to strike with all the fury and vigour of a real engagement; but they kept such exact time, that at a moment's notice they all left off, and began joking and laughing."

The practices of the New Zealanders in regard to the female sex are abundantly revolting. Their virtue, while unmarried, is held in very little estimation, or rather is made the subject of regular traffic by their parents or nearest relations. Cook indeed describes this trade as conducted in a somewhat more reserved and respectable manner than in Otaheite, or the other islands; but even this decorum seems now in a great measure lost. After marriage, however, fidelity is exacted with the utmost rigour, and with all the relentless severity of the national character; the breach being punished with instant death. During Mr. Earle's stay, a chief, being satisfied of the guilt of one of his wives, took up his patoo-patoo, or stone hatchet, went to her, and without reproaching her, or saying a single word, struck her dead on the spot. He had such a remnant of humanity as not to eat her; but the body was thrown unburied to the dogs, till the English gave it sepulture. Yet the great men, having numerous wives, many of whom were originally captives, are not always unwilling to treat for the disposal of them. A chief, who saw that a fine young girl, one of his ten wives, was a favourite with the English, invited and even importuned them to take her in exchange for a musket; but into this treaty they did not think fit to enter.

Superficial writers have represented this people as destitute of religion, because they have neither temples, priests, nor sacrifices. But the New Zealanders are strongly impressed with the usual train of ideas which prevail on this subject among rude nations. They adore a supreme being, named Atua (Eatooa of Otaheite) as the author of every change in nature,—yielding to his will even a blind and mistaken submission. Attempts are made to cure a slight disease, but whenever it assumes a dangerous aspect, it is concluded that the Atua has determined upon taking the patient away, and that it would be profane to endeavour to obstruct this design; the sufferer is therefore devoutly abandoned to his fate. But the most striking superstition is that of *taboo*, by which a particular spot, with the aid of certain mystic ceremonies, is invested with so sacred a character, that it cannot be made the theatre of any ordinary occupation, nor even trode upon, without incurring the deadliest guilt. One application of this belief is exceedingly useful. Whenever a field is sown or planted, the taboo is applied, and forms round it a fence more secure than the loftiest wall or hedge. This consecration, however, is most inconvenient to a stranger, who cannot take a walk into the fields without being liable, at one step, to find himself become a profane being, the object of universal horror. Our author had the utmost difficulty in obtaining forgiveness for having lighted his fire with a few tabooed chips from a neighbouring dockyard. "A poor hen of ours did not escape so well; she, poor thing, ventured to form a nest, and actually hatched a fine family of chickens amid these sacred shavings. Loud was the outcry, and great the horror she occasioned, when she marched forth cackling with her merry brood around her. She, and all her little ones, were instantly sacrificed."

JOE CRAMBOURNE AND HIS WIVES.

(For the Olio.)

THE HANDSOMEST, PRETTIEST, AND NEATEST WOMEN IN LIVERPOOL.

As soon as I mounted the coach for the North, I made up my mind for a joke by the droll appearance of another passenger who placed himself by my side. The coachman, the pleasantest fellow alive, was of my opinion. The horses galloped out of London in fine style. The roads were firm by the frost, but not slippery. The air was very keen; but, during the noon, really delightful to a traveller clothed without and within, in the best possible keeping. My companion's name and occupation were no secret by his own confession. His tongue began to move, and he raised his voice to a strong pitch that all in his company should hear it beyond the roll of the wheels. "This is my *arch way* of riding," said he, as we passed Highgate. "My name is Joe Crambourne, and I am, by trade, a gen-

tleman. My first wife was the *handsomest* woman in Liverpool. The bucks of the day, who had been for ever running after her, when she was single, acknowledged it. 'Joe,' said they, 'is the happy man! He's got the Liverpool Beauty.' Poor creature! I lived many happy years with her; but she died without issue. I ventured to tie the marriage-knot a second time, by an union with the *prettiest* woman in Liverpool, as every body acknowledged my *cara sposa* to be. Fortune favored me, by her having three sons on the birth-days of three memorable poets: On Byron's, Moore's, and Campbell's. They are christened; the eldest, Joe Noel Byron Crambourne! The second, Tom Moore Crambourne! and the youngest, Thomas Campbell Crambourne! These circumstances, gentlemen, are attested facts. But I sigh to confess the truth; I am now on my way to the same city, in search of a *third wife!* I have given my love and duty faithfully to the two wives I have followed to the grave; and I hope to find their place supplied by the *neatest female* in the city." Saying this, he pushed his chin into the shawl which surrounded his neck, as the coach stopped at Barnet; his thread of discourse was broken. In his person, Joe Crambourne was short and thickset. His face was ruddy, and his nose more so. The flesh of his face nearly hid his dark eyes, and the gout had made some progress in thickening his ancles. Good living stretched the holds of his waistcoat, and years threw him on the verge of fifty. Wit, however, sparkled in his looks, good-nature in his manners, and he possessed so large a fund of detail that it would carry him any where pleasantly, whether in search of a wife or a friend. Success to Joe Crambourne!

A TRAVELLER.

DEATH OF CHARLES V.

THE manner of life followed by this great prince in his retirement was exceedingly simple. His chief exercises were those of devotion: he observed, as far as his infirmities would permit, the rule of the order (hermits of St. Jerome) with as much scrupulosity as if he had contracted the obligation by vow. For some months he relaxed from this severity by horticultural and mechanical recreations; but he never allowed them to interfere with more serious pursuits. Every morning he heard mass, and repeated a given number of prayers; every afternoon he listened to a sermon, or a homily of St. Augustine; every evening, vespers and complins. The interstices of his time were filled up by devout meditation, or by occasional converse with his domestics and the brotherhood, who were greatly edified by his religious zeal, and by his deep humility. Not only was all ceremonial banished, but he insisted on being accounted merely as one of the fraternity, declaring that he would rather serve than be served. He sang with so much sweetness and skill, that the monks are said frequently to have crept to the door of his cell to hear him more distinctly. That he had a scientific knowledge of the art, appeared from his instantly detecting a false note when raised by any brother in the choir. He had not much to distribute in private charity, as that duty was well performed by the monastery. In one instance, however, the manner was objectionable, and he solicited its disuse. The winter following his arrival, and most of the succeeding spring, was a season of famine. The peasantry flocked in great numbers to the gates; and when the porter of the monastery was unequal to the task of relieving the multitude, the monks joined him in the charitable office. Among the applicants were many women; some young and beautiful. Charles, who feared for the virtue of the fathers, loudly condemned the intercourse; and complained with such effect to the visiters-general of the order, that, in a chapter held for the occasion, it was decreed that no alms should thenceforth be disturbed at the gate, but that a certain quantity of corn should be given to each poor family by the alcaldes of the neighbouring towns and villages. At the same time he himself caused proclamation to be made, that whatever woman ventured nearer to the monastery than a chapel about two miles distant, should receive 100 stripes. Throughout life Charles had been a bigot, though policy had often made him smother the sentiment. Here, where no disguise was wanted, he appeared in all the deformity of the character. In his conversations with the prior and brotherhood, he observed that if any thing could draw him from his retreat, it would be the hope of punishing heretics; and that he had written to the inquisitors, exhorting them to pursue all with relentless severity, deliver all over to the flames, and to have mercy on none, not even if they should recant. He said that no dependence could be placed on the man who had once apostatised, nor was the sincerity of the recantation to be believed. Nay, he expressed his regret that he had not executed Luther, even though, by so doing, he would have violated the safe-conduct he himself had granted, and brought everlasting infamy on his name. Heresy, he said, was a crime, not against human but the Divine Majesty; and that to connive at its escape, was treason to the Highest. Yet, notwithstanding these execrable sentiments, he was ignorant, even by his own confession, of the Protestant tenets of faith. When a deputation from the Duke of Saxony and other reformed princes had waited on him, requesting that the preachers of the new doctrine might dispute in his presence with the Roman Catholic divines, and that the decision of the victory should rest with himself—nay, when assured that, in return for such a permission, the Protestant princes would join him, with all their forces, against the King of France, he refused his consent, for fear, as he confessed, lest some heretical opinion should find entrance into his mind. He added, by way of triumph, that once, when other princes of the same faith humbly besought him not to believe them heretics unheard, but to afford them at least the means of vindicating themselves—when they proposed as a lure the junction of their arms against the Grand Turk, promising him even the reduction of Constantinople—he had turned his back on them, exclaiming, "God forbid that I should consent to such a condition with the view of my own advantage! All my ambition is to know Christ, and him crucified!" Such a mind was obstinately shut against all evidence, nor would the demonstrations of an apostle have removed the impediment. The relation is not honourable either to the justice or understanding of the emperor. In perusing the monastic life of the imperial penitent, it is difficult to believe that he preserved at all times his mental sanity. He used the discipline with such severity that he was often covered with gore; and he expressed his regret that, owing to his bodily infirmities, he could not incur the additional mortification of sleeping in his clothes. St. Francis de Brogia, who had exchanged a ducal coronet for the coarse mantle of the jesuits, and who visited him in his retirement, observed, with more justice than we should have expected from an enthusiast, that he should comfort himself by reflecting how many nights he had passed under arms in the service of Christendom, and should thank God for having thereby done what would be more acceptable in the sight of heaven than could be performed by many monks in their cells. He spoke with more justice, and with a better insight into his state, when he observed that he looked back with the more sorrow on his past life, as the retrospect did not exhibit a single day that pleased him—not one sufficiently devoted to the glory of God. At length he drew towards the close of his career. From a feeling common enough in his cloister, he caused not only his own tomb to be constructed, but his coffin and shroud to be made, and assisted at his own obsequies. Shortly afterwards he was seized by a fever, then by a cold shivering. In vain was blood drawn from him; his disorder rapidly increased, and he rapidly grew weaker. All hope of recovery being abandoned, he confessed daily, and at length caused the extreme unction to be administered to him by the prior, just as was practised with the monks, some of whom were by his couch, joining him in repeating the penitential psalms. The following morning he again asked for the communion; and on the representation of his confessor that the repetition so soon was unnecessary, he persisted, observing that he had need of every preparation for so long a journey. When the sacred rite was administered, he exclaimed with pathos, "In me manes, ego in Te maneam!" Towards evening he grew worse; after midnight, perceiving that all around him were wrapt in melancholy silence, he said, "My hour is come! give me that taper and crucifix!" Though, a few hours preceding, four of his domestics had not been able without difficulty to turn him in bed, he now, we are told, changed from one side to the other with as much facility as if nothing ailed him. He took the lamp with one hand, the crucifix with the other; and after gazing for some time on the holy symbol of salvation, he exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard in the neighbouring cells, "Jesus!" and at the same moment surrendered his soul to God.

Cab. Cyclop. Vol. 23.

RETURNS.

Returns of Love to Women's hearts;
Returns of snuff to noses;
Many returns of faithful friends;
And spring's return, with posies. J. X.

MISERY OF LIVING TOO LONG.

At a wretched village in the Electorate of Hesse, the author of the "Low Countries" found a poor old American lady, whose history, simple as it is contains a complication of woe hardly to be paralleled. It is simply and touchingly described; and may afford a lesson to those who cannot find patience to bear the ordinary ills of life:—

"I have been here only a few days, and never was I more heartily sick of any place in my existence. What must it be for an utter stranger to be banished to such a place for a life-time! yet one such case there actually is, lingering in hopeless poverty, at the wretchen Wabern—an American lady, doomed by a most wayward succession of ill luck, to breathe on through days and months and years of this "living death," with hardly means to supply the most inexorable of the demands of nature. She was married to a German officer in the commissariat during the first American war, who died without leaving a farthing. The poor widow now wholly depends for escaping the wretchedness of high-way beggary on the gratuity of a few dollars a year, ill paid from the bounty of the elector, a sum hardly sufficient even in this cheap country to cover her "looped and widowed raggedness," and keep her in potatoes. To her other heavy griefs this poor lost gentlewoman adds the miseries of age far advanced, and of more rapidly advancing infirmities. Yet are these ills as nothing, she says, in comparison of the desolation she suffers, without having one friend to whom she can unburden her sorrows. She has daughters living in the village; but they are "strangers equally to her heart and to herself," having, at a very early age, married labourers and stone-breakers, and become embruted by their society into a state of utter indifference to their mother's feelings, which they cannot understand; and one crumb have they not to spare from their hard earnings towards her support. Become familiar with scenes of distress in a place where poverty is only kept at bay by the dint of hard labour, so far as appearances are concerned, they see little in their mother's lot varying from that of other paupers with whom they are familiar. The parent's keen pang of remembered days, they, of course, know nothing about, so that they can feel no sympathy, and offer no consolation. On the contrary, the wretched hoydens are perpetually before her eyes only as monuments of her misfortunes, adding gall to a cup of bitterness which already overflows. Perhaps it is impossible for simple misfortune, unaggravated by guilt, to go much farther. The poor gentlewoman's story is but too well authenticated; and were it not so, her withered worn look of despair, and the ingenuous manner and way of telling her simple narrative, were, God knows, evidence enough to rebuke the doubts of the most heartless suspicion. One may easily discern, through the veil which her years and sufferings have spread over her features that she has been handsome in her day. She still retains the air of a gentlewoman; and now and then, as she talked of her country, would grow cheerful. The recollection of her early years seemed to light up her intelligent features for a moment like the flitting gleam of a winter sky. It was but for a moment. The ordinary cast of her features was in harmony with her feeling of deep settled sadness, yet blending rather with resignation than despair. It is a great struggle to wear out the dress of life in this way.

CURIOUS ANCIENT STATUTES.

For the Olio.

Ale.—If any ale-house keeper shall sell less than a full quart of ale for a penny, or of the small ale two quarts for one penny, he shall forfeit for every such offence the sum of twenty shillings.—*1st James I. chap.* 9.

Fairs.—The King commandeth that from henceforth neither fairs nor markets be kept in church-yards, for the honour of the Church.—*13th Edward I. stat.* 2, *chap.* 6.

Woollen Caps.—All persons above the age of seven years shall wear upon Sabbath and Holydays, upon their heads, a cap of wool, knit, thicked, and dressed in England, upon pain to forfeit, for every day not wearing, three shillings and fourpence.—*13th Elizabeth, chap.* 19.

Fast Days.—Whosoever shall, by preaching, teaching, writing, or open speech, notify that eating fish, or forbearing of flesh, is of any necessity for saving the soul of man, shall be punished, as spreaders of false news are and ought to be.—*5th Elizabeth, chap.* 5. *sect.* 40.

Pins.—No person shall put to sale any pins, but only such as shall be double-headed, and have their heads soldered fast to the shank, and well smoothed; the shank well shaven; the point well and round filed, and sharpened.— *34th and 35th Henry VIII. chap.* 6.

Apparel.—And it is ordained and enacted, that no manner of person under the estate of a Lord shall wear any gown or mantell, unless it bee of such length, that hee being upright, it shall cover his buttocks, upon pain to forfeit twenty shillings.—*22nd Edward IV. chap.* 1. Q. Q.

Varieties.

Irish Beggars.—The address of an Irish beggar is much more poetical and animated than that of an English one; his phraseology is as peculiar as the recitative in which it is delivered: he conjures you, for the love and honour of God, to throw something to the poor famished sinner; by your father and mother's soul, to cast an eye of pity on his sufferings. He is equally liberal in his good wishes, whether you give him anything or not:—"May you live a hundred years!—May you pass unhurt through fire and water!—May the gates of Paradise be ever open to receive you!" are common modes of expression, which he utters with a volubility that is inconceivable.

Indian Superstition Respecting Fish.—Mackenzie found that salmon was so abundant in the river since known by his name, that the people had a constant supply. They had formed across the stream an embankment for placing fishing-machines, which were disposed both above and below it. For some reason, however, they would permit no near inspection of the weir; but it appeared to be four feet above the water, and was constructed of alternate layers of gravel and small trees, fixed in a slanting position. Beneath it were placed machines into which the salmon fell in attempting to leap over; and on either side was a large timber frame six feet above the water, in which passages were left leading directly into the machines, whilst at the foot of the fall dipping-nets were successfully employed. These people were observed to indulge an extreme superstition regarding their fish, refusing to taste flesh, and appearing to consider such an act as a pollution. One of their dogs having swallowed a bone which the travellers left, was beaten by his master till he disgorged it; and a bone of a deer being thrown into the river, a native dived, brought it up, consigned it to the fire, and carefully washed his hands. They would not lend their canoes for the use of the party, having observed some venison which they concluded was to be stowed on board; and they alleged that the fish would immediately smell it and leave them. Although generous in furnishing the strangers with as much roasted fish as they could consume, they would part with none in a raw state. They believed salmon to have an invincible antipathy to iron, and were afraid that, if given raw to the white men, they might take serious offence at being boiled in a vessel of this ominous metal. *Edin. Cab. Lib. No. IX.*

Freemasonry.—The following facts connected with the brotherhood are collected from the "Freemasons' Pocket Companion," a manual published by a brother of the Apollo Lodge, 711, Oxford. St. Alban, the first martyr for Christianity in England, was a supporter of the mystery; among the subsequent superintendents we find the names of St. Swithin, King Alfred, and Athelstan. The first Grand Lodge of England met at York in 926, according to a Charter from Athelstan. From the year 1155 to 1199 the fraternity was under the command of the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, whose mysteries and titles are still continued. We have still extant records of a Lodge held in the reign of Henry the Fifth at Canterbury, where Chichely, the Archbishop of that see, presided, where the names of the master, wardens; and other brethren are given; this was in 1429; the king himself was instituted. The St. Clairs of Rosslyn were Hereditary Grand Masters of the Order from the time of James the Second of Scotland till 1736, when the then representative of the family, being old and childless, resigned it to the Grand Lodge. Among the Grand Masters in England are numbered Dunstan, Edward the Confessor, Gondulph, Bishop of Rochester, Gilbert de Clare, William a Wykeham, Henry the Seventh, Thomas Gresham, Inigo Jones, W. Wren, and Dr. Desaguliers. William the Third was a freemason; so was George the Fourth; and so is his present Majesty. In 1717 there were only four lodges in London, who constituted themselves a Grand Lodge. There are now masons in all parts of the globe, who instantly recognise each other.

Fortune Telling.—The present Captain M—r—s, and the late Captain Ph-l-ps, were Lieutenants together in the Ardent, 64, at Yarmouth; and a very short time before the hard-fought action off Camperdown in 1797, were walking about on shore one day after dinner, when, on a sudden, it was proposed that they should go into a certain astrologer's, for a moment's amusement. As soon as they entered, a little sarcastic conversation commenced on the part of one of those gentlemen, who, more inquisitive than the other, was disposed to pay for a peep into futurity. The fortuneteller accordingly gave him money's worth of his ware; and told him, among other things, that he should shortly go to sea, and be in a bloody battle, which would lead to his promotion. This produced great laughter of course; however, the said ship went to sea a few days after. Admiral Duncan's fleet, which the Ardent belonged to, fell in with the Dutch fleet; the action was bloody indeed; the Ardent's Captain (Burgess) was killed; and Mr. Ph-l-ps, (the 1st Lieutenant) was consequently posted at once. To extend this anecdote, a few moments before the action began, the Master (Dunn) came up to Mr. M—r—s, and said to him, "What a precious scrape for tarring we shall give these fellows presently, but," changing his voice to a pensive sort of tone, "I am one of those that are not to live to talk of it," and was almost immediately shot dead.

Sagacity of a Monkey.—The servant of a medical gentleman, who was some time in India, caught a young monkey and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it: but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her progeny, that she never ceased uttering the most piteous tones, night or day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The Doctor, at length tired out with the incessant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal cheerfully retired, and sped its way to the community to which it had belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her progeny had lost caste, and, like the hunted deer, was beaten and rejected by the flock. A few days after our medical friend was greatly surprised to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with it. It entered his tent of its own accord, apparently very much exhausted, and having deposited its young one, it then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid itself down and died. On examining the carcase of the poor animal, it was found to be in a most emaciated state, starved, wounded and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt it had been dreadfully maltreated by its comrades; and finding no safety for itself or its offspring, returned the little one into the hands of those who were the cause of its misfortunes.

An Irish Story.—The priest of a parish in Ireland kept a horse for the purpose of visiting his parishioners and collecting his dues. He had no land on which to feed him, but was a free-commoner on all the open lands in the parish. He had returned one night from paying his daily visits, and having alighted from his horse, "Dan," says he to his servant, "turn the horse out on the common, and be sure and command him to the care of St. Anthony." The horse was turned out, but the next morning it was discovered he had been stolen. "Oh, Dan, Dan!" says he, "my beast is gone; I hope you did commend him to the care of Saint Anthony?" "Troth, sir," said Dan, "when I was turning him loose, I saw no reason for recommending to one saint more than to another, and so I recommended him to the care of the saints." "There it is, you spalpeen!" replied the indignant priest; "you gave him in charge to *all the saints.* What's every body's business is no body's business; and so my beast is lost among them!" *Fraser's Mag.*

The Force of Imagination.——A Lucchese peasant, out shooting sparrows, saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days, but the dog was not to be found, and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog, from his disappearing, was mad; and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to exhibit symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew every hour more violent; he raved, and had all the evidences of the most violent distemper. As he was lying, with his door open, to let in the last air he was to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal run up to the bedside, and licked his master's hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he at least was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head in a basin of water, and, thus refreshed, walked into the room to his astonished family. This statement is made in a memoir by Professor Barbantine; and it is not improbable that many attacks of a disease so strongly dependent on the imagination, may have originated in similar error, and the not having ascertained the state of the animal by which the bite was given.

Singular Transmission of Musket Balls through the Human Body.—A number of curious cases of the progress of musket-balls from the place where they were first lodged, have been observed by military surgeons. We have heard of a very remarkable case, where the musket-ball struck the forehead above the nose, and having divided it into two halves, one half went round beneath the skin, on the right side, and the other on the left, advancing in contact with the skull. We do not ask our readers to believe the poetical edition of this fact, that the two half bullets met again behind, and having performed the circuit of the head in opposite directions, and, advancing with a slightly diminished force, united, and killed an unfortunate man who stood in their way; but the fact of the splitting of the bullet, and the advance of each half in opposite directions, is unquestionable. The singular progress of a musket-bullet from the forehead to the throat, has been recorded by Dr. Fielding. At the first battle of Newbury, in the time of the civil wars, a medical gentleman was shot near the right eye. The skull was fractured at the place; but though the surgeon could see the pulsation of the brain beneath the wound, yet the bullet had turned to one side, and could not be discovered. Various bones were discharged from the wound, the mouth, and the nostrils. At the time of the second battle of Newbury the wound healed, and could not be kept open; but about twelve years afterwards, when the doctor was riding in a cold dark night, he felt a pain on the left side of his head, about the "almonds of the ear," which occasioned a partial deafness. Having stopped his ear with wool, he was surprised one day, in March 1670, by a sudden puff or crack in the ear, when all that side of his cheek hung loose, as if it had been paralytic, and a hard note was felt under the ear. Various tumours now appeared about the throat, and in August 1672, the bullet was taken out of the throat near the *pumum Adami*.

Fraser's Mag.

A First Lieutenant. —— I once thought the employment of midshipman's boy the worst in life. I beg to correct the thought, and say, that a first-lieutenant is ten thousand times more to be pitied, because his is a thankless situation. After all his troubles, all his labour, all his anxiety, he hears the captain complimented and not himself; and all the praise which ought to be bestowed upon him, settles quietly on the brow of his commander. It is really quite astonishing with what coolness men appropriate to themselves what belongs to another, either in praise or money. *The Life of a Sailor.*

Frederick the Great.—His Majesty being incognito at Amsterdam, wishes to speak to a banker who was to pay him a considerable sum of money, and repaired unattended to his house. The banker was out, but expected home soon, and his wife told the stranger he might if he chose wait his return in the parlour. The King was proceeding to profit by her proposal, when the lady stopped him as she threw open the door of the apartment, and begged, or rather commanded him, to leave his shoes at the outside. In vain he scraped and wiped them as clean as possible—he found himself obliged to submit. The lady was not polite enough to give him her company till her husband's return; who, when he came, was much astonished to see the monarch under his roof, and was nearly sinking with shame when he observed him to be without shoes, and learnt the cause. "Heavens! why did your Majesty not discover yourself?" exclaimed he, after making some stammering attempts to apologise for his wife. "That was the very thing I wished to avoid," replied Frederick, "for I saw plainly that the King of Prussia himself could not release me from this little ceremony." In this he was not deceived. The lady was called, and informed of the quality of her visitor. "Down on your knees, and beg pardon for your rudeness," said her husband. "I am very sorry, (said she,) but kings and queens should be cleanly—don't you see that I always pull off my own shoes, although the mistress of my own house." "You are perfectly right, madam," answered this paragon of kings. "Now, my dear sir, are you convinced? I was certain that keeping incognito and submitting, was my only chance of keeping the King of Prussia from disgrace."

THE PROPHECY.

Continued from page 421.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birth-day at length dawned, and Morley rose from a night of peaceful slumber in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection. A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation. There were only now a few hours to the conclusion of this long-dreaded day, and the *almost* impossibility of anything like fatality supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Morley was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited, as he had observed her of late frequently depressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a bright tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of agony. It was now eight o'clock, and Morley was in full health and spirits. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to retire, when his mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed exultingly:

"My child, has not the stranger who accosted thee on the day of the montem turned out to be a false prophet? This is your thirty-fourth birthday: there you are, alive and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan's confusion."

Every drop of blood in a moment left Morley's cheeks; his eye fixed, and after a pause he murmured, "He has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet." Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied and affected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired; but it was evident that the mother's ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies had retired. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly reawakened had, in a moment, struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. "Like a giant refreshed with wine," the thought which had now slumbered for years, arose the fresher from its long repose, and carried with it through his heart a desolation and an agony which nothing could enliven or abate. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eye-lid, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain; it was too evident that he was not at ease. Nine o'clock struck; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote sullenly upon Morley's ear like the wail of the dead. He started, his cheek grew paler, his lip quivered more rapidly, his fingers clenched, and, for a moment, he sunk back in his chair in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His friends proposed that they should repair to the drawing-room, in order to divert him from the dreadful apprehension which had evidently taken such a sudden possession of his mind. Every one present was aware of his montem adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of giving way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his soul to be so easily dislodged. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded.

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave; yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly been the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief. Morley talked, and even endeavoured to appear cheerful, but it was impossible thus to baffle the scrutiny of affection: maternal anxiety was not to be so easily lulled. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Morley took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humour, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself. It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded, and shortly after eleven o'clock, Morley took his candle, and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She, however, at length succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber. He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great depression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She, however, did not feel any positive alarm, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and she flattered herself that as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his apprehensions would dissipate, and his peace of mind return, without any fear of future interruption. By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan; she listened; it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly throwing on her dressing-gown, she hurried to the door, and paused a moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived. The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Morley, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy. He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bed-side, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not *counted the midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birth-day.* The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

What a delightful country is Tuscany! Goldoni truly says,—'If Italy be the garden of Europe, Tuscany is the garden of Italy.' The capital of this favoured region,—fair Florence,—is, in its turn, the Athens of the Italians. But a foreigner, who makes the tour of Italy, however great may be his love of art and nature, must sooner or later come to the resolution of leaving Athens and its gardens.

I set out from Florence, accompanied by Count T———, a young Polish nobleman, with whom I had become acquainted in Rome. I was obliged to return to France, and the Count was to accompany me as far as Genoa. As we were in no immediate hurry, we resolved to travel by short stages, in a *sedia*, a sort of cabriolet, common in that part of Italy. We proceeded first to Leghorn, then passed through Pisa, Lucca, Massa, Sarsana, and on the seventh day we reached Genoa, having spent a week in journeying fifty leagues. This is, to my taste, the best mode of travelling.

Leghorn is an important maritime point; but it is a receptacle of Jew brokers and smugglers. I had no sooner entered the town, than I wished myself out of it.

At Pisa, we saw the famous inclined spire; *il campanile torto.* If its bend really originated in the design of the architect, and is not owing (as is more probable) to a sinking of the ground, all that can be said of it is, that the artist must have possessed a most barbarous taste, and his pretended *tour de force* is a mere monstrosity.

The *Campo Santo* of Pisa is an object worthy of serious attention. This ancient cemetery is surrounded by a cloister of Moorish architecture, which is a perfect model of elegance and lightness. At sight of it, the traveller might fancy himself transported to the Alhambra. The walls are ornamented with fresco, almost obliterated by time, and which are supposed to be the earliest specimen of that kind of painting produced after the revival of the arts. The cemetery is said to be formed of nine feet of holy ground brought from Palestine, and which, it is still maintained, had the peculiar property of consuming, within the space of twenty-four hours, the bodies deposited in it. Among the tombs which adorn the porticos of the cloister, I observed that of Algarotti, on which I read the following inscription:—

'Algarotti,
Ovidii Æmulo,
Neutonii Discipulo,
Fredericus Magnus.'

What a strange combination of names in a Catholic cemetery! Algarotti, Ovid, Newton, and Frederick II.

After visiting the Gulph of Spezzia

and the pretty little town of Chiavari, we reached the mountains, across which is formed the road known by the name of the passage of the *Bocchetta*.

On a bright May morning we ascended on foot to one of the most elevated points of this picturesque road. Not far from a miserable inn, situated in this lofty region, we were met by a little girl, who presented to us a basket of fruit and flowers. We were astonished at the extraordinary beauty of the child, which was not disguised by the tattered garments in which she was clothed. She had one of those Raphaelesque heads, which are seen nowhere but in the Madonnas of the divine painter Urbino. The contour of her countenance was inimitably formed; her features, and especially her eyes, were exquisitely fine, and her whole countenance had an angelic expression of candour and suavity; in short, she was one of those pure creations of beauty, which even the dreams of imagination can scarcely picture. We enquired her name; she replied, Giulietta:—her age; she was not yet eight. On our arrival at the inn, which was kept by her mother, we were still talking to the interesting child, who amused us by the arch simplicity of her answers.

'I should like to take your little girl home with me,' said I, jokingly, to the mother, 'if you would let her go. I am not married, and I would adopt her as my own child. Would you part with her?'

'Why not?' said the woman.

'But consider. I would take her to my country, and you would, perhaps, never see her again. Would you consent to part with your child on these conditions?'

Her reply was, 'I have two more children.'

This unfeeling answer from the lips of a mother spoiled all in a moment. We felt as if the curtain had suddenly dropped in the midst of an interesting scene. We paid for the fruit and flowers and some refreshment we had partaken of, and having given a little present of money to Giulietta, we stepped into our *sedia* and drove off.

'I perceive, my dear Count,' said I to my companion, 'that you are both surprised and shocked at that woman's want of feeling.'

'More shocked than surprised, I must confess,' replied the Count. 'But poverty—chill poverty, will blight even maternal affection, that instinct of nature. Do we not see the negresses sell their children. But after all, if we look a little deeper than the surface of things, we shall perhaps see that the poor woman whom we have just left, is not so devoid of feeling as she seems to be. Probably she thought that your proposition might turn to the advantage of her child, and——'

'Ah! it is painful to reflect on the destiny which may probably await that lovely child. Seven or eight years hence she will most likely marry some boorish peasant, or perhaps her beauty may render her the prey of a bandit.'

'Such is her probable fate; but after all fortune may have a better lot in store for Giulietta. Who knows but that some other traveller may take it into his head to execute the plan which you just now proposed in jest?'

'Well, after all, Count, I do not see that the idea is so very absurd. Indeed if I were rich, and wholly master of my own actions, I might perchance have thought seriously of the matter. The girl possesses an extraordinary share of natural intelligence, which a careful education would develope.'

'What a charming romance! But extraordinary as it may seem, I do assure you that such an experiment was actually made by a friend of mine, Prince Lowinsky, whom you probably knew when he was in Paris.'

'I have heard of him, but was not acquainted with him.'

'Well, I will tell you the story, and what is more, I can vouch for its truth:—At the age of twenty-five, Prince Stanislas Lowinski became the heir to a noble name and a vast fortune. The Prince entertained a strong prejudice against marriage, and having no family ties at home, he left Poland at the commencement of the present century, to travel through Italy. He spent the winter of 1802 at Rome. Leaving that city, he made, as we have, the usual excursions in ancient Latium. He visited, by turns, Tivoli, Frascati, Albano, Nemi, and the other interesting points of that classic region. One day, when on his way to inspect the ruins of Tusculum, he met a little girl, whose beautiful countenance attracted his attention. The Prince questioned her. Paolina was ten years of age. Her parents were poor labourers, and while employed at their daily work they sent their children to beg on the roads which were frequented by travellers. In a word, Paolina extended her little hand for the alms which were too often refused. Prince Stanislas possessed a feeling and generous heart, joined to somewhat of a romantic turn of mind. He suddenly conceived the idea of adopting this beautiful child, and he desired Paolina to conduct him to the dwelling of her parents. The latter, amazed at his proposition, at first evinced a very natural repugnance to it. They did not, like the mother of Giulietta, say, at the first question—*Why not? I have other children.* However, their objections were overcome by the urgent entreaties of the Prince, accompanied by the promise of a pension, and more especially by the prospect of the advantage their child would one day derive from the adoption. The arrangements being agreed on, Stanislas returned to the cottage. Three days after, Paolina was dressed and in readiness to depart. The garments she now wore had been provided by order of the Prince, and were suited to her new condition. If she was beautiful in her rags, she was now a thousand times more attractive. Paolina was placed in an elegant caleche, which drove off, amidst the repeated benedictions and farewells of her friends.

This incident caused a considerable sensation in the fashionable circles of Rome. Some approved of the Prince's plan, and lauded his generosity: some loudly condemned him, and styled him eccentric; but the greater number, charmed by the beauty of the child, and her indications of talent and amiability, felt interested in the issue of the Prince's enterprize. The question was discussed one evening at the *conversazione* of the witty Duchess Amati.

"Blood cannot belie itself," observed the Prince of Castelnuovo, "Lowinski may do what he will, but he may rest assured that he will lose both his time and trouble. Education, introductions, everything that may be done to efface the primitive stain, will never make Paolina pass for a woman of rank. Even supposing (which is a very gratuitous hypothesis) that she should marry in an elevated sphere, she will never be anything but Paolina, and the *paysanne parvenue* will always be recognizable."

"Certainly," exclaimed Cardinal S. and Madame di Riccioli, "the girl is a peasant born, and her origin will peep out in spite of everything."

"Henry IV. of France used to say, *La caque sent toujours le hareng*," observed Monsignore Bernola, delighted to slip in this trait of erudition.

However, condemned by some, praised by others, and caring little for either compliments or censure, Stanislas prosecuted his plan, and success began to crown his hopes. Having made arrangements for the regular payment of the pension he had settled on Paolina's parents, spring arrived, and he set out for Warsaw with his interesting charge.

I need scarcely observe that the most skilful masters were employed, and that nothing was omitted to ensure to the fair Italian a solid and accomplished education. Every year brought rapid progress, and Paolina grew in beauty, grace, and talent. The general admiration she excited in every circle speedily gave rise to a more tender sentiment in the hearts of several young Polish noblemen. Unmindful of her birth, and dazzled by her rare and various merits, they openly avowed themselves suitors for her hand; but Paolina's heart was not yet susceptible to love. Meanwhile, Stanislas experienced, unconsciously, a secret displeasure at the attentions of Paolina's suitors. He began to suspect that his displeasure was the result of jealousy, and at length discovered that he was himself in love. This discovery at first alarmed him; but, after a little consideration, he said to himself,—"After all, who is so capable of loving Paolina, and appreciating her merits, as I am! I am fifteen years older than she, it is true; but even the disparity of age is not so very great. Yes, I am resolved, I will open my heart to her. But if she should have conferred her affections on another. Be it so. I will not, thwart her inclination;—the happy man shall be her husband. If, on the other hand, my homage should be accepted, my resolution is formed, and Paolina shall be my wife."

But resolved as he supposed himself to be, Prince Stanislas nevertheless maintained profound silence. He became timid and embarrassed when in the presence of his ward. At every favourable opportunity for explaining himself, the declaration expired on his lips, and delicacy overcame his resolution. With a man of a noble and candid feeling, this state of things could not last long. The Prince at length spoke, and spoke to the purpose, for he loved fervently and sincerely. How was he overjoyed and surprised! his declaration was received with tears of affection! The Prince was transported! For a moment he feared that he owed his happiness to excess of gratitude. This apprehension was speedily banished. Paolina loved Stanislas, and they were united.

In 1813, Prince Lowinski being charged with an important mission to the Emperor Napoleon, visited Paris, accompanied by his wife. The Princess must be fresh in the recollection of all who then figured in the brilliant saloons of the French capital, where her beauty and accomplishments were the universal theme of admiration.

The little beggar girl of Frascati, or to call her by the name by which she is now distinguished, Princess Paolina Lowinski, is only in her thirty-fifth year. Her beauty has now assumed an air of maturity and dignity, and her whole appearance bears that stamp of nobility which, in spite of prejudice, may be conferred by the gifts of nature and the refinements of education. Paolina is an exemplary wife and mother; and, in short, an ornament to her sex.

"Now, sir," continued the Count, addressing me, "what is your opinion. Do not you think that Prince Lowinski acted wisely?"

"I must needs confess," replied I, "that he appears to me to have been more fortunate than wise."

"What would you call such a union? Was it a marriage of reason or a marriage of love?'

"Why, so far as I can presume to form an opinion of the matter, I think that reason and love appear to have been on a footing of perfect accordance; and the result was a happy marriage; and that at least, you must allow, is something rare."

A CHURCH DIGNITARY'S ECCENTRICITIES.

The late Archdeacon ———'s custom of saluting the Bride.

When he read the church service, his delivery was so rapid that the Martinus Scriblerus, P. C., grey in the cause of the desk duties, with 'spectacles on nose,' found it the greatest difficulty to keep pace in the reading, and 'come in at the death.' What with his asthma and his unlettered muse, it was enough to raise a smile where feeling bequeathed a sigh. On matrimonial requisitions, it was the unvarying custom of the Archdeacon, when the wedding ceremony was concluded, to catch a salute of the bride, in spite of the agility of the bridegroom; and he boasted, that 'he had stolen a kiss where others dared not steal.'

How many hairs are in a horse's tail?

The Archdeacon once asked his coachman, "How many hairs were in a horse's tail?" The coachman, himself a dry humourist, said, "I be not quite scholared enough for that, Zur; but I thinks about as many would hang o' body to yon tree, if so be they was twisted." "Very good, very good, Thomas," the Archdeacon replied, familiarly; "if thou were not so advanced in years, I would send thee to college. That demonstration would puzzle the wisest professors at Oxford." "Why, *ye'es, Zur*," Thomas reiterated, "if so be without *counting* 'um, that's zure." The reverend wit trotted off into his study, chuckling; and Thomas stalked into the coach-house, winking at the butler, in having drawn so freely on his master's dignity.

AVARICE OF AMERICANS.

Murat, in his Sketches of the United States, says:—"There (in the New England States) the men seem born to calculate by pence and farthings; but they rise thereby to calculate by millions, without losing an atom of their exactness or the paltriness of their original views. Their greediness of gain is beyond all shame, and they make no scruple of avowing openly, like Petit-Jean, that 'without money, honour is but a disease.'

"This calculating and avaricious spirit harmonizes wonderfully with the pharisaical observance of Sunday, which they call the Sabbath, and all the puritanical observances of the Presbyterian faith, of which most of them are professors. They are so scrupulous in this respect, that a brewer was publicly rebuked in church for having brewed on Saturday, which had exposed the beer to *work* on the Sabbath day. This they call morality, which they hold consists much more in not swearing, singing, dancing, or walking on the Sunday, than in refraining from the commission of fraudulent bankruptcy. This species of hypocrisy is so natural to them, that the greatest number of them practise it with perfect sincerity. They themselves glory in speaking of their country as the 'country of steady habits;' not that they are a whit more virtuous, but because they put on a demure air once a week, and on Saturdays are content with codfish and apple-pies. Boston, their capital, however, abounds with eminent literary men; it is styled the 'American Athens;' it was the cradle of their liberty, and produced several of its most zealous defenders, men equally distinguished in council and in the field of battle. Education is there much more diffused than in any other part of the world whatever. In short, they possess every thing that leads to greatness, and have great views, without ever relinquishing that petty spirit of detail which follows them every where. Everywhere you may recognize a genuine Yankee by the adroit manner in which he asks questions about matters with which he is perfectly acquainted,—by the evasive way in which he answers such as are put to himself, without ever affirming anything,—and especially by the dexterous manner in which he contrives to disappear the moment the bill is ordered."

Varieties.

Maximilian and Durer.—As Albert Durer was sketching upon a wall in presence of the Emperor and his court, the ladder upon which he stood slipped, and the monarch bade the nobleman who was nearest the painter hold it. The nobleman, drawing back, beckoned a servant to perform in his stead an office which he judged derogatory to his rank. Maximilian rebuked him; and when the courtier urged in his justification the necessity of maintaining his dignity, indignantly rejoined, "Albert's excellence in his art raises him far above a nobleman; for I can transform a peasant into a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, but not a nobleman into an artist."

Remarks on Matrimonial Advertisements.—If the days of chivalry be closed; if the affections of romance be dead; if the mind be a marketable commodity,—let hearts be bartered as stock articles, and the doctrine of advertising for husbands and wives promulgated agreeably with the plan of the author. But if the sun of love yet shines in sickness and sorrow, and the spark of virtue is kindled in trials of the severest class; if the mind contains those endearing qualities which constitute human happiness—the advocate for 'Matrimonial Advertisements' will gain nothing by his remarks.

Attachment of Animals.—There were two Hanoverian horses, which had assisted in drawing the same gun during the whole Peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. One of them met his death in an engagement; after which the survivor was picqueted as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat, and kept constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted, to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanour indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion fell.

Fishing Cats.——Many instances have been recorded of cats catching fish. Mr. Moody, of Jesmond, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had a cat in 1829, which had been in his possession for some years, that caught fish with great assiduity, and frequently brought them home alive! Besides minnows and eels, she occasionally carried home pilchards, one of which, six inches long, was found in her possession in August 1827. She also contrived to teach a neighbour's cat to fish; and the two have been seen together watching by the Uis for fish. At other times, they have been seen at opposite sides of the river, not far from each other, on the look out for their prey.

The following still more extraordinary circumstance of a cat fishing in the sea appeared in the *Plymouth Journal*, June, 1828:—

There is now at the battery on the Devil's Point, a cat, which is an expert catcher of the finny tribe, being in the constant habit of diving into the sea, and bringing up the fish alive in her mouth, and depositing them in the guard-room, for the use of the soldiers. She is now seven years old, and has long been a useful caterer. It is supposed that her pursuit of the water-rats first taught her to venture into the water, to which it is well known puss has a natural aversion. She is as fond of the water as a Newfoundland dog, and takes her regular peregrinations along the rocks at its edge, looking out for her prey, ready to dive for them at a moment's notice.

A Fine Reply.—A gentleman visiting the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, asked one of the pupils "What is eternity?" and received for an answer, "It is the lifetime of the Almighty."

END OF VOL. X.

INDEX

TO

VOLUME THE TENTH.

Aborigines on the northern coasts of America, 178
Abyssinia, Elephant hunting in, 58
African Expedition, New, 109
Agriculture of the ancients, 79
Amelia Sophia, Princess, 128
American assizes, 88
——— House of Representatives, 414
——— learning, 160
——— editor, Sketch of an, 281
——— taverners, 350
Ancient statutes, Curious, 429
Angry child, The, 232
Animals and plants, Yellow colour of, 400
——— Habits of, 239
Annuals, Tablets for the, 200, 216, 233, 265
Antwerp, 256
Argument, An, 77
Athenian priests, 347
Attack upon a hare by a magpie, 415
Austerlitz, The battle of, 365
Author, An, 247
Authors, celebrated, Plagiarisms of, 10
Avarice, 128

Badajos, Description of the fall of, and horrors of war, 389
Ballot in North America, On, 405
Baron Geramb, 7
Barometers, Vegetable, 80
Bayonet, The, 93
Bed, Richard the Third's, 94
Beggars of Mullingar, The, 191
Beggars, Irish, 430
Bell-ringers narrative, A, 325
Bertha; or, the false-hearted Count, 257
Bernardo, Count of Barcelona, Tragical fate of, 15
Bibb, the engraver, 192
Bible, The, 79
Bitters, 251
Black Convict, 177
Blacks and whites of the mendicant class, The, 216
Blanche Rose, 161, 181, 198
Black Mask, The, 305, 332
Blind adventure, A, 186
"Book of Beauty," Heath's, On reading, 352
Books, New, Intimations of,—
Buccaneer, The, 360
Dramatic Library, 224
Evergreen and Amaranth, 152
Georgian Era, The, 393
Ghost Hunter and his Family, The, 394
History of the American Theatres, 423
Italian Exile in England, 394
Knowledge for the People, 92
Life of a Sailor, The, 393
Lights and Shadows of German Life, 360
Lauread, The, 394
Lyric Leaves, 360
People's Almanack, The, 394
Phiziorama of Fun, The, 360
Sermons by the Rev. Mr. Stebbing, M.A., 360
Splendid Village, The Corn Law Rhymes and other Poems, 360
Shakspearean Forgeries, The, 92
Ten Minutes Advice on Coughs and Colds, 424
Vegetable Cookery, by a Lady, 423
Walks through London; or, A Picture of the British Metropolis, 424
Borneo, The iron of, 16
Brave protector, The, 156
Bracelet, The, 405
Bragging district, A, 271
Brief epitaph, 176
Brigand, Capture of a, 286
Brothers, The, 249
Brougham, Lord, 415
Burnet, Bishop, 240
Burglar, The; or, Maternal love, 337
Burns, The poet, 288
Busby, Dr., 254
Byron's, Lord, adventure with an Italian girl, 120
——— opinion of Sir W. Scott, 141

Caledonian comfort, 312
Campo Santo, and a view of Paris from Montmartre, 424
Calculating boys, 224
Cambrian magistrate, A, 143
Cape Town, An adventure in, 217
Carl Schwartzen, the neatherd, 97

Cats, 288
Catching a Tartar, 368
Chak Savak, 206
Chatham, Earl of, 176
Charleston, America, 24
Charles the Fifth, Death of, 427
Chinese superstition, 80
Choice of evils, A, 400
Church-yards and Epitaphs, 12
Chrysanthemum, The, 281
Citizen, The, 140
Civility, 128
Clay-eaters, 320
Colosseum, The, 376
Comekala, 175
Combustion, Spontaneous, 156
Coffin, Sir Isaac, 367
Conundrums, 176
Constantine, Duke, and the Monkey, 16
Constantinople, Method of selling women in, 348
Country cousins, 200
——— choir, Picture of a, 48
Courtship of the late Dr. R., 16
Crambourne, Joe, and his wives, 426
Crosses, Swift's impatience of, 68
Cuba Fishermen, 27, 33, 58, 70
Cupid, A real, 217
Curiosity, Extraordinary, 128
Customs, Moosulman, 205
Cyril Ashburne, 1

Dance, A new, 126
Dandy, A, 160
Dandies, in the Elizabethian age, 78
Dangerous Lunatic, 367
Dawe the painter, 416
Diorama, 424
Discovery, Singular, 206
Dog, Singular account of a, 47
Dog races, 239
Dogs, The barking of, 62
Don Carlos, History of, 363
Draughts, 394
Dram-drinkers, To cure, 272
Dreams, extraordinary, and effects thereof, 187
Drinking healths, Origin of, 144
Duc de Berry, Assassination and last moments of the, 313
Duel, The, 347
Dying fortitude, 240

Eagle and salmon, Struggle between a, 287
Eastern antiquities—Buddhist temple, 330
Ecclesiastics, Portuguese, 53
Edward VI., Birth of, 15
Electioneering, 312
Elizabeth, Queen, and Philip II, of Spain, 379
Eloquence, Bar and Pulpit, 85
Emerald Ring, The, 90
Emma, To, 85
English, Character of the, 62
——— porcelain, 173
——— Fashionable Society, 39
England, 23
Epigram, 256
Epitaph, A sawyer's, 192
———, 384
Escape, The narrow, 381
Estimation of a cat, 368
Eugenius, Saint, 70
Experiment, Curious, 32
Expostulation, 153
Fannies, The three, 256
Fatal Letter, The, 121
Feast of Lots, Custom of, 174
Ferdinand, King, Cruelty of, 142
Fidelity and maternal attachment, 95
First Lieutenant, A, 432
First start in the world, 293
Fish, Curious, 14
—— Singular, 383
Flask of Schedam, The, 136
Flour, Adulterated, 96
Forger, The, 145, 170
Fortune-telling, 431
Fox-hunter, A, 384
Fox, Charles James, 128
———, 93
Freemasonry, 430
Frederick the Great, 432
French, Dentist, 395
Fry, Johnny, 421
Fuller, Jack, 367

Galvanism, Remarkable effects of, 175
Game of the tinkler's shop, The, 351
Gaming, Thoughts on, 149
Gambling, Effects of, 160
Ganges, Source of the, 63
Garrick, Singular anecdote of, 272
Gentleman, Character of a, 95
———, A, 78
———, A, 142
George the First and Dr. Lockier, 112
——— and his mistresses, 80
——— Second, and the Young Pretender, 96
———, 80
——— Third and the late Jeremy Bentham, 16
Genuine Liberality, 160
German Village, An interesting, 287
——— peasantry, Habits and character of the, 302
Ghost stories; or shades of the departed—Poor Peter and will o' the wisp, 348
———, The Hobgoblin, 294
———, The miller and segery bell, 408
Ghost-hunter, and his Family, 385
Ghertrude Bremmel; or, the harponeer of Fish-hook Bay, 273

Girl of Cadiz, The, 7
Gipsies, Origin of, 77
———, 150
Goethe, Biography of, 31
Gold discovered in Egypt, 206
Good accommodations, 320
—— nature, 320
—— neighbours, 144
—— management, 416
Graces, Gallery of the, 398
Greek fragment, Translation of a, 169
Happy new year, A, 359
Hare-hound and the witch, The, 241, 265, 279
Hariot, or Herriot, 270
Hawksyard Hall, 57
Haydn, 160
Heat of the earth, Remarkable, 254
Hemmings, Miss Eliz., To, 136
Henry of Nemours; or, the iron cage, 249
Herschel, Visit to, 61
High life, 407
Hill, Lord, at Talavera, 62
Highly charged, 78
Hoity toity, Value of a, 336
Holy Cross, History of, 219
Honest Fisherman, The, 151
——— Lawyer, The only, 400
Honourable thief, The, 229
Honour of holding his Majesty's head in sea-sickness, 383
Horses, Shoeing, in Italy, 78
House of Commons, Shelley's dislike to the, 174
How to answer one question by asking another, 144
How eggs are boiled, 95
Hughes, Mary, Tale of the Welch Highlands, 17, 23
Human Ear, Powers of the, 14
Hungarian horse-dealer, 259

Imagination, The force of, 431
Indian justice, 301
Irish bar, The, 416
—— Shrovetide, An, 378
—— Faith, 32
—— logic, 384
—— figure of rhetoric, 176
—— Story, An, 431
Italian Sloth, 32

Jack tar, A real, 271
Jaguar, Anecdote of a, 416
Japanese mirror, Extraordinary, 336
Jayme I., Character of, 158
Jemsheed, Famous sayings of, 254
Jeremy Bentham, Autobiography of, 31
——— Taylor, Opinions of, 304
——— Collier, Opinions of, 238
Joachim the Malay; or, the doom of Gabriel Droogsloot, 321
Johnson, Dr., Manner and appearance of 262
Jones's, The, 271
Junot, Anecdote of, 222

King Joam, Severity of, 14
—— of Poland, The late, 208
Kentish customs, 367

La Belle Cauchoise, 202
Laconic invitation, 272
Lake of vitriol, 287
Last supper, Curious South American painting of the, 351
Letter too Much, A, 78
Life, 346
——, 128
——, On, 104
Lincolnshire, Customs and superstitions of, 412
Lines addressed to Susan, 280
Liston's Mawworm, 400
Living too long, Misery of, 429
Loss of a Nose, 240
Lost Daughter, The, 130
Love, 409
Love's little finger, 173
Ludicrous scene on the heights of Boulogne, 281
Lunatic, A regal, 148
Luxury of nature, The, 176

Macklin, 191
Madness, Extraordinary, 64
Magnetism, Animal, Singular phenomena in, 255
Maiden Speech, Sheridan's, 94
Mail-coach driver, Description of a, 415
Maria Antoinette, Lines written on the fan of, 78
Mary and her sire, 393
Massena, Retreat of, 64
Matthews, C., and the late G. Cooke, 394
"Meditations upon a Broom-Stick," Origin of Dean Swift's, 140
Mervyn's Bridal; a Wiltshire Legend, 49, 63
Metempsechosis, 78
Midnight Wind, The, 344
Miracles of the Virgin, 190
Miseries of wealth, 383
Miss Steel's marriage with Mr. Wood, On, 368
Miss G., To, 27
Mitchell, the notorious pirate, 125
Modern dictionary, 304
Mohammedan miracles, 205
Mohammed Alee Pasha, Biographical Account of, 329
Monkey, Sagacity of a, 431
Monument, Singular, 176
Montmorency, Duchess of, 140

Money, Epigram on, 100
———, Married for, 100, 118
Moon, making the most of the, 208
Moore, Thomas, Original anecdote of, 367
Moorfields, 230
Morning Star, The, 401
Mosaic Work, 48
Musket balls, Singular transmission of, through the human body, 432
Music, New—
  Lady love, Lady love, 424
  Melodion, No. 1, 424
  Oh! do not say farewell, 424
Mutual exchange, 149
My dog Quail, 237

Naming a street, 240
Nell Gwynne, 400
Niagara, Falls of the, 365
Night attack, The, 193
Not to be tempted, 64
Not so bad as expected, 64
Nymph of the Lurlei Berg, The, 225, 252

Odd ode, An, 248
Origins, 382
Opening of the Sixth Seal, The, 109
Orleans and Napoleon, 176

Pacha, The long nails of the, 125
Paddy Pooshane's Fricassee, 54
Page from a Cantab's note-book, 298
Parliamentary reporting, 255
Pawnbrokers pledges, 224
Penny persuaders, 153
Perfumes, Antipathy of the women of Rome to, 352
Perspiration, Relief by, 112
Persian women, Customs, manners, and charms of the, 311
Pictures in the Peak, 8
Pigeons, Carrier, 64
Pitt, Mr., Witticisms of, 400
Places of public amusement, Licensed and unlicensed, 281
Plague in former times, Brief account of the, 48
Poetaster to an editor, 312
Portrait painter's prattle, 296
Pottery of the Ancients, 68
Prayer of Childhood, The, 218
Prelate, Murder of, 15
Present and the past, The, 359
President Jackson, 176
Prisoner, The, 344
Progress of Time, The, 365
Promotion at Court, 304
Prophecy, The, 417
Prudence, 384
Prussia, King of, The present, 126
Publicans and tax-gatherers, 251
Puma, The, 76
Pye-woman, an old, Epitaph on, 112

Rammohun Roy, 159
Rascal, How to flog a, 288
Rats in Jamaica, 336
Red-coated gentleman, The, 324
Red sea, Tradition of, 62
Remarkable anagram, 304
Renegade Barber, The, 81
Retrospective and prospective movements of the year, 344
Returns, 428
Rheumatism, American recipe for, 288
Rice glue, 271
Romance of war, The, 96
Romantic history, 152
Russians, Singular superstitions of the, 377
Russia, Administration of justice in, 346

Sacred melody, 187
Sagacity, Animal, 142
Saint Simonians, Religious tenets of the, 216
Salt water, Efficacy of, 272
Sam Scrapes, 120
Sandy Wood's plan of supporting a wife, 158
Scarlet Witch, The, 369, 395, 410
Scolding, 112
Scottish thistle, The, 224
Scotch, Wilkes's antipathy to the, 94
——— execution, Whitfield, Mr., at a, 111
Scotland, Superstition in, 63
Scott, Sir W., Lines in memory of, 152
——— Memoir of, 155
——— Personal appearance and character of, 169
——— A few thoughts on, 215
——— 160
——— A day with, 360
——— 383
———, Michael, the magician, 138
Scraps of interest, 365
Secret, The, 297
Sensible hat, A, 112
Sharp retort, 224
Shelley, Habits of, 5
——— Lord Byron's opinions of, 158
Sheridan, Character of, 87
Ship on fire, Escape from a, 248
Singular address on a grave-stone, 135
Sketch on the road, A, 409
Slavery in North America, Horrors of, 422
Sleepless night, The, 100
Sleeping child, To a, 376
Sleeper's shrift, The, 210, 235
Smoking members of parliament, 144
——— doctor, 351
Somnambulency, 159

Soldier's last farewell, The, 329
Sonnet, 111
——— 168
——— 336
Song-writers and song-singers of Christmas tide, 328
Spanish Brigand, Honourable conduct of a, 263
——— inn, Description of a, 284
Sparrows, 61
Spectre of the mist, The, 353
Spinsters, Good news for, 407
Spirits, Ardent, a poison, 63
Stanzas, 317
———, 215
Starch, 62
Stocking weaving, 63
Stock exchange, The, 189
Stone-eater, 286
Stirling, Panorama of, 319
Stuart, Charles Edward, 127
Studying the Koran, African mode of, 78
Sublime, The, 271
Suitor, The, 75
Sunset, 198
Sun and moon, Attributes to, 223
Superstition, Indian, respecting fish, 430
Swiftness of men, 304

Taste of the town, 296
Tavern, Highest, in Europe, 16
Tea-drinkers, Important to, 112
Tender of the sheriffs for six horse shoes, Origin of the, 352
Tenderden, Lord, and the chorister, 415
Theatrical Tablet, 400
Theological profundity, 142
Thunder-struck, The, 104, 113
Tiberias, Visit to, 221
Tinkler, The travelling, 366
Tisty-tosty, 336
Tom Jones, Memoirs of, 91
Tortoise-shell, 272
Toads, 351
Tradition, Singular, 191
Transfer of the Stocks, 186
Tumuli, Ancient, in America, 40
Turkish nobleman, Manners and habits of a, 341

Umbrellas, 158
Unfortunate schoolmaster, An, 327
Vale of Dalgonar, 40
Vessel, Ancient, 16
Village post-office, The, 233
Vine, the, Means of rendering, more productive, 96
Violins, Cremona, 14

Wacousta, 373
Walter Vivian, the Cornish smuggler, 289, 317, 330
Walpole, Ingenuity of, 94
Wamba, King of Spain, Legend of, 31
Wants and capabilities, 384
War, Effects of, 207
Warsaw, 13
Washington and the sacrament, 415
Water, Boring for, in Egypt, 14
Weather-glass, Animal, 287
Wesley, John, 127
————, 160
What a good wife should be, 79
Whitfield's Oratory, 79
Will Somer's Song, 53
Winchester, Antiquities of, 366
Windsor, 52
Wise, Sir W., 254
Wolsey, Cardinal, and Sir T. Moore, 141
Wolcot, Dr., Last moments of, 207
Wolf, Ravenous, 208
Wooden leg, The, 271
Works, Lord Byrons, Illustrations of, 393

Yellow Fever in Jamaica, Tom Cringle's description of, 168
Young lady's marriage with Mr. Kinder, On a, 144
Young lady wearing a gold key on her bosom, On a, 149

Zealand, New, 425

For List of Embellishments see next page.

List of Embellishments

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Page
1 Cyril Ashburne; or, The Exile of the Canadas . [*Original*] 1
2 Mary Hughes:—A Tale of the Welch Highlands [*Fraser's Mag.*] 17
3 Cuba Fishermen . . . . . . [*Blackwood's Mag.*] 33
4 Mervyn's Bridal:—A Wiltshire Legend . . [*Original*] 49
5 ——— (continued) 65
6 The Renegade Barber; or, The Inquisition and St. Antonio's Head [*Metrop. Mag.*] 81
7 Carl Schwartzen, the Neatherd . . . . . . [*Original*] 97
8 The Thunderstruck . . . . . . [*Blackwood's Mag.*] 113
9 The Lost Daughtet:—A Tale of Norfolk . . . [*Original*] 129
10 The Forger . . . . [*Metrop. Mag.*] 145
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13 The Night Attack . . . . . . [*Wild Sports of the West*] 193
14 The Sleeper's Shrift . . . . [*Literary Souvenir*] 209
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23 The Spectre of the Mist . . . . . [*United Serv. Jour.*] 353
24 The Scarlet Witch . . . . [*Fraser's Mag.*] 369
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